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Sr Aubyn Bart

[redacted]

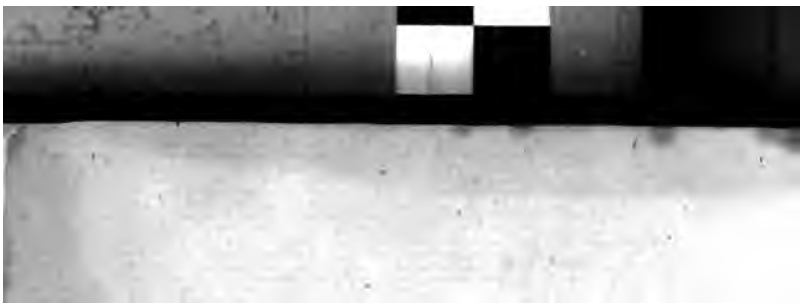
THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. VII.



THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the SEVENTH,

CONTAINING,

JULIUS CÆSAR.
ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.
CYMBELINE.
TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

LONDON:
Printed for J. and R. Tonson, C. Corbet, H. Woodfall, J. Rivington, R. Baldwin, L. Hawes, Clark and Collins, W. Johnston, T. Caslon, T. Lownds, and the Executors of B. Dodd.
M,DCC,LXV.

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NEW YORK

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Octavius Cæſar,
M. Antony,
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *Triumvirs, after the Death of* Julius Cæſar.

Cicero.

Brutus,
Caſſius,
Caſca,
Trebonius,
Ligarius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna, } *Conſpirators againſt* Julius Cæſar.

Popilius Læna,
Publius, } *Senators.*

Flavius,
Marullus, } *Tribunes and Enemies to* Cæſar.

Meſſala,
Titinius, } *Friends to* Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Artemidorus, *a Sophiſt of* Cnidos.
A Soothſayer.
Young Cato.
Cinna, *a Poet.*
Another Poet.

Lucilius,
Dardanius,
Volumnius,
Varro,
Clitus,
Claudius,
Strato,
Lucius, } *Servants to* Brutus.

Pindarus, *Servant of* Caſſius.
Ghoſt of Julius Cæſar.
Cobler.
Carpenter.
Other Plebeians.

Calphurnia, *Wife to* Cæſar.
Porcia, *Wife to* Brutus.
Guards and Attendants.

SCENE, *for the three firſt Acts, at* Rome: *afterwards, at an* Iſle *near* Mutina; *at* Sardis; *and* Philippi.

*** Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of 1623. Folio.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A *Street in* Rome.

Enter Flavius, [1] Marullus, *and certain Commoners.*

FLAVIUS.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures. Get you home.
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the ſign
Of your profeſſion? Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What doſt thou with thy beſt apparel on?
—You, Sir, what trade are you?

Cob. Truly, Sir, in reſpect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would ſay, a cobler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Anſwer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that, I hope, I may uſe with a ſafe conſcience; which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad ſoals.

[1] *Murellus,*] I have, upon the authority of *Plutarch*, &c. given to this tribune, his right name, *Marullus.* THEOBALD.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beſeech you, Sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

* *Mar.* What mean'ſt thou by that? Mend me, thou ſaucy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all, that I live by, is the awl. I meddle with no tradeſman's matters, nor woman's matters; but with-all, I am, indeed, Sir, a ſurgeon to old ſhoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy ſhop to-day? Why doſt thou lead theſe men about the ſtreets?

Cob. Truly, Sir, to wear out their ſhoes, to get myſelf into more work. But, indeed, Sir, we make holiday to ſee *Cæſar*, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conqueſt brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you ſtones, you worſe than ſenſeleſs things!
O you hard hearts! you cruel men of *Rome!*
Knew you not *Pompey?* many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have ſate

* Mar. *What mean'ſt thou by that?*] As the *Cobler*, in the preceding ſpeech, replies to *Flavius*, not to *Marullus*; 'tis plain, I think, this ſpeech muſt be given to *Flavius*. THEOBALD.

I have replaced *Marullus*, who might properly enough reply to a ſaucy ſentence directed to his colleague, and to whom the ſpeech was probably given, that he might not ſtand too long unemployed upon the ſtage.

The

The live-long day with patient expectation,
To see great *Pompey* pass the streets of *Rome*;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out an holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over *Pompey*'s blood?
Be gone———
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods, to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen; and for that fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort,
Draw them to *Tyber*'s bank, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*

See, whe're their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way tow'rds the Capitol,
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them [3] deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know, it is the feast of *Lupercal*.

Flav. It is no matter. Let no images
Be hung with *Cæsar*'s trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets?

[3] —*deck'd with ceremonies.*] *Ceremonies*, for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards he explains them by *Cæsar's trophies*; i. e. such as he had dedicated to the Gods. WARBURTON.

So do you too, where your perceive them thick.
Theſe growing feathers, pluckt from *Cæſar*'s wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who elſe would ſoar above the view of men,
And keep us all in ſervile fearfulneſs.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Enter Cæſar, Antony. *For the Courſe*, Calphurnia, Porcia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, *a Soothſayer*,

Cæſ. *Calphurnia* ———
Caſca. Peace, ho! *Cæſar* ſpeaks.
Cæſ. *Calphurnia* ———
Calp. Here, my Lord.
Cæſ. Stand you directly in *Antonius*' way,
When he doth run his Courſe——*Antonius*——
Ant. *Cæſar.* My Lord.
Cæſ. Forget not in your ſpeed, *Antonius*,
To touch *Calphurnia*; for our Elders ſay,
The barren, touched in this holy chaſe,
Shake off their ſteril curſe.
Ant. I ſhall remember.
When *Cæſar* ſays, *do this*; it is perform'd.
Cæſ. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.
Sooth. *Cæſar*, ———
Cæſ. Ha! who calls?
Caſca. Bid every noiſe be ſtill. Peace! Yet again.
Cæſ. Who is it in the Preſs, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, ſhriller than all the muſick,
Cry, *Cæſar.* Speak; *Cæſar* is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. What man is that?
Bru. A ſooth-ſayer bids you beware the Ides of *March.*

Cæſ.

Cæſ. Set him before me; let me ſee his face.
Caſca. Fellow, come from the throng. Look upon *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. What ſay'ſt thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. He is a dreamer; let us leave him. Paſs.
[[4] *Sennet. Exeunt* Cæſar *and Train.*

SCENE III.

Manent Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Caſ. Will you go ſee the order of the Courſe?
Bru. Not I.
Caſ. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gameſome; I do lack ſome part
Of that quick ſpirit that is in *Antony.*
Let me not hinder, *Caſſius*, your deſires;
I'll leave you.
Caſ. Brutus, I do obſerve you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleneſs
And ſhew of love, as I was wont to have.
You bear too ſtubborn and too [5] ſtrange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Caſſius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Meerly upon myſelf. Vexed I am,
Of late, with [6] paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions only proper to myſelf,

[4] I have here inſerted the word *Sennet*, from the original edition, that I may have an opportunity of retracting a haſty conjecture in one of the marginal directions in *Henry* VIII. *Sennet* appears to be a particular tune or mode of martial muſick.

[5] ——*ſtrange a hand*] *Strange* is alien, unfamiliar, ſuch as might become a ſtranger.

[6] —*paſſions of ſome difference,*] With a fluctuation of diſcordant opinions and deſires.

Which give ſome ſoil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, *Caſſius*, be you one,
Nor conſtrue any further my neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himſelf at war,
Forgets the ſhews of love to other men.

Caſ. Then, *Brutus*, I have much miſtook your paſſion;
By means whereof, this breaſt of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you ſee your face?

Bru. No, *Caſſius*; for the eye ſees not itſelf,
But by reflexion from ſome other things.

Caſ. 'Tis juſt;
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no ſuch mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthineſs into your eye,
That you might ſee your ſhadow. I have heard,
Where many of the beſt reſpect in *Rome*,
Except immortal *Cæſar*, ſpeaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wiſh'd, that noble *Brutus* had his eyes———

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Caſſius*,
That you would have me ſeek into myſelf,
For that which is not in me?

Caſ. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear;
And ſince you know, you cannot ſee yourſelf
So well as by reflexion; I, your glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to yourſelf
That of yourſelf, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common laugher, or did uſe
[7] To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new proteſtor; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

[7] *To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love*, &c.] To invite *every new proteſtor* to my affection by the *ſtale* or allurement of *cuſtomary* oaths.

And

And after ſcandal them; or if you know,
That I profeſs myſelf in banqueting
To all the rout; then hold me dangerous.
[*Flouriſh and ſhout.*
Bru. What means this ſhouting? I do fear, the People
Chuſe *Ceſar* for their King.
Caſ. Ay, do you fear it?
Then muſt I think, you would not have it ſo.
Bru. I would not, *Caſſius*; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i'th other,
[a] And I will look on both indifferently,
For, let the Gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love
The name of Honour, more than I fear Death.
Caſ. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honour is the ſubject of my ſtory.
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my ſingle ſelf,

[a] *And I will look on* both *indifferently*;] This is a contradiction to the lines immediately ſucceeding. If he *lov'd honour more than he fear'd death*, how could they be both indifferent to him? Honour thus is but in equal balance to death, which is not ſpeaking at all like *Brutus*: for, in a ſoldier of any ordinary pretenſions, honour ſhould always *preponderate*. We muſt certainly read,

And I will look on death *indifferently*.

What occaſion'd the corruption, I preſume, was, the tranſcribers imagining, the adverb *indifferently* muſt be applied to two things oppos'd. But the uſe of the word does not demand it; nor does *Shakeſpeare* always apply it ſo. In the preſent paſſage it ſignifies *negligently*; without *fear*, or *concern*: And ſo *Ceſar* afterwards again in this act, employs it.

And dangers are to me indifferent.
I weigh them not; nor am deter'd
on the ſcore of danger.
WARBURTON.

This long note is very trifling. When *Brutus* firſt names *honour* and *death*, he calmly declares them *indifferent*; but as the image kindles in his mind, he ſets *honour* above *life*. Is not this natural?

I had

I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a thing as I myſelf.
I was born free as *Cæſar*, ſo were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once upon a raw and guſty day,
The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his ſhores,
Cæſar ſays to me, "dar'ſt thou, *Caſſius*, now
"Leap in with me into this angry flood,
"And ſwim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bid him follow; ſo, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With luſty ſinews; throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of controverſy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæſar cry'd, "Help me, *Caſſius*, or I ſink."
I, as *Æneas*, our great Anceſtor,
Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his ſhoulder
The old *Anchiſes* bear, ſo, from the waves of *Tyber*
Did I the tired *Cæſar*; and this man
Is now become a God; and *Caſſius* is
A wretched creature, and muſt bend his body,
If *Cæſar* careleſly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in *Spain*,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake; 'tis true, this God did ſhake;
[9] His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that ſame eye, whoſe Bend doth awe the world
Did loſe its luſtre; I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd—"give me ſome drink, *Titinius*"—

9 *His coward lips did from their colour fly,*] A plain man would have ſaid, the *colour fled from his lips*, and not his *lips from their colour*. But the falſe expreſſion was for the ſake of as falſe a piece of wit: a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours. WARB.

As

As a ſick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So [1] get the ſtart of the majeſtick world,
And bear the Palm alone. [*Shout. Flouriſh.*
Bru. Another general ſhout!
I do believe, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new honours that are heap'd on *Cæſar.*
Caſ. Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow world
Like a *Coloſſus*; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.
Men at ſome times are maſters of their fates:
The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our ſtars,
But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and *Cæſar!* what ſhould be in that *Cæſar?*
Why ſhould that name be ſounded, more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit, as ſoon as *Cæſar.*
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat does this our *Cæſar* feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd;
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay, till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide walls incompaſs'd but one man?
Now is it *Rome*, indeed; and room enough,

[1] —*get the ſtart of the majeſtick world*, &c.] This image is extremely noble: it is taken from the olympic games. *The majeſtick world* is a fine periphraſis for the *Roman empire*: their citizens ſet themſelves on a footing with *Kings*, and they called their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular alluſion ſeems to be to the known ſtory of *Cæſar*'s great pattern *Alexander*, who being aſked, Whether he would run the courſe at the *Olympic* games, replied, *Yes, if the racers were Kngs.* WARB.

When

When there is in it but one only man.
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers ſay;
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th' [2] eternal devil to keep his ſtate in *Rome*,
As eaſily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have ſome aim.
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times,
I ſhall recount hereafter; for this preſent,
I would not, ſo with love I might intreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and anſwer ſuch high things.
'Till then, my noble friend, [3] chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himſelf a ſon of *Rome*
Under ſuch hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Caſ. I am glad that my weak words
Have ſtruck but thus much ſhew of fire from *Brutus*.

SCENE IV.

Enter Cæſar *and his Train.*

Bru. The Games are done, and *Cæſar* is returning.

Caſ. As they paſs by, pluck *Caſca* by the ſleeve,
And he will, after his four faſhion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Bru. I will do ſo. But look you, *Caſſius*,
The angry ſpot doth glow on *Cæſar*'s brow,
And all the reſt look like a chidden train.
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and *Cicero*

[2] —*eternal devil*—] I ſhould think that our authour wrote rather, *infernal devil*.

[3] —*chew upon this*;] Conſider this at leiſure; *ruminate* on this.

Looks with ſuch [4] ferret, and ſuch fiery eyes,
As we have ſeen him in the Capitol,
Being croſt in conf'rence by ſome Senators.
Caſ. *Caſca* will tell us what the matter is.
Cæſ. *Antonius*,——
Ant. *Cæſar?*
Caſ. [*To* Ant. *apart.*] Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek headed men, and ſuch as ſleep a-nights;
Yond *Caſſius* has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, *Cæſar*, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble *Roman*, and well given.
Caſ. [5] 'Would he were fatter. But I fear him not;
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I ſhould avoid,
So ſoon as that ſpare *Caſſius*. He reads much;
He is a great obſerver; and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
As thou doſt, *Antony*; he hears no muſick;
Seldom he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort,
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit,
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe,
Whilſt they behold a greater than themſelves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæſar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'ſt of him.
[*Exeunt* Cæſar *and his Train.*

[4] —*ferret*,—] A ferret has red eyes.

[5] *'Would he were fatter*;——] *Johnſon*, in his *Bartholomew-fair*, unjuſtly ſneers at this paſſage, in *Knockham*'s ſpeech to the Pig-woman. *Come, there's no malice in fat folks; I never fear thee, and I can 'ſcape thy lean moon-calf there.* WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Manent Brutus *and* Caſſius: Caſca *to them.*

Caſca. You pull'd me by the cloak. Would you ſpeak with me?

Bru. Ay, *Caſca*, tell us what hath chanc'd to-day, That *Cæſar* looks ſo ſad.

Caſca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I ſhould not then aſk *Caſca* what had chanc'd.

Caſca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him, and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus; and then the people fell a ſhouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond noiſe for?

Caſca. Why, for that too,

Caſ. They ſhouted thrice: what was the laſt cry for?

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Caſca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honeſt neighbours ſhouted.

Caſ. Who offer'd him the crown?

Caſca. Why, *Antony.*

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caſca.*

Caſca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it. It was meer foolery; I did not mark it. I ſaw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown;——yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of theſe coronets;——and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and ſtill as he refus'd it, the rabblement

rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their ſweaty night-caps, and utter'd ſuch a deal of ſtinking breath, becauſe *Cæſar* refus'd the crown, that it had almoſt choaked *Cæſar*; for he ſwooned, and fell down at it; and for mine own part, I durſt not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Caſ. But, ſoft, I pray you. What? Did *Cæſar* ſwoon?

Caſca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſs.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling Sickneſs.

Caſ. No, *Cæſar* hath it not; but you and I,
And honeſt *Caſca*, we have the falling ſickneſs.

Caſca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am ſure, *Cæſar* fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiſs him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them, as they uſed to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What ſaid he, when he came unto himſelf?

Caſca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut. An' I had been [6] a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid, *If he had done, or ſaid any thing amiſs, he deſir'd their Worſhips to think it was his infirmity.* Three or four wenches where I ſtood, cry'd, *alas, good ſoul!*— and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæſar* had ſtabb'd their mothers, they would have done no leſs.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus ſad, away?

Caſca. Ay.

[6] *a man of any occupation,*] Had I been a mechanick, one of the Plebeians to whom he offered his throat.

Caſ.

Caſ. Did *Cicero* ſay any thing?

Caſca. Ay, he ſpoke *Greek.*

Caſ. To what effect?

Caſca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again. But thoſe, that underſtood him, ſmil'd at one another, and ſhook their heads; but for mine own part, it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more news too. *Marullus* and *Flavius*, for pulling ſcarfs off *Cæſar*'s Images, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Caſ. Will you ſup with me to night, *Caſca?*

Caſca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caſ. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Caſca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Caſ. Good. I will expect you.

Caſca. Do ſo. Farewel Both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to ſchool.

Caſ. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterpriſe,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeneſs is a ſauce to his good wit,
Which gives men ſtomach to digeſt his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And ſo it is. For this time I will leave you.
To-morrow, if you pleaſe to ſpeak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Caſ. I will do ſo. Till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* Brutus.
Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble; yet, I ſee,
[7] Thy honourable Metal may be wrought

[7] *Thy honourable Metal may be wrought From what it is diſpos'd;——]* The beſt *metal* or *temper* may be worked into qualities contrary to its original conſtitution.

From

From what it is diſpos'd; therefore 'tis meet,
That noble minds keep ever with their likes,
For who ſo firm, that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*;
[8] If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Caſſius*,
He ſhould not humour me. I will, this night,
In ſeveral hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from ſeveral citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his name, wherein obſcurely
Cæſar's ambition ſhall be glanced at.
And, after this, let *Cæſar* ſeat him ſure;
For we will ſhake him, or worſe days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Caſca, *his ſword drawn; and* Cicero, *meeting him:*

Cic. Good even, *Caſca.* [9] Brought you *Cæſar* home?
Why are you breathleſs, and why ſtare you ſo?
Caſca. Are not you mov'd, when all the [1] ſway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero!*
I have ſeen tempeſts, when the ſcolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have ſeen

[8] *If I were* Brutus *now, and he were* Caſſius,
He ſhould not humour *me.*—] This is a reflexion on *Brutus*'s ingratitude; which concludes, as is uſual on ſuch occaſions, in an encomium on his own better conditions. *If I were* Brutus, (ſays he) *and* Brutus, Caſſius, *he ſhould not cajole me as I do him.* To *humour* ſignifies here to turn and wind him, by inflaming his paſſions. The *Oxford Editor* alters the laſt line to

Cæſar *ſhould not love me.*

What he means by it, is not worth inquiring. WARB.

The meaning, I think, is this, Cæſar *loves* Brutus, *but if* Brutus *and I were to change places, his love ſhould not humour me,* ſhould not take hold of my affection, ſo as to make me forget my principles.

[9] —*Brought you* Cæſar *home?*] Did you attend *Cæſar* home?

[1] —*ſway of earth*] The whole weight or *momentum* of this globe.

Th' ambitious ocean ſwell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatning clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempeſt dropping fire.
Either there is a civil ſtrife in heav'n;
Or elſe the world, too ſaucy with the Gods,
Incenſes them to ſend deſtruction.

Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderful?

Caſca. A common ſlave, you know him well by ſight,
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not ſenſible of fire, remain'd unſcorch'd.
Beſides, I ha' not ſince put up my ſword,
Againſt the Capitol I met a lion,
[2] Who glar'd upon me, and went ſurly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghaſtly women,
Transformed with their fear; who ſwore, they ſaw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the ſtreets.
And yeſterday, the bird of night did ſit,
Ev'n at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and ſhrieking. When theſe Prodigies
Do ſo conjointly meet, let not men ſay,
Theſe are their reaſons. They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a ſtrange-diſpoſed time;
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion,
Clean from the purpoſe of the things themſelves.
Comes *Cæſar* to the Capitol to-morrow?

Caſca. He doth: for he did bid *Antonius*
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, *Caſca*; this diſturbed ſky
Is not to walk in.

Caſca. Farewel, *Cicero.* [*Exit* Cicero.

[2] *Who glar'd upon me,*—] The firſt edition reads, *Who* glaz'd *upon me,*——— Perhaps, *Who* gaz'd *upon me.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Caſſius.

Caſ. Who's there?
Caſca. A *Roman.*
Caſ. *Caſca*, by your voice.
Caſca. Your ear is good, *Caſſius*, what night is this!
Caſ. A very pleaſing night to honeſt men.
Caſca. Who ever knew the heavens menace ſo?
Caſ. Thoſe, that have known the earth ſo full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the ſtreets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And thus unbraced, *Caſca*, as you ſee,
Have bar'd my boſom to the thunder-ſtone;
And when the croſs blue lightning ſeem'd to open
The breaſt of heav'n, I did preſent myſelf
Ev'n in the aim and very flaſh of it.
Caſca. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the heav'ns?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the moſt mighty Gods, by tokens, ſend
Such dreadful heralds to aſtoniſh us.
Caſ. You are dull, *Caſca*; and thoſe ſparks of life,
That ſhould be in a *Roman*, you do want,
Or elſe you uſe not; you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and caſt yourſelf in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the heav'ns:
But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe fires, why all theſe gliding ghoſts,
[3] Why birds and beaſts, from quality and kind,

[3] *Why birds and beaſts, from quality and kind,*] That is, Why they *deviate* from quality and nature. This line might perhaps be more properly placed after the next line.

Why birds and beaſts, from quality and kind,
Why all theſe things change from their ordinance.

Why old men, fools, [4] and children calculate;
Why all theſe things change from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties
To monſtrous quality; why, you ſhall find,
That heaven has infus'd them with theſe ſpirits,
To make them inſtruments of fear and warning
Unto ſome monſtrous ſtate.
Now could I, *Caſca*, name to thee a man
Moſt like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens Graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyſelf, or me,
In perſonal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.

Caſca. 'Tis *Cæſar* that you mean; is it not, *Caſſius?*

Caſ. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now
Have thewes and limbs like to their anceſtors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' ſpirits:
Our yoke and ſuff'rance ſhew us womaniſh.

Caſca. Indeed, they ſay, the Senators to-morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh *Cæſar* as a King:
And he ſhall wear his Crown by ſea and land,
In every place, ſave here in *Italy*.

Caſ. I know, where I will wear this dagger then.
Caſſius from bondage will deliver *Caſſius*.
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong;
Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat;
Nor ſtony tower, nor walls of beaten braſs,
Nor airleſs dungeon, nor ſtrong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit:

[4] ——*and children* calculate;] *Calculate* here ſignifies to foretel or propheſy: For the cuſtom of foretelling fortunes by judicial Aſtrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation, *Shakeſpeare*, with his uſual liberty, employs the *ſpecies* [calculate] for the *genus* [foretel.]

WARBURTON.

Shakeſpeare found the liberty eſtabliſhed. *To calculate a nativity*, is the technical term.

But

But life, being weary of theſe worldly bars,
Never lacks power to diſmiſs itſelf.
If I know this; know all the world beſides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can ſhake off at pleaſure.

Caſca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Caſ. And why ſhould *Cæſar* be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he ſees, the *Romans* are but ſheep;
He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak ſtraws. What traſh is *Rome*,
What rubbiſh, and what offal, when it ſerves
For the baſe matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæſar?* But, oh grief!
Where haſt thou led me? I, perhaps, ſpeak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know,
[5] My anſwer muſt be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Caſca. You ſpeak to *Caſca*, and to ſuch a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. [6] Hold my hand:
[7] Be factious for redreſs of all theſe griefs,
And I will ſet this foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.

Caſ. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, *Caſca*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the nobleſt-minded *Romans*,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable dang'rous conſequence;
And I do know, by this they ſtay for me

[5] *My anſwer muſt be made.*—] I ſhall be called to account, and muſt *anſwer* as for ſeditious words.

[6] —*Hold my hand:*] Is the ſame as, *here's my hand.*

[7] *Be factious for redreſs*——] *Factious* ſeems here to mean *active.*

In *Pompey*'s Porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no ſtir, or walking in the ſtreets;
And the complexion of the element
[8] In favour's, like the work we have in hand,
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caſca. Stand cloſe a while, for here comes one in haſte.

Caſ. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haſte you ſo?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that, *Metellus Cimber?*

Caſ. No, it is *Caſca*, one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not ſtaid for, *Cinna?*

Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have ſeen ſtrange ſights.

Caſ. Am I not ſtaid for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are. O *Caſſius!* if you could
But win the noble *Brutus* to our party——

Caſ. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the Prætor's chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; ſet this up with wax
Upon old *Brutus*' Statue. All this done,
Repair to *Pompey*'s porch, where you ſhall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To ſeek you at your houſe. Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe papers, as you bade me.

Caſ. That done, repair to *Pompey*'s Theatre.

[*Exit* Cinna.

[8] *Is fev'rous, like the work*—] The old edition reads,
It favours, *like the work*——
I think we ſhould read,
In favour's, *like the work we have in hand;*
Moſt blood, fiery, and moſt terrible.
Favour is *look, countenance, appearance.*

Come,

Come, *Caſca*, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his houſe; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Caſca. O, he ſits high in all the people's hearts;
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richeſt alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthineſs.
Caſ. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be ſure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

BRUTUS's *Garden.*

Enter BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

WHAT, *Lucius!* ho!——
I cannot by the progreſs of the ſtars,
Give gueſs how near to day——*Lucius*, I ſay!
—I would, it were my fault to ſleep ſo ſoundly.——
When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I ſay? what *Lucius!*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my ſtudy, *Lucius:*
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It muſt be by his death; and, for my part,
I know no perſonal cauſe to ſpurn at him;
But for the general. He would be crown'd;
How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking: Crown him—that—
And then I grant we put a ſting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuſe of Greatneſs is, when it disjoins
[9] Remorſe from Power: and, to ſpeak truth of *Cæſar*,
I have not known when his affections ſway'd
More than his reaſon. But 'tis a [1] common proof,
That lowlineſs is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the [2] baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend. So *Cæſar* may:
Then, leſt he may, prevent. And ſince the quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to theſe, and theſe extremities:
And therefore think him as a ſerpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, [3] as his kind, grow miſchievous;
And kill him in the ſhell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your cloſet, Sir:
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus ſeal'd up: and, I am ſure,

[9] Remorſe *from Power:*——] *Remorſe*, for mercy. WARB.

[1] —*common proof.*] Common experiment.

[2] —*baſe degrees*] Low ſteps.

[3] —*as his kind,*—] According to his nature.

It

It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day:
Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of *March*?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give ſo much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

Brutus, *thou ſleep'ſt; awake, and ſee thyſelf:*
Shall Rome,——*ſpeak, ſtrike, redreſs.*
Brutus, *thou ſleep'ſt: awake.*
Such inſtigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up:
Shall Rome——thus muſt I piece it out,
" Shall *Rome* ſtand under one man's awe? what!
" *Rome?*
" My anceſtors did from the ſtreets of *Rome*
" The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King."
Speak, ſtrike, redreſs,——am I entreated
To ſpeak, and ſtrike? O *Rome!* I make thee promiſe,
If the redreſs will follow, thou receiv'ſt
Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus!*

4 *Is not to-morrow, boy, the* FIRST *of* March?] We ſhould read IDES: For we can never ſuppoſe the ſpeaker to have loſt fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the ſoothſayer told *Cæſar* [Act I. Scene 2.] in his preſence. [—*Beware the Ides of* March.] The boy comes back and ſays, *Sir,* March *is waſted fourteen days.* So that the *morrow was the Ides of* March, as he ſuppoſed. For *March, May, July,* and *October,* had ſix *nones* each, ſo that the fifteenth of *March* was the *Ides* of that month. WARB.

Enter

Enter Lucius.

Luc. [5] Sir, *March* is waſted fourteen days.
[*knocks within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; ſome body knocks. [*Exit* Lucius.
Since *Caſſius* firſt did whet me againſt *Cæſar*,
I have not ſlept.
[6] Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the firſt motion, all the interim is
Like

5 In former editions,
Sir, March *is waſted* fifteen *days*.
The editors are ſlightly miſtaken: It was waſted but *fourteen* days; this was the dawn of the 15th, when the boy makes his report.
THEOBALD.

6 *Between the acting of a dreadful thing,*
And the firſt motion, &c.] That nice critic, *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, complains, that, of all kind of beauties, thoſe great ſtrokes, which he calls the *terrible graces*, and which are ſo frequent in *Homer*, are the rareſt to be found in the following writers. Amongſt our countrymen it ſeems to be as much confined to the *Britiſh Homer*. This deſcription of the condition of conſpirators, before the execution of their deſign, has a pomp and terror in it that perfectly aſtoniſhes. The excellent Mr. *Addiſon*, whoſe modeſty made him ſometimes diffident in his own genius, but whoſe true judgment always led him to the ſafeſt guides, (as we may ſee by thoſe many fine ſtrokes in his *Cato* borrowed from the *Philippics* of *Cicero*) has paraphraſed this fine deſcription; but we are no longer to expect thoſe terrible graces which animate his original.

O think, what anxious moments paſs between
The birth of pilots, and their laſt fatal periods.
Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death. Cato,

I ſhall make two remarks on this fine imitation. The firſt is, that the ſubjects of the two conſpiracies being ſo very different, (the fortunes of *Cæſar* and the *Roman* Empire being concerned in the one; and that of a few auxiliary troops only in the other) Mr. *Addiſon* could not, with propriety, bring in that magnificent circumſtance which gives one of the *terrible graces* of *Shakeſpeare*'s deſcription;

The Genius, and the Mortal Inſtruments
Are then in Council———

For *Kingdoms*, in the *Pagan* Theology, beſides their *good*, had their *evil Genius's*, likewiſe, repreſented here, with the moſt daring ſtretch of fancy, as ſitting in

Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream;
The Genius, and the mortal inſtruments
Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
Like to a little Kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *Caſſius* at the door,
Who doth deſire to ſee you.
Bru. Is he a'one?

in conſultation with the conſpirators, whom he calls their *Mortal Inſtruments*. But this, as we ſay, would have been too pompous an apparatus to the rape and deſertion of *Syphax* and *Sempronius*. The other thing obſervable is, that Mr. *Addiſon* was ſo ſtruck and affected with theſe *terrible graces* in his original, that inſtead of imitating his author's ſentiments, he hath, before he was aware, given us only the copy of his own impreſſions made by them. For,

Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with death,

are but the affections raiſed by ſuch forcible Images as theſe,

——All the Int'rim is
Like a Phantaſma, *or a hideous Dream.*
——the State of Man,
Like to a little Kingdom, ſuffers then
The Nature of an inſurrection.

Comparing the troubled mind of a conſpirator to a ſtate of Anarchy, is juſt and beautiful; but the *int'rim*, or interval, to an *hideous* viſion, or a frightful *dream*, holds ſomething ſo wonderfully of truth, and lays the ſoul ſo open, that one can hardly think it poſſible for any man, who had not ſome time or other been engaged in a conſpiracy, to give ſuch force of colouring to Nature. WARBURTON.

The δεινὸν of the Greek criticks does not, I think, mean ſentiments which *raiſe fear*, more than *wonder*, or any other of the tumultuous paſſions; τὸ δεινὸν is that which *ſtrikes*, which *aſtoniſhes*, with the idea either of ſome great ſubject, or of the author's abilities.

Dr. *Warburton*'s pompous criticiſm might well have been ſhortened. The *Genius* is not the *genius* of a *kingdom*, nor are the *inſtruments*, *conſpirators*. *Shakeſpeare* is deſcribing what paſſes in a ſingle boſom, the *inſurrection* which a conſpirator feels agitating the *little kingdom* of his own mind; when the *Genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal inſtruments*, the paſſions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the deſire of action and the care of ſafety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and diſturbance.

Luc.

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, Sir, their hats are pluckt about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks;
That by no means I may diſcover them
By any mark [7] of favour.
Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* Lucius.
They are the faction. O Conſpiracy!
Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dang'rous brow by night,
When Evils are moſt free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To maſk thy monſtrous viſage? Seek none, Conſpiracy;
Hide it in Smiles and Affability;
[8] For if thou path, thy native ſemblance on,
Not *Erebus* itſelf were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

SCENE II.

Enter Caſſius, Caſca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, *and* Trebonius.

Caſ. I think, we are too bold upon your Reſt.
Good-morrow, *Brutus*. Do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I theſe men, that come along with you? [*Aſide.*
Caſ. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you; and every one doth wiſh,
You had but that opinion of your ſelf,
Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Caſ. This, *Decius Brutus*.

[7] ——*of favour.*] Any diſtinction of countenance.

[8] *For if thou path, thy native ſemblance on,*] If thou *walk* in thy true form.

Bru.

Bru. He is welcome too.
Caſ. This, *Caſca*; this, *Cinna*;
And this, *Metellus Cimber*.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpoſe themſelves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Caſ. Shall I entreat a word? *They whiſper.*
Dec. Here lies the Eaſt: doth not the day break here?
Caſca. No.
Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the Clouds, are meſſengers of day.
Caſca. You ſhall confeſs, that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my ſword, the Sun ariſes,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful ſeaſon of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He firſt preſents his fire; and the high Eaſt
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Caſ. And let us ſwear our reſolution.
Bru. [9] No, not an oath. If not the face of men,
The

[9] *No, not an oath; if that the* FACE *of men,* &c] The conſpirators propoſe an *oath* as the ſanction of their mutual faith. This, *Brutus*, very much in character, oppoſes: Becauſe an *oath* was the uſual cement of thoſe lawleſs cabals, which have not virtue enough in themſelves to keep their members together: On this conſideration his argument againſt an oath turns: And the motives he thought ſufficient to preſerve faith amongſt them, were theſe: *The ſufferance of their ſouls*, i. e. their commiſeration for expiring liberty: *The time's abuſe*, i. e. the general corruption of manners which had reduced publick liberty to this condition; and which, that liberty reſtored, would reform. But now, what is *the* FACE *of men?* Did he mean they had honeſt looks. This was a poor and low obſervation, unworthy *Brutus*, and the occaſion, and the grandeur of his ſpeech: Beſides, it is foreign to the turn and argument of his diſcourſe, which is to ſhew the ſtrong cement of the confederacy, from *the juſtice of their cauſe*, not from the natural honour of the conſpirators. His argument

The ſufferance of our ſouls, the time's abuſe;
If theſe be motives weak, break off betimes,
And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-ſighted tyranny range on,
'Till each man drop by lottery. But if theſe,
As I am ſure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to ſteel with valour.
The melting ſpirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any ſpur, but our own cauſe,
To prick us to redreſs? What other bond,
Than ſecret *Romans*, that have ſpoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honeſty to honeſty engag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it?
[1] Swear prieſts, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and ſuch ſuffering ſouls
That welcome wrongs: unto bad cauſes, ſwear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not ſtain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor th' inſuppreſſive mettle of our ſpirits;
To think, that or our cauſe, or our performance,
Did need an oath: When ev'ry drop of blood,

argument ſtands thus, *You require an oath to keep us together; but ſure the ſtrong motives that drew us into confederacy will keep us confederated.* Theſe motives he enumerates; but *The* FACE *of men* not being one of theſe motives muſt needs be a corrupt reading. *Shakeſpeare*, without queſtion, wrote,

If that the FATE *of men,*

Or of mankind, which, in the ideas of a *Roman*, was involved in the *fate* of their Republick. And this was the principal motive which engaged the God-like *Brutus* in the undertaking.

WARBURTON.

This elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. *The* face *of men* is the *countenance*, the *regard*, the *eſteem* of the publick; in other terms, *honour* and *reputation*; or, *the face of men* may mean, the dejected look of the people.

He reads, with the other modern editions,

——*If* that *the face of men,*

but the old reading is,

——*if* not *the face*, &c.

[1] This is imitated by *Otway*,

When you would bind me, is there need of oaths? &c.

Venice preſerved.

That

That ev'ry *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a ſeveral baſtardy,
If he doth break the ſmalleſt particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſt from him.
Caſ. But what of *Cicero?* ſhall we ſound him?
I think, he will ſtand very ſtrong with us.
Caſca. Let us not leave him out.
Cin. No, by no means.
Met. O let us have him, for his ſilver hairs
Will purchaſe us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It ſhall be ſaid, his Judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildneſs ſhall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him:
For he will never follow any thing,
That other men begin.
Caſ. Then leave him out.
Caſca. Indeed, he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no man elſe be touch'd, but only *Cæſar?*
Caſ. Decius, well urg'd: I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, ſo well belov'd of *Cæſar*,
Should out-live *Cæſar:* we ſhall find of him
A ſhrewd contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well ſtretch ſo far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæſar* fall together.
Bru. Our courſe will ſeem too bloody, *Caius Caſſius*,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæſar*.
Let us be ſacrificers, but not butchers, *Caius*;
We all ſtand up againſt the ſpirit of *Cæſar*,
And in the ſpirit of man there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by *Cæſar*'s ſpirit,
And not diſmember *Cæſar!* but alas!
Cæſar muſt bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's carve him as a diſh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcaſe fit for hounds.
And let our hearts, as ſubtle maſters do,
Stir up their ſervants to an act of rage,
And after ſeem to chide them. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe neceſſary, and not envious:
Which, ſo appearing to the common eyes,
We ſhall be call'd Purgers, not murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;
For he can do no more than *Cæſar*'s arm,
When *Cæſar*'s head is off.

Caſ. Yet I do fear him;
For in th' ingrafted love he bears to *Cæſar*——

Bru. Alas, good *Caſſius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Cæſar*, all that he can do
Is to himſelf; [2] take thought, and die for *Cæſar*:
And that were much, he ſhould; for he is giv'n
To ſports, to wildneſs, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock ſtrikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Caſ. The clock hath ſtricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Caſ. But it is doubtful yet,
If *Cæſar* will come forth to-day, or no:
[3] For he is ſuperſtitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantaſy, of dreams, and ceremonies:

It

[2] —*take thought,*—] That is, *turn* melancholy.

[3] *For he is ſuperſtitious grown of late,*
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantaſy, of dreams, and ceremonies:] *Cæſar*, as well as *Caſſius*, was an *Epicurean*. By *main opinion Caſſius* intends a compliment to his ſect, and means ſolid, fundamental opinion grounded in truth and nature: As by *fantaſy* is meant ominous forebodings; and by *ceremonies*, atonements of the Gods by means of religious rites and ſacrifices. A little after, where *Calphurnia*

It may be, theſe apparent prodigies,
The unaccuſtom'd terror of this night,
And the perſuaſion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that; if he be ſo reſolv'd,
I can o'erſway him; [4] for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He ſays, he does; being then moſt flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Caſ. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour. Is that the uttermoſt?
Cin. Be that the uttermoſt; and fail not then.
Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæſar* hard,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good *Metellus*, go along to him:
He loves me well; and I have giv'n him reaſons;
Send him but hither, and I'll faſhion him.
Caſ. The morning comes upon's. We'll leave you, *Brutus*;
And, friends! diſperſe yourſelves; but all remember
What you have ſaid, and ſhew yourſelves true *Romans*.

Caliphurnia ſays,

Cæſar, *I never ſtood on* ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me:——

The poet uſes *Ceremonies* in a quite different ſenſe, namely, the turning *accidents to omens*, a principal ſuperſtition of antiquity. WARBURTON.

Main opinion, is nothing more than *leading*, *fixed*, *predominant opinion*.

[4] *—for he loves to hear*, &c.] It was finely imagined by the poet, to make *Cæſar* delight in this ſort of converſation. The Author of St. *Evremond*'s life tells us, that the great Prince of *Conde* took much pleaſure in remarking on the foible and ridicule of characters. WARB.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, look freſh and merrily;
[5] Let not our looks put on our purpoſes;
But bear it, as our *Roman* actors do,
With untir'd ſpirits, and formal conſtancy.
And ſo, good-morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy! *Lucius!*—Faſt aſleep. It is no matter,
Enjoy the honey heavy dew of Slumber.
Thou haſt no figures, nor no fantaſies,
Which buſy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

SCENE III.

Enter Porcia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord!
Bru. Porcia, what mean you? Wherefore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, *Brutus*,
Stol'n from my bed; and, yeſternight at ſupper,
You ſuddenly aroſe and walk'd about,
Muſing and ſighing, with your arms a-croſs,
And, when I aſk'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle looks;
I urg'd you further; then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtamp'd with your foot:
Yet I inſiſted; yet you anſwer'd not;
But with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave ſign for me to leave you: ſo I did,
Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience,

[5] *Let not our Looks*——] Let not our faces *put on*, that is, *wear* or *ſhow* our deſigns.

Which

Which ſeem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which ſometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep;
And could it work ſo much upon your ſhape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I ſhould not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wiſe, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, ſo I do. Good *Porcia*, go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* ſick? and is it phyſical
To walk unbraced, and ſuck up the humours
Of the dank morning? what, is *Brutus* ſick?
And will he ſteal out of his wholeſome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
To add unto his ſickneſs? No, my *Brutus*,
You have ſome ſick offence within your mind,
Which, by the Right and Virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourſelf, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had reſort to you; for here have been
Some ſix or ſeven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkneſs.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Porcia*.

Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no ſecrets
That appertain to you? am I yourſelf,
But, as it were, in ſort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, conſort your bed,

And talk to you ſometimes? dwell I but in the ſuburbs
Of your good pleaſure? If it be no more,
Porcia is *Brutus'* harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That viſit my ſad heart.

Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
A woman that Lord *Brutus* took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
[6] A woman well reputed *Cato*'s daughter.
Think you, I am no ſtronger than my ſex,
Being ſo father'd, and ſo huſbanded?
Tell me your counſels, I will not diſcloſe them:
I have made ſtrong proof of my conſtancy,
Giving myſelf a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my huſband's ſecrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Porcia*, go in a while;
And, by and by, thy boſom ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my heart.

[6] *A woman well reputed*; Cato's *daughter.*] This falſe pointing ſhould be corrected thus, *A woman well reputed* Cato's *daughter.* *i. e.* worthy of my birth, and the relation I bear to *Cato*. This indeed was a good reaſon why ſhe ſhould be intruſted with the ſecret. But the falſe pointing, which gives a ſenſe only implying that ſhe was a woman of a good character, and that ſhe was *Cato*'s daughter, gives no good reaſon: For ſhe might be *Cato*'s daughter, and yet not inherit his firmneſs; and ſhe might be a woman well reputed, and yet not the beſt at a ſecret. But if ſhe *was well reputed* Cato's *daughter*, that is, worthy of her birth, ſhe could neither want her father's love to her country, nor his reſolution to engage in its deliverance. WARB.

All

All my engagements I will conſtrue to thee,
All the charactery of my ſad brows.—
Leave me with haſte. [*Exit* Porcia.

Enter Lucius *and* Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks?

Luc. Here is a ſick man, that would ſpeak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that *Metellus* ſpake of.
Boy, ſtand aſide. *Caius Ligarius!* how?

Cai. Vouchſafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you choſe out, brave *Caius*,
To wear a kerchief? 'would you were not ſick!

Cai. I am not ſick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you an healthful ear to hear it.

Cai. By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,
I here diſcard my ſickneſs. Soul of *Rome!*
Brave ſon, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an Exorciſt, haſt conjur'd up
My mortified ſpirit. Now bid me run,
And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make ſick men whole.

Cai. But are not ſome whole, that we muſt make ſick?

Bru. That we muſt alſo. What it is, my *Caius*,
I ſhall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muſt be done.

Cai. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth,

That *Brutus* leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Cæſar's *Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæſar.

Cæſ. NOR heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace to-night;
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her ſleep cry'd out,
"Help, ho! they murder *Cæſar.*" Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord?———

Cæſ. Go bid the prieſts do preſent ſacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of ſucceſs.

Serv. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæſar?* think you to walk forth?
You ſhall not ſtir out of your houſe to-day.

Cæſ. *Cæſar* ſhall forth. The things, that threatned me,
Ne'er lookt but on my back, when they ſhall ſee
The face of *Cæſar*, they are vaniſhed.

Cal. *Cæſar*, I never ſtood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen,
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the Watch.
A lioneſs hath whelped in the ſtreets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;

Fierce

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and ſquadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air;
Horſes did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And Ghoſts did ſhriek, and ſqueal about the ſtreets.
O *Cæſar!* theſe things are beyond all uſe,
And I do fear them.

Cæſ. What can be avoided,
Whoſe end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæſar* ſhall go forth: for theſe predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæſar*.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets ſeen;
The heav'ns themſelves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cæſ. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taſte of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould fear,
Seeing that [7] death, a neceſſary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Enter Servant.

What ſay the Augurs?

Serv. They would not have you to ſtir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beaſt.

[*Exit Servant.*

Cæſ. The Gods do this [8] in ſhame of cowardiſe:
Cæſar ſhould be a beaſt without a heart,
If he ſhould ſtay at home to-day for fear.

[7] —*death, a neceſſary end*, &c.] This is a ſentence derived from the Stoical doctrine of predeſtination, and is therefore improper in the mouth of *Cæſar*.

[8] —*in ſhame of cowardiſe*:] The ancients did not place courage but wiſdom in the heart.

No, *Cæſar* ſhall not; Danger knows full well,
That *Cæſar* is more dangerous than he;
[9] We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæſar* ſhall go forth.
Cal. Alas, my Lord,
Your wiſdom is conſum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to-day; call it my fear,
That keeps you in the houſe, and not your own.
We'll ſend *Mark Antony* to the Senate-houſe,
And he will ſay, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæſ. *Mark Antony* ſhall ſay, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will ſtay at home.

SCENE V.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he ſhall tell them ſo.
Dec. *Cæſar*, all hail! Good morrow, worthy *Cæſar*;
I come to fetch you to the Senate-houſe.
Cæſ. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my Greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is falſe; and that I dare not, falſer;
I will not come to-day. Tell them ſo, *Decius*.
Cal. Say, he is ſick.

[9] In old editions,
We heard *two lions*——] The firſt folio,
——*We heare*——
The copies have been all corrupt, and the paſſage, of courſe, unintelligible. But the ſlight alteration, I have made, reſtores ſenſe to the whole; and the ſentiment will neither be unworthy of *Shakeſpeare*, nor the boaſt too extravagant for *Cæſar* in a vein of vanity to utter: that he and Danger were two twin whelps of a lion, and he the elder, and more terrible of the two. THEOB.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. Shall *Cæſar* ſend a lye?
Have I in conqueſt ſtretcht mine arm ſo far,
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, *Cæſar* will not come.
Dec. Moſt mighty *Cæſar*, let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laugh'd at, when I tell them ſo.
Cæſ. The cauſe is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to ſatisfy the Senate.
But for your private ſatisfaction,
Becauſe I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, ſtays me at home:
She dreamt laſt night, ſhe ſaw my Statue,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred ſpouts,
Did run pure blood: and many luſty *Romans*
Came ſmiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
Theſe ſhe applies for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will ſtay at home to-day.
Dec. This Dream is all amiſs interpreted;
It was a Viſion fair and fortunate:
Your Statue, ſpouting blood in many pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies, that from You great *Rome* ſhall ſuck
Reviving blood; [1] and that Great Men ſhall preſs
For tinctures, ſtains, relicks, and cogniſance.
This by *Calphurnia*'s Dream is ſignify'd.

Cæſ.

[1] *—and that Great Men ſhall preſs*
For tinctures, ſtains, relicks, *and cogniſance.*] That this dream of the ſtatue's ſpouting blood ſhould ſignify, the increaſe of power and empire to *Rome* from the influence of *Cæſar*'s arts and arms, and wealth and honour to the noble *Romans* through his beneficence, expreſſed by the words, *From you, great Rome ſhall ſuck reviving blood,* is intelligible enough. But how theſe great men ſhould literally preſs *for tinctures, ſtains, relicks, and cogniſance*, when the ſpouting blood was only a ſymbolical viſion, I am at a loſs to apprehend. Here the circumſtances of the dream, and the interpretation of it, are confounded with one another. This line therefore,
For tinctures, ſtains, relicks, and cogniſance,
muſt needs be in way of ſimili-
tude

Cæſ. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can ſay;
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day a Crown to mighty *Cæſar*.
If you ſhall ſend them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Beſides it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for ſome one to ſay,
" Break up the Senate 'till another time,
" When *Cæſar*'s Wife ſhall meet with better Dreams."
If *Cæſar* hide himſelf, ſhall they not whiſper,
" Lo, *Cæſar* is afraid!"
Pardon me, *Cæſar*; for my dear, dear, love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this:
[a] And reaſon to my love is liable.

Cæſ. How fooliſh do your Fears ſeem now, *Calphurnia?*
I am aſhamed, I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go. And, look,

tude only; and if ſo, it appears that ſome lines are wanting between this and the preceding; which want ſhould, for the future, be marked with aſteriſks. The ſenſe of them is not difficult to recover, and, with it, the propriety of the line in queſtion. The ſpeaker had ſaid, the Statue ſignified, that by *Cæſar*'s influence *Rome* ſhould flouriſh and increaſe in empire, and that great men ſhould preſs to him to partake of his *good fortune*, juſt as men run with handkerchiefs, &c. to dip them in the blood of martyrs, that they may partake of their *merit*. It is true, the thought is from the Chriſtian Hiſtory; but ſo ſmall an anachroniſm is nothing with our poet. Beſides, it is not my interpretation which introduces it, it was there before: For the line in queſtion can bear no other ſenſe than as an alluſion to the blood of the Martyrs, and the ſuperſtition of ſome Churches with regard to it. WARB.

I am not of opinion that any thing is loſt, and have therefore marked no omiſſion. The ſpeech, which is intentionally pompous, is ſomewhat confuſed. There are two alluſions; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cogniſance*; the other to martyrs, whoſe reliques are preſerved with veneration. The *Romans*, ſays *Brutus*, all come to you as to a ſaint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours.

[a] *And reaſon*, &c.] And reaſon, or propriety of conduct and language, is ſubordinate to my love.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caſca, Trebonius, Cinna *and* Publius.

Where *Publius* is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good-morrow, *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Welcome, *Publius.*
What, *Brutus*, are you ſtirr'd ſo early too?
Good-morrow, *Caſca. Caius Ligarius,*
Cæſar was ne'er ſo much your enemy,
As that ſame Ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?
Bru. Cæſar, 'tis ſtricken eight.
Cæſ. I thank you for your pains and courteſy.

Enter Antony.

See! *Antony*, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithſtanding up. Good-morrow, *Antony.*
Ant. So to moſt noble *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, *Cinna*; now *Metellus.* What *Trebonius!*
I have an hour's talk in ſtore for you,
Remember, that you call on me to-day;
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæſar, I will.——And ſo near will I be,
[*Aſide.*
That your beſt Friends ſhall wiſh I had been further.
Cæſ. Good Friends, go in, and taſte ſome wine with me.
And we, like Friends, will ſtraightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the ſame, O *Cæſar*,
The heart of *Brutus* yerns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Changes to a Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, *reading a paper.*

CÆSAR, *beware of* Brutus; *take heed of* Caſſius; *come not near* Caſca; *have an eye to* Cinna; *truſt not* Trebonius; *mark well* Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus *loves thee not*; *thou haſt wrong'd* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one mind in all theſe men, and it is bent againſt* Cæſar. *If thou be'ſt not immortal, look about thee; ſecurity gives way to conſpiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee!*

Thy Lover, *Artemidorus.*

Here will I ſtand, 'till *Cæſar* paſs along,
And as a ſuitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O *Cæſar*, thou may'ſt live;
If not, [3] the fates with Traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

Enter Porcia *and* Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, Boy, run to the Senate-houſe;
Stay not to anſwer me, but get thee gone.
Why doſt thou ſtay?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou ſhouldſt do there——
O Conſtancy, be ſtrong upon my ſide,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counſel!
Art thou here yet?

[3] —*the fates with Traitors do contrive.*] The fates *join with* traitors in *contriving* thy deſtruction.

Luc,

Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing elſe?
And ſo return to you, and nothing elſe?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth: and take good note,
What *Cæſar* doth, what ſuitors preſs to him.
Hark, boy! what noiſe is that?
Luc. I hear none, Madam.
Por. Pr'ythee, liſten well:
I heard a buſtling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow, which way haſt thou been?
Art. At mine own houſe, good lady.
Por. What is 't o'clock?
Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.
Por. Is *Cæſar* yet gone to the Capitol?
Art. Madam, not yet. I go to take my ſtand,
To ſee him paſs on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou haſt ſome ſuit to *Cæſar*, haſt thou not?
Art. That I have, Lady. If it will pleaſe *Cæſar*
To be ſo good to *Cæſar*, as to hear me,
I ſhall beſeech him to befriend himſelf.
Por. Why, know'ſt thou any harm intended tow'rds him?
Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear;
Good-morrow to you. Here the ſtreet is narrow:
The throng, that follows *Cæſar* at the heels,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,
Will crowd a feeble Man almoſt to death;
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæſar* as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por.

Por. I muſt go in—ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of Woman is! O *Brutus! Brutus!*
The heavens ſpeed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the Boy heard me:—*Brutus* hath a Suit,
That *Cæſar* will not grant.—O, I grow faint:
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord;
Say, I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth ſay to thee.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before the Capitol; *and the* Capitol *open.*

Flouriſh. Enter Cæſar, Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, *and the Sooth-ſayer.*

CÆSAR.

THE Ides of *March* are come.

Sooth. Ay, *Cæſar*, but not gone.

Art. Hail, *Cæſar*. Read this ſchedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth deſire you to o'er-read
At your beſt leiſure, this his humble ſuit.

Art. O *Cæſar*, read mine firſt; for mine's a ſuit,
That touches *Cæſar* nearer. Read it, great *Cæſar*.

Cæſ. What touches us ourſelf, ſhall be laſt ſerv'd.

Art. Delay not *Cæſar*, read it inſtantly.

Cæſ. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Caſ.

Caſ. What, urge you your petitions in the ſtreet? Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I wiſh, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Caſ. What enterprize, *Popilius?*

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What ſaid *Popilius Lena?*

Caſ. He wiſh'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive. I fear, our purpoſe is diſcovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to *Cæſar.* Mark him.

Caſ. Caſca, be ſudden, for we fear prevention. *Brutus,* what ſhall be done, if this be known? *Caſſius,* or *Cæſar,* never ſhall turn back; For I will ſlay myſelf.

Bru. Caſſius, be conſtant. *Popilius Lena* ſpeaks not of our purpoſe; For, look, he ſmiles, and *Cæſar* doth not change.

Caſ. Trebonius knows his time; for look you, *Brutus,* He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber?* Let him go, And preſently preſer his ſuit to *Cæſar.*

Bru. He is addreſt; preſs near, and ſecond him.

Cin. Caſca, you are the firſt that rears your hand.

Cæſ. Are we all ready? what is now amiſs, That *Cæſar* and his Senate muſt redreſs?

Met. Moſt high, moſt mighty, and moſt puiſſant *Cæſar,*
Metellus Cimber throws before thy ſeat [*Kneeling.*
An humble heart.

Cæſ. I muſt prevent thee, *Cimber.* Theſe couchings and theſe lowly curteſies
[4] Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

[4] *Might* fire *the blood of ordinary men,*] It is plain we ſhould read,

—ſtir *the blood*——

Submiſſion does not *fire* the blood, but melt it to compaſſion; or, as he ſays juſt after, *thaw* it. So afterwards in this play he ſays,

The power of ſpeech to STIR *men's* bloods. WARB.

This is plauſible, but not ſo neceſſary as that it ſhould be admitted into the text.

And

[5] And turn pre-ordinance and firſt decree
[6] Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that *Cæſar* bears ſuch rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, ſweet words;
Low-crooked curtſies, and baſe ſpaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is baniſhed;
If thou doſt bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I ſpurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, *Cæſar* doth not wrong; nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To ſound more ſweetly in great *Cæſar*'s ear,
For the repealing of my baniſh'd brother?

Bru. I kiſs thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæſar*;
Deſiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæſ. What, *Brutus!*

Caſ. Pardon, *Cæſar*; *Cæſar*, pardon;
As low as to thy foot doth *Caſſius* fall,
To beg enfranchiſement for *Publius Cimber.*

Cæſ. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am conſtant as the northern ſtar,
Of whoſe true, fixt, and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament;
The ſkies are painted with unnumbred ſparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth ſhine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world, 'tis furniſh'd well with men,

[5] *And turn* pre-ordinance—] *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already eſtabliſhed. WARB.

[6] *Into the lane of children.*—] I do not well underſtand what is meant by the *lane* of children. I ſhould read, the *law* of children. It was, *change pre-ordinance and decree into the* law *of children*; into ſuch ſlight determinations as every ſtart of will would alter. *Lane* and *lawe* in ſome manuſcripts are not eaſily diſtinguiſhed.

And

And men are fleſh and blood, and [7] apprehenſive;
Yet, in the number, I do know [8] but one
That unaſſailable [9] holds on his rank,
Unſhak'd of motion: and that I am he
Let me a little ſhew it, ev'n in this;
That I was conſtant, *Cimber* ſhould be baniſh'd;
And conſtant do remain to keep him ſo.

Cim. O *Cæſar*——

Cæſ. Hence! Wilt thou lift up *Olympus?*

Dec. Great *Cæſar*——

Cæſ. [1] Doth not *Brutus* bootleſs kneel?

Caſca. Speak hands for me. [*They ſtab* Cæſar.

Cæſ. Et tu, Brute?——Then fall *Cæſar!* [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead——
Run hence, proclaim. Cry it about the ſtreets.

Caſ. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchiſement.

Bru. People, and Senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not, ſtand ſtill. Ambition's debt is paid.

Caſca. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus.*

Dec. And *Caſſius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius?*

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand faſt together, leſt ſome friends of *Cæſar*'s
Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of ſtanding. *Publius*, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your perſon,
Nor to no *Roman* elſe; ſo tell them, *Publius.*

Caſ. And leave us, *Publius*, leſt that the people,
Ruſhing on us, ſhould do your age ſome miſchief.

[7] ——*apprehenſive*;] Suſceptible of fear, or other paſſions.

[8] ——*but one*] One, and only one.

[9] ——*holds on his rank,*] Perhaps, *holds on his* race; continues his courſe. We commonly ſay, To *hold* a *rank*, and, To *hold on* a *courſe* or *way.*

[1] *Doth not* Brutus *bootleſs kneel?*] I would read,
Do *not* Brutus *bootleſs kneel!*

Bru. Do ſo: and let no man abide this deed,
But we the Doers.

SCENE II.

Enter Trebonius.

Caſ. Where is *Antony?*

Tre. Fled to his houſe amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children, ſtare, cry out, and run,
As it were Dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleaſures;
That we ſhall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men ſtand upon.

Caſ. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts of ſo many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we *Cæſar*'s friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. [2] Stoop, *Romans*, ſtoop;
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæſar*'s blood

[2] In all the editions this ſpeech is aſcribed to *Brutus*, than which nothing is more inconſiſtent with his mild and philoſophical character. But (as I often find ſpeeches in the later editions put into wrong mouths, different from the firſt publiſhed by the author) I think this liberty not unreaſonable. POPE.

—*Stoop*, Romans, *ſtoop*,] Mr. *Pope* has arbitrarily taken away the remainder of this ſpeech from *Brutus*, and placed it to *Caſca*: becauſe, he thinks, nothing is more inconſiſtent with *Brutus*'s mild and philoſophical character. I have made bold to reſtore the ſpeech to its right owner. *Brutus* eſteem'd the death of *Cæſar* a ſacrifice to liberty: and, as ſuch, gloried in his heading the enterpriſe. Beſides, our poet is ſtrictly copying a fact in hiſtory. *Plutarch*, in the life of *Cæſar*, ſays, "*Brutus* and his followers, *being* "*yet hot with the murder*, march'd "in a body from the ſenate-"houſe to the *Capitol*, with their "*drawn ſwords*, with an air of "confidence and aſſurance." And, in the life of *Brutus*, —— "*Brutus* and his party betook "themſelves to the *Capitol*, and "in their way *ſhewing their* "*hands all bloody*, and their na-"ked ſwords, *proclaim'd liberty* "to the people." THEOB.

Dr. *Warburton* follows *Pope*.

Up

Up to the elbows, and beſmear our ſwords;
Then walk we forth ev'n to the Market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!"

Caſ. Stoop then, and waſh. How many ages hence
[*Dipping their ſwords in* Cæſar's *blood.*
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted o'er,
In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times ſhall *Cæſar* bleed in ſport,
That now on *Pompey*'s Baſis lies along,
No worthier than the duſt?

Caſ. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, ſhall we forth?

Caſ. Ay, every man away.
Brutus ſhall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the moſt boldeſt, and beſt hearts of *Rome.*

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of *Antony*'s:

Serv. Thus, *Brutus*, did my maſter bid me kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down; [*kneeling.*
And, being proſtrate, thus he bade me ſay.
Brutus is noble, wiſe, valiant and honeſt;
Cæſar was mighty, bold, royal and loving;
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæſar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchſafe that *Antony*
May ſafely come to him, and be reſolv'd
How *Cæſar* hath deſerv'd to lie in death:
Mark Antony ſhall not love *Cæſar* dead,
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true faith. So ſays my maſter *Antony.*

Bru. Thy maſter is a wiſe and valiant *Roman*;

I never thought him worſe.
Tell him, ſo pleaſe him come unto this place,
He ſhall be ſatisfied; and by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him preſently. [*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know, that we ſhall have him well to friend.

Caſ. I wiſh, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my miſgiving ſtill
Falls ſhrewdly to the purpoſe.

SCENE III.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*. Welcome, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. O mighty *Cæſar!* doſt thou lie ſo low?
Are all thy conqueſts, glories, triumphs, ſpoils,
Shrunk to this little meaſure?——fare thee well.
I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood, [1] who elſe is rank;
If I myſelf, there is no hour ſo fit
As *Cæſar*'s death's hour; nor no inſtrument
Of half that worth as thoſe your ſwords, made rich
With the moſt noble blood of all this world.
I do beſeech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilſt your purpled hands do reek and ſmoke,
Fulfil your pleaſure. Live a thouſand years,
I ſhall not find myſelf ſo apt to die:
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no mean of death,
As here by *Cæſar*, and by you cut off,
The choice and maſter ſpirits of this age.

Bru. O *Antony!* beg not your death of us:
Though now we muſt appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our preſent act,
You ſee, we do; yet ſee you but our hands,

[1] —*who elſe is rank*;] Who elſe may be ſuppoſed to have *overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the publick ſafety.

And

nd this the bleeding buſineſs they have done;
ur hearts you ſee not, they are pitiful;
nd pity to the general wrong of *Rome*
s fire drives out fire, ſo pity, pity)
ath done this deed on *Cæſar*. For your part,
o you our ſwords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*;
ur arms exempt from malice, and our hearts,
f brothers' temper, do receive you in
ith all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Caſ. Your voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any man's
the diſpoſing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
he multitude, beſide themſelves with fear;
nd then we will deliver you the cauſe,
hy I, that did love *Cæſar* when I ſtrook him,
oceeded thus.
Ant. I doubt not of your wiſdom.
t each man render me his bloody hand.
rſt, *Marcus Brutus*, will I ſhake with you;
xt, *Caius Caſſius*, do I take your hand;
w, *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;
urs, *Cinna*; and, my valiant *Caſca*, yours;
o' laſt, not leaſt in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
ntlemen all—alas, what ſhall I ſay?
y credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
at one of two bad ways you muſt conceit me,
ther a coward or a flatterer.
at I did love thee, *Cæſar*, oh, 'tis true;
then thy ſpirit look upon us now,
all it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
ſee thy *Antony* making his peace,
aking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
oſt Noble! in the preſence of thy corſe?
ad I as many eyes, as thou haſt wounds,

* *Our arms exempt from malice,*—] This is the reading of the modern editions, yet perhaps the true reading. The old copy has, *Our arms* in ſtrength of *malice*.

Weeping as faſt as they ſtream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to cloſe
In terms of friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius*—here waſt thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didſt thou fall, and here thy hunters ſtand
Sign'd in thy ſpoil, and [5] crimſon'd in thy Lethe.
O world! thou waſt the foreſt to this hart,
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, ſtricken by many Princes,
Doſt thou here lie?
Caſ. *Mark Antony.*
Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Caſſius:*
The enemies of *Cæſar* ſhall ſay this:
Then, in a friend, it is cold modeſty.
Caſ. I blame you not for praiſing *Cæſar* ſo.
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæſar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you ſhall give me reaſons,
Why, and wherein *Cæſar* was dangerous.
Bru. Or elſe this were a ſavage ſpectacle.
Our reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you, *Antony*, the Son of *Cæſar*,
You ſhould be ſatisfied.
Ant. That's all I ſeek;
And am moreover ſuitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the Pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

[5] —*crimſon'd in thy* Lethe.] Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *The dictionaries acknowledge no ſuch word as* Lethe; *yet he is not without ſuppoſition, that* Shakeſpeare *coin'd the word; and yet for all that, the* L. *might be a* D. *imperfectly wrote, therefore he will have* death *inſtead of it.* After all this pother, *Lethe* was a common *French* word, ſignifying *death* or *deſtruction*, from the Latin *lethum*. WAR.

Bru.

Bru. You ſhall, *Mark Antony.*

Caſ. *Brutus*, a word with you.———
You know not what you do; do not conſent, [*Aſide.*
That *Antony* ſpeak in his funeral:
Know you, how much the People may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon,
I will myſelf into the Pulpit firſt,
And ſhew the reaſon of our *Cæſar*'s death.
What *Antony* ſhall ſpeak, I will proteſt
He ſpeaks by leave, and by permiſſion;
And that we are contented, *Cæſar* ſhall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies:
It ſhall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Caſ. I know not what may fall. I like it not.

Bru. *Mark Antony*, here. Take you *Cæſar*'s body.
You ſhall not in your funeral ſpeech blame us,
But ſpeak all good you can deviſe of *Cæſar*,
And ſay, you do't by our permiſſion,
Elſe ſhall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you ſhall ſpeak
In the ſame Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.

Ant. Be it ſo;
I do deſire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt Conſpirators.*

SCENE IV.

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with theſe butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the nobleſt man,
That ever lived [6] in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand, that ſhed this coſtly blood!

[6] —*in the tide of times.*] That is, in the courſe of times.

Over thy wounds now do I propheſy,
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curſe ſhall light [7] upon the limbs of men;
Domeſtick fury, and fierce civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*;
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreaful objects ſo familiar,
That mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war:
All pity choak'd with cuſtom of fell deeds;
And *Cæſar*'s ſpirit, ranging for revenge,
With *Até* by his ſide come hot from hell,
Shall in theſe confines, with a Monarch's voice,
[8] Cry *Havock*, and let ſlip the Dogs of war;
That this foul deed ſhall ſmell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

[7] —*upon the* LIMBS *of men*;] We ſhould read,

——LINE *of men*.

i. e. human race.

WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads,

——kind *of men*.

I rather think it ſhould be,

——*the* lives *of men*.

unleſs we read,

——theſe lymms *of men*.

That is, *theſe bloodhounds* of men. The uncommonneſs of the word *lymm* eaſily made the change

[8] *Cry* Havock,—] A learned correſpondent has informed me, that in the military operations of old times, *havock* was the word by which declaration was made, that no quarter ſhould be given.

In a tract intitled, *The Office of the Conſtable & Marſchall in the Tyme of Werre*, contained in the Black Book of the Admiralty, there is the following chapter.

"The peyne of hym that "crieth *havock* & of them that "followeth hym. etit. v."

"Item Si quis inventus fuerit qui clamorem inceperit qui "vocatur *Havok*."

"Alſo that no man be ſo hardy to crye *Havok* upon peyne "that he that is begynner ſhall "be deede therefore: & the remanent that doo the ſame or "folow ſhall loſe their horſe & "harneis: and the perſones of "ſuch as foloweth & eſcrien "ſhal be under arreſt of the "Coneſtable & Mareſchall "warde unto tyme that they "have made ſyn; & founde "ſuretie no morr to offende; & "his body in priſon at the Kyng "wylle—."

Enter

Enter Octavius's *Servant.*

ı ſerve *Octavius Cæſar*, do you not?
erv. I do, *Mark Antony.*
ſnt. Cæſar did write for you to come to *Rome.*
erv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
l bid me ſay to you by word of mouth ——
Cæſar! [*Seeing the Body.*
ſnt. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
ion I ſee is catching; for mine eyes,
ng thoſe Beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
an to water. Is thy maſter coming?
erv. He lies to-night within ſeven leagues of *Rome.*
ſnt. Poſt back with ſpeed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.
e is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
Rome of ſafety for *Octavius* yet;
hence, and tell him ſo. Yet ſtay a while;
ou ſhalt not back, 'till I have borne this corſe
the market-place: there ſhall I try
ny Oration, how the people take
: cruel iſſue of theſe bloody men;
ording to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
young *Octavius* of the ſtate of things.
.end me your hand. [*Exeunt with* Cæſar's *body.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Forum.

er Brutus, *and mounts the* Roſtra; Caſſius, *with the* Plebeians.

. WE will be ſatisfied. Let us be ſatisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
ius, go you into the other ſtreet,
d part the numbers.
oſe that will hear me ſpeak, let 'em ſtay here;
Thoſe,

Thoſe that will follow *Caſſius*, go with him,
And publick reaſons ſhall be rendered
Of *Cæſar*'s death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* ſpeak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Caſſius*, and compare their reaſons,
When ſev'rally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* Caſſius, *with ſome of the* Plebeians.

3 *Pleb.* The noble *Brutus* is aſcended: ſilence!

Bru. Be patient 'till the laſt.

Romans, [9] Countrymen, and Lovers! hear me for my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe. Cenſure me in your wiſdom, and awake your ſenſes, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of *Cæſar*'s, to him I ſay, that *Brutus*'s love to *Cæſar* was no leſs than his. If then that friend demand, why *Brutus* roſe againſt *Cæſar*, this is my Anſwer: Not that I lov'd *Cæſar* leſs, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæſar* were living, and dye all ſlaves; than that *Cæſar* were dead, to live all free men? As *Cæſar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition.

9 *Countrymen, and Lovers!* &c. There is no where, in all *Shakeſpeare*'s works, a ſtronger proof of his not being what we call a ſcholar, than this; or of his not knowing any thing of the genius of learned antiquity. This ſpeech of *Brutus* is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind. But no more like that brevity, than his times were like *Brutus*'s. The ancient laconic brevity was ſimple, natural and eaſy: this is quaint, artificial, gingling, and abounding with forced antitheſis's. In a word a brevity, that for its falſe eloquence would have ſuited any character, and for its good ſenſe would have become the greateſt of our author's rivals; but yet, in a ſtile of declaiming, that ſits as ill upon *Brutus* as our author's trowſers or collar-band would have done. WARB.

Who

Who is here ſo baſe, that would be a bond-man?
If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended.
Who is here ſo rude, that would not be a *Roman?*
If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended.
Who is here ſo vile, that will not love his Country?
If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended.
I pauſe for a Reply.

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.

I have done no more to *Cæſar*, than you ſhall do to *Brutus*. The queſtion of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he ſuffered death.

Enter Mark Antony *with* Cæſar's *body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*; who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth; as which of you ſhall not? With this I depart, that as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of *Rome*; I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my Country to need my death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his houſe,

2 *Pleb.* Give him a ſtatue with his Anceſtors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæſar.*

4 *Pleb.* *Cæſar*'s better Parts
Shall be crown'd in *Brutus.*

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his houſe
With ſhouts and clamours.

Bru. My Countrymen——

2 *Pleb.* Peace! ſilence! *Brutus* ſpeaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my ſake, ſtay here with *Antony*;
Do grace to *Cæſar*'s corps, and grace his ſpeech
Tending to *Cæſar*'s Glories; which *Mark Antony*

By

By our permiſſion is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till *Antony* have ſpoke. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony.*
3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public Chair,
We'll hear him. Noble *Antony*, go up.
Ant. For *Brutus'* ſake, I am beholden to you.
4 *Pleb.* What does he ſay of *Brutus?*
3 *Pleb.* He ſays, for *Brutus'* ſake
He finds himſelf beholden to us all.
4 *Pleb.* 'Twere beſt he ſpeak no harm of *Brutus* here.
1 *Pleb.* This *Cæſar* was a Tyrant.
3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain.
We are bleſt, that *Rome* is rid of him.
2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what *Antony* can ſay.
Ant. You gentle *Romans*——
All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury *Cæſar*, not to praiſe him.
The Evil, that men do, lives after them,
The Good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with *Cæſar!* noble *Brutus*
Hath told you, *Cæſar* was ambitious;
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault,
And grievouſly hath *Cæſar* anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the reſt,
For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men,
Come I to ſpeak in *Cæſar*'s funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me,
But *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to *Rome*,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill;

Did

Did this in *Cæſar* ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæſar* hath wept;
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff,
Yet *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that, on the *Lupercal*,
I thrice preſented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
And, ſure, he is an honourable man.
I ſpeak not, to diſprove what *Brutus* ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe;
What cauſe with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon. Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæſar*,
And I muſt pauſe 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reaſon in his ſayings.

If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
[1] *Cæſar* has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, Maſters? I fear there will a worſe come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the crown;

[1] Cæſar *has had great wrong.*] 3 Pleb. Cæſar *had never wrong but with juſt cauſe.* If ever there was ſuch a line written by *Shakeſpeare*, I could fancy it might have its place here, and very humorouſly in the character of a *Plebeian*. One might believe *Ben Johnſon*'s remark was made upon no better credit than ſome blunder of an actor in ſpeaking that verſe near the beginning of the third act.

Know, Cæſar doth not wrong; nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied.——

But the verſe, as cited by *Ben Johnſon*, does not connect with, *Will he be ſatisfied.* Perhaps this play was never printed in *Ben Johnſon*'s time, and ſo he had nothing to judge by but as the actor pleaſed to ſpeak it. POPE.

I have inſerted this note, becauſe it is *Pope*'s, for it is otherwiſe of no value. It is ſtrange that he ſhould ſo much forget the date of the copy before him, as to think it not printed in *Johnſon*'s time.

Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor ſoul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in *Rome* than *Antony.*

4 *Pleb.* Now, mark him, he begins to ſpeak.

Ant. But yeſterday the word of *Cæſar* might
Have ſtood againſt the world; now lies he there,
[a] And none ſo poor to do him reverence.
O maſters! if I were diſpos'd to ſtir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I ſhould do *Brutus* wrong, and *Caſſius* wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather chuſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong myſelf and you;
Than I will wrong ſuch honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the ſeal of *Cæſar*,
I found it in his cloſet, 'tis his Will;
Let but the Commons hear this Teſtament,
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,
And they would go and kiſs dead *Cæſar*'s wounds,
And dip their napkins in his ſacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their iſſue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will, read it, *Mark Antony.*

All. The Will, the Will. We will hear *Cæſar*'s Will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle, friends, I muſt not read it;
It is not meet you know how *Cæſar* lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not ſtones, but men,
And, being men, hearing the will of *Cæſar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

[a] *And none ſo poor*——] The meaneſt man is now too high to do reverence to *Cæſar.*

'Tis

'Tis good you know not, that you are his heirs;
For if you ſhould, O what would come of it?
4 *Pleb.* Read the Will, we will hear it, *Antony*;
You ſhall read us the Will, *Cæſar*'s Will.
Ant. Will you be patient? will you ſtay a while?
I have o'erſhot myſelf, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whoſe daggers have ſtabb'd *Cæſar*. I do fear it.
4 *Pleb.* They were traitors. Honourable men!
All. The Will! the Teſtament!
2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers. The Will!
read the Will!
Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will?
Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæſar*,
And let me ſhew you him, that made the Will.
Shall I deſcend? and will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
2 *Pleb.* Deſcend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*
3 *Pleb.* You ſhall have leave.
4 *Pleb.* A ring; ſtand round.
1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearſe, ſtand from the body.
2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony*——moſt noble *Antony*.
Ant. Nay, preſs not ſo upon me, ſtand far off.
All. Stand back! room! bear back!
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember,
The firſt time ever *Cæſar* put it on,
'Twas on a ſummer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcome the *Nervii*.
Look! in this place, ran *Caſſius* dagger through;
See, what a Rent the envious *Caſca* made;
Through this, the well-beloved *Brutus* ſtabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark, how the blood of *Cæſar* follow'd it!
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd,
If *Brutus* ſo unkindly knock'd, or no.
For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæſar*'s angel,
Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly *Cæſar* lov'd him;

This was the moſt unkindeſt cut of all;
For when the noble *Cæſar* ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him; then burſt his mighty heart;
[3] And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the Baſe of *Pompey*'s ſtatue,
Which all the while ran blood, great *Cæſar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down:
Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; theſe are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our *Cæſar*'s veſture wounded? look you here!
Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous ſpectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæſar!*

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O moſt bloody ſight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge: about—ſeek——burn——fire——kill——ſlay! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, Countrymen——

[3] *And, in his mantle*, &c.] Read the lines thus,

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæſar *fell,*
Ev'n at the Baſe of Pompey's *Statue.*

Plutarch tells us, that *Cæſar* received many wounds in the face on this occaſion, ſo that it might be ſaid to run blood. But, inſtead of that, the Statue, in this reading, and not the face, is ſaid to do ſo; it is plain theſe two lines ſhould be tranſpoſed: And then the reflection, which follows,

O what a fall was there—

is natural, lamenting the diſgrace of being at laſt ſubdued in that quarrel in which he had been compleat victor. WARB.

I know not whether the tranſpoſition be needful: the image ſeems to be, that the blood of *Cæſar* flew upon the ſtatue, and trickled down it. And the exclamation,

O what a fall was there—

follows better after

——*great* Cæſar *fell,*

than with a line interpoſed.

1 *Pleb.*

1 *Pleb.* Peace there. Hear the noble *Antony*.
2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him; we'll follow him; we'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you up
To ſuch a ſudden flood of mutiny:
They, that have done this deed, are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wiſe and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reaſons anſwer you.
I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts;
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That give me publick leave to ſpeak of him;
[4] For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of ſpeech,
To ſtir men's blood; I only ſpeak right on.
I tell you that, which you yourſelves do know;
Shew you ſweet *Cæſar*'s wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths!
And bid them ſpeak for me. But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of *Cæſar*, that ſhould move
The ſtones of *Rome* to riſe and mutiny.
All. We'll mutiny——
1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the houſe of *Brutus*.
3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, ſeek the conſpirators.
Ant. Yet hear me, Countrymen; yet hear me ſpeak.
All. Peace, ho. Hear *Antony*, moſt noble *Antony*.
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath *Cæſar* thus deſerv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not. I muſt not tell you then.

[4] *For I have neither wit,——*] The old copy reads, *For I have neither* writ, *nor words,——* which may mean, I have no *penned* and premeditated oration.

You have forgot the Will, I told you of.

All. Moſt true—the Will—Let's ſtay and hear the Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæſar*'s ſeal.
To ev'ry *Roman* citizen he gives,
To ev'ry ſev'ral man, ſev'nty-five drachma's.

2 *Pleb.* Moſt noble *Cæſar!* we'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal *Cæſar!*

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
[5] On that ſide *Tiber*; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleaſures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourſelves.
Here was a *Cæſar*. When comes ſuch another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors' houſes.
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* Plebeians *with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work. Miſchief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt!——How now, fellow?

[5] *On* this *ſide* Tiber;] The ſcene is here in the *Forum* near the *Capitol*, and in the moſt frequented part of the city; but *Cæſar*'s gardens were very remote from that quarter.

Trans Tiberim *longe cubat is,*
prope Cæſaris hortos,

ſays *Horace:* And both the *Naumachia* and *Gardens* of *Cæſar* were ſeparated from the main city by the river; and lay out wide, on a line with Mount *Janiculum*. Our Author therefore certainly wrote;

On that *ſide* Tiber;——

And *Plutarch*, whom *Shakſpeare* very diligently ſtudied, in the life of *Marcus Brutus*, ſpeaking of *Cæſar*'s *Will*, expreſly ſays, That he left to the publick his gardens, and walks, *beyond* the *Tiber*. THEOBALD.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. *Octavius* is already come to *Rome.*
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæſar*'s houſe.
Ant. And thither will I ſtraight, to viſit him.
He comes upon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. I heard him ſay, *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of *Rome.*
Ant. Belike, they had ſome notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Cinna *the Poet, and after him the* Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feaſt with *Cæſar,*
And things unluckily charge my fantaſy,
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet ſomething leads me forth.
1 *Pleb.* What is your name?
2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?
3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?
4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
2 *Pleb.* Anſwer every man, directly.
1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.
4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wiſely,
3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were beſt.
Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? am I a married man, or a bachelor? then to anſwer every man directly and briefly, wiſely and truly. Wiſely, I ſay——I am a bachelor.
2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to ſay, they are fools

that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed. Directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæſar*'s funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is anſwer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling. Briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir. Truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is *Cinna.*

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conſpirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verſes, tear him for his bad verſes.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the conſpirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*; pluck out his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho, firebrands.
To *Brutus*, to *Caſſius*, burn all. Some to *Decius*'s houſe,
And ſome to *Caſca*'s, ſome to *Ligarius*. Away. Go.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

[a] *A ſmall Iſland near* Mutina.

Enter Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus.

ANTONY.

THESE many then ſhall die. Their names are prickt.

Octa. Your brother too muſt die; conſent you, *Lepidus?*

Lep. I do conſent.

Octa. Prick him down, *Antony.*

Lep. Upon condition, *Publius* ſhall not live;
Who is your ſiſter's ſon, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. He ſhall not live. Look, with a ſpot I damn him.
But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæſar*'s houſe;
Fetch the Will hither, and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome charge in legacies.

Lep. What, ſhall I find you here?

Octa. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* Lepidus.

Ant. This is a ſlight, unmeritable, man,
Meet to be ſent on errands. Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?

[a] *A ſmall Iſland*] Mr. *Rowe*, and Mr. *Pope* after him, have mark'd the ſcene here to be at *Rome*. The old copies ſay nothing of the place. *Shakeſpeare*, I dare ſay, knew from *Plutarch*, that theſe Triumvirs met upon the proſcription, in a little iſland; which *Appian*, who is more particular, ſays, lay near *Mutina*, upon the river *Lavinius*. THEOB.

A ſmall iſland in the little river *Rhenus*, near *Bononia*. HANMER.

Octa. So you thought him;
And took his voice who ſhould be prick'd to die,
In our black ſentence and proſcription.

Ant. Octavius, I have ſeen more days than you;
And though we lay theſe honours on this man,
To eaſe ourſelves of divers ſland'rous loads;
He ſhall but bear them, as the aſs bears gold,
To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs,
Or led or driven, as we point the way;
And, having brought our treaſure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty aſs, to ſhake his ears,
And graze in Commons.

Octa. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant ſoldier.

Ant. So is my horſe, *Octavius:* and for that,
I do appoint him ſtore of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my ſpirit.
And, in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
[7] A barren-ſpirited fellow, one that feeds
On abject Orts, and imitations;
Which, out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other men,
Begin his faſhion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
Liſten great things——*Brutus* and *Caſſius*

[7] In the old editions,

A barren-ſpirited fellow, one
one that feeds
On objects, arts, *and imitations*, &c.] 'Tis hard to conceive, why he ſhould be call'd a *barren-ſpirited* fellow, that could feed either on *objects*, or *arts*: that is, as I preſume, from his ideas and judgment upon them: *ſtale* and *obſolete imitation*, indeed, fixes ſuch a character. I am perſuaded, to make the poet conſonant to himſelf, we muſt read, as I have reſtored the text,

On abject Orts,——

i. e. on the *ſcraps* and *fragments* of things *rejected* and *deſpiſed* by others. THEOBALD.

Are-

Are levying powers; we muſt ſtraight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd;
Our beſt friends made, our beſt means ſtretcht;
And let us preſently go ſit in council,
How covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open perils ſureſt anſwered.

Octa. Let us do ſo; for we are at the ſtake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And ſome, that ſmile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of miſchiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Brutus's *Tent, in the camp near* Sardis.

Drum. *Enter* Brutus, Lucilius, *and Soldiers:* Titinius *and* Pindarus *meeting them.*

Bru. STAND, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and ſtand!

Bru. What now, *Lucilius?* is *Caſſius* near?

Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you ſalutation from his maſter.

Bru. He greets me well. Your maſter, *Pindarus*,
[3] In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me ſome cauſe to wiſh
Things done undone; but if he be at hand,
I ſhall

[3] *In his own* change, *or by ill officers,*] The ſenſe of which is this, *Either your maſter, by the* change *of his virtuous nature, or by his officers abuſing the power he had intruſted to them, hath done ſome things I could wiſh undone.* This implies a *doubt* which of the two was the caſe. Yet, immediately after, on *Pindarus*'s ſaying, *His maſter was full of regard and honour,* he replies, *he is not doubted.* To reconcile this we ſhould read,

In his own CHARGE, *or by ill officers,*

i. e. *either by thoſe under his immediate command, or under the command of his lieutenants who had abuſed their truſt. Charge* is ſo uſual a word in *Shakeſpeare,* to ſignify the forces committed to

I ſhall be ſatisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble maſter will appear,
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, *Lucilius*——
How he receiv'd you, let me be reſolv'd.

Luc. With courteſy, and with reſpect enough;
But not with ſuch familiar inſtances,
Nor with ſuch free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou haſt deſcrib'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to ſicken and decay,
It uſeth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain, and ſimple faith;
But hollow men, like horſes hot at hand,
Make gallant ſhew and promiſe of their mettle,
But when they ſhould endure the bloody ſpur,
They fall their creſt, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd,
The greater part, the horſe in general,
Are come with *Caſſius.* [*Low march within.*

Enter Caſſius *and Soldiers.*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;

the truſt of a commander, that I think it needleſs to give any inſtances. WARBURTON.

The arguments for the change propoſed are inſufficient. *Brutus* could not but know whether the wrongs committed were done by thoſe who were immediately under the command of *Caſſius*, or thoſe under his officers. The anſwer of *Brutus* to the ſervant is only an act of artful civility; his queſtion to *Lucilius* proves, that his ſuſpicion ſtill continued. Yet I cannot but ſuſpect a corruption, and would read,

In his own change, or by ill offices.

That is, either *changing* his inclination *of himſelf*, or *by* the *ill offices* and bad influence of others.

March

March gently on to meet him.

Caſ. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Caſ. Moſt noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you Gods! Wrong I mine enemies?

And, if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a brother?

Caſ. Brutus, this ſober form of yours hides wrongs,

And when you do them———

Bru. Caſſius, be content,

Speak your griefs ſoftly—I do know you well.—

Before the eyes of both our armies here,

Which ſhould perceive nothing, but love, from us,

Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;

Then in my Tent, *Caſſius*, enlarge your griefs,

And I will give you audience.

Caſ. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off

A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man

Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.

Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Inſide of Brutus's *Tent.*

Re-enter Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Caſ. THAT you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,

You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,

For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;

Wherein, my letter praying on his ſide

Becauſe

Becauſe I knew the man, was ſlighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourſelf to write in ſuch a caſe.

Caſ. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That [9] ev'ry nice offence ſhould bear its comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, *Caſſius*, you yourſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To ſell, and mart your offices for gold,
To undeſervers.

Caſ. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are *Brutus*, that ſpeak this;
Or, by the Gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.

Bru. The name of *Caſſius* honours this corruption,
And chaſtiſement doth therefore hide its head.

Caſ. Chaſtiſement!

Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember!
Did not great *Julius* bleed for juſtice ſake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
And not for juſtice; What, ſhall one of us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now
Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes?
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large honours
For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?——
[1] I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than ſuch a *Roman*.

Caſ. *Brutus*, bait not me,

[9] —*ev'ry* nice offence—] *i. e.* ſmall trifling offence. WARB.

[1] *I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,*
Than ſuch a Roman.] The poets and common people, who generally think and ſpeak alike, ſuppoſe the dog bays the moon, out of envy to its brightneſs; an alluſion to this notion makes the beauty of the paſſage in queſtion: *Brutus* hereby inſinuates a covert accuſation againſt his friend, that it was only envy at *Cæſar's* glory which ſet *Caſſius* on conſpiring againſt him; and ancient hiſtory ſeems to countenance ſuch a charge. *Caſſius* underſtood him in this ſenſe, and with much conſcious pride retorts the charge by a like inſinuation.
—Brutus, *bay not* me. WARB.

I'll

I'll not endure it; you forget yourſelf,
[2] To hedge me in; I am a ſoldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourſelf
[3] To make conditions.

Bru. [4] Go to: you are not *Caſſius.*

Caſ. I am.

Bru. I ſay, you are not.

Caſ. Urge me no more, I ſhall forget myſelf——
Have mind upon your health——tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, ſlight man!

Caſ. Is't poſſible?——

Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman ſtares?

Caſ. O Gods! ye Gods! muſt I endure all this?

Bru. *All this!* ay, *more.* Fret, 'till your proud heart break;
Go, ſhew your ſlaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour? by the Gods,
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Tho' it do ſplit you: For, from this day forth,

[2] *To hedge me in;*——] That is, to limit my authority by your direction or cenſure.

[3] *To make conditions.*] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my diſpoſal.

[4] *Go to; you are not* Caſſius.] We are not to underſtand this as if *Brutus* had ſaid, *You are not an able ſoldier,* which would be wrangling on a childiſh queſtion beneath the character of *Brutus.* On the contrary, when *Caſſius* had made ſo unbecoming a boaſt, *Brutus,* in his reply, only reproves him for *degeneracy:* And he could not do it in words more pathetic than in ſaying, *You are not* Caſſius; i. e. *You are no longer that brave, diſintereſted, philoſophic* Caſſius, *whoſe character was made up of honour and patriotiſm; but are ſunk down to the impotency and corruption of the times.* WARBURTON.

There is no danger of miſinterpretation, nor much need of expoſitions. *Caſſius* had not ſaid he was an *able ſoldier,* but a ſoldier whoſe longer experience made him *more able to make* conditions.

I'll

I'll uſe you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.

Caſ. Is it come to this?

Bru. You ſay, you are a better ſoldier;
Let it appear ſo; make your Vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men.

Caſ. You wrong me every way——you wrong me, *Brutus*;
I ſaid an elder ſoldier; not a better.
Did I ſay, better?——

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Caſ. When *Cæſar* liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durſt not ſo have tempted him.

Caſ. I durſt not!——

Bru. No.

Caſ. What? durſt not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durſt not.

Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my love;
I may do that, I ſhall be ſorry for.

Bru. You have done that, you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror, *Caſſius*, in your threats;
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me, as the idle wind,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raiſe no money by vile means;
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachma's, [5] than to wring
From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh,
By

[5] ——*than to* wring *From the* hard *hands of peaſants their vile traſh*,] This is a noble ſentiment, altogether in character, and expreſſed in a manner inimitably happy. For *to wring*, implies both to get *unjuſtly*, and to uſe *force* in getting:
And

By any Indirection. I did ſend
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me. Was that done like *Caſſius*?
Should I have anſwer'd *Caius Caſſius* ſo?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows ſo covetous,
To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Daſh him to pieces.

Caſ. I deny'd you not,

Bru. You did.

Caſ. I did not——he was but a fool,
That brought my anſwer back.——*Brutus* hath riv'd my heart.
A friend ſhould bear a friend's infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

[6] *Bru.* I do not, 'till you practiſe them on me.

Caſ. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Caſ. A friendly eye could never ſee ſuch faults.

Bru. A flatt'rer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.

Caſ. Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius*, come;
Revenge yourſelves alone on *Caſſius*,

And *hard hands* ſignify both the peaſant's great *labour and pains* in acquiring, and his *great unwillingneſs* to quit his hold.

WARBURTON.

[6] Bru. *I do not*, TILL *you practiſe them on me.*] But was this talking like *Brutus*? *Caſſius* complained that his friend made his infirmities greater than they were. To which *Brutus* replies, not *till* thoſe infirmities were injuriouſly turned upon me. But was this any excuſe for *aggravating* his friend's failings? *Shakeſpeare* knew better what was fit for his hero to ſay, and certainly wrote and pointed the line thus,

I do not. STILL *you practiſe them on me.*

i. e. I deny your charge, and this is a freſh injury done me.

WARBURTON.

The true meaning, which will make all emendation unneceſſary, is this; I do not look for your faults, I only ſee them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, *by practiſing them on me.*

For *Caſſius* is a weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults obſerv'd;
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To caſt into my teeth. O, I could weep
My ſpirit from mine eyes!——There is my dagger,
And here my naked breaſt within, a heart
Dearer than *Plutus'* Mine, richer than gold;
[7] If that thou be'ſt a *Roman*, take it forth.
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike as thou didſt at *Cæſar*; for I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt *Caſſius*.

Bru. Sheath your dagger;

7 *If that thou* BE'ST A ROMAN, *take it forth*, &c.] But why is he bid to rip out his heart, if he were a *Roman?* There is no other ſenſe but this, If you have the courage of a *Roman*. But this is ſo poor, and ſo little to the purpoſe, that the reading may be juſtly ſuſpected. The occaſion of this quarrel was *Caſſius*'s refuſal to ſupply the neceſſities of his friend, who charges it on him as a diſhonour and crime, with great aſperity of language. *Caſſius*, to ſhew him the injuſtice of accuſing him of avarice, tells him he was ready to expoſe his life in his ſervice; but at the ſame time, provoked and exaſperated at the other's reproaches, he upbraids him with the ſeverity of his temper, that would pardon nothing, but always aimed at the life of the offender; and delighted in his blood, though a *Roman*, and attached to him by the ſtrongeſt bonds of alliance; hereby obliquely inſinuating the caſe of *Cæſar*. The ſenſe being thus explained, it is evident we ſhould read,

If that thou NEEDST A ROMAN'S, *take it forth.*

i. e. if nothing but another *Roman*'s death can ſatisfy the unrelenting ſeverity of your temper, take my life as you did *Cæſar*'s. WARBURTON.

I am not ſatisfied with the change propoſed, yet cannot deny, that the words, as they now ſtand, require ſome interpretation. I think he means only, that he is ſo far from avarice, when the cauſe of his country requires liberality, that if any man ſhould wiſh for his heart, he would not need enforce his deſire any otherwiſe, than by ſhewing that he was a *Roman*.

Be

Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
O *Caſſius*, you are yoked with a Lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, ſhews a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.
Caſ. Hath *Caſſius* liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing.*
Caſ. O *Brutus!*
Bru. What's the matter?
Caſ. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, *Caſſius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
He'll think, your mother chides, and leave you ſo.
[*A noiſe within.*
Poet within. Let me go in to ſee the Generals;
There is ſome grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Luc. within. You ſhall not come to them.
Poet within. Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.

Enter Poet.

Caſ. How now? what's the matter?
Poet. For ſhame, you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be;
For I have ſeen more years, I'm ſure, than ye.
Caſ. Ha, ha—how vilely doth this Cynick rhime!
Bru. Get you hence, ſirrah; ſaucy fellow, hence.
Caſ. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his faſhion.
Bru.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time;
What ſhould the wars do with theſe jingling fools?
Companion, hence.

Caſ. Away, away, begone. [*Exit* Poet.

SCENE IV.

Enter Lucilius, *and* Titinius.

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Caſ. And come yourſelves, and bring *Meſſala* with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* Lucilius *and* Titinius.

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowl of wine.

Caſ. I did not think, you could have been ſo angry,

Bru. O *Caſſius*, I am ſick of many griefs.

Caſ. Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears ſorrow better. *Porcia*'s dead.

Caſ. Ha! *Porcia!*——

Bru. She is dead.

Caſ. How 'ſcap'd I killing, when I croſt you ſo?
O inſupportable and touching loſs!
Upon what ſickneſs?

Bru. Impatient of my abſence;
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong, (for with her death
That tidings came) With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And, her Attendants abſent, ſwallow'd fire.

Caſ. And dy'd ſo?

Bru. Even ſo.

Caſ. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindneſs, *Caſſius.* [*Drinks.*
Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge.
Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the wine o'er-ſwell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus'* love.
Bru. Come in, *Titinius.*——Welcome, good *Meſſala.*

SCENE V.

Enter Titinius, *and* Meſſala.

Now ſit we cloſe about this taper here,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.
Caſ. Oh *Porcia!* are thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.——
Meſſala, I have here received letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition tow'rd *Philippi.*
Meſ. Myſelf have letters of the ſelf-ſame tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Meſ. That by Proſcription and bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*
Have put to death an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine ſpeak of ſev'nty Senators that dy'd
By their Proſcriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Caſ. Cicero one?——
Meſ. Cicero is dead;
And by that order of proſcription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my Lord?

Bru. No, *Meſſala.*
Meſ. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, *Meſſala.*
Meſ. That, methinks, is ſtrange.
Bru. Why aſk you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Meſ. No, my Lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.
Meſ. Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell.
For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.
Bru. Why, farewel, *Porcia.* We muſt die, *Meſſala.*
With meditating that ſhe muſt die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Meſ. Ev'n ſo great men great loſſes ſhould endure.
Caſ. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it ſo.
Bru. Well, to our Work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* preſently?
Caſ. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reaſon?
Caſ. This it is:
'Tis better, that the enemy ſeek us;
So ſhall he waſte his means, weary his ſoldiers,
Doing himſelf offence; whilſt we, lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence and nimbleneſs.
Bru. Good reaſons muſt of force give place to better.
The people, 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreſh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage ſhall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,

Theſe people at our back.

Caſ. Hear me, good brother——

Bru. Under your pardon.—You muſt note beſide,
That we have try'd the utmoſt of our friends,
Our legions are brim full, our cauſe is ripe;
The enemy encreaſeth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
On ſuch a full ſea are we now a-float,
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our ventures.

Caſ. Then with your will go on; we will along
Ourſelves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature muſt obey neceſſity,
Which we will niggard with a little reſt.
There is no more to ſay.

Caſ. No more. Good night.
Early to-morrow will we riſe, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. Farewel, good *Meſſala*,
Good night, *Titinius*. Noble, noble *Caſſius*,
Good night, and good repoſe.

Caſ. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night;
Never come ſuch diviſion 'tween our ſouls,
Let it not, *Brutus!*

Enter Lucius *with the Gown.*

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.

Tit. Meſ. Good night, Lord *Brutus.*

Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt.*
Give me the Gown. Where is thy inſtrument?
Luc. Here, in the Tent.
Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudius*, and ſome other of my men;
I'll have them ſleep on cuſhions in my Tent.
Luc. Varro, and *Claudius!*——

SCENE VI.

Enter Varro *and* Claudius.

Var. Calls my Lord?
Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my Tent, and ſleep;
It may be, I ſhall raiſe you by and by,
On buſineſs to my brother *Caſſius.*
Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand, and watch your pleaſure.
Bru. I will not have it ſo; lie down, good Sirs:
It may be, I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
Look, *Lucius*, here's the book I ſought for ſo;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
Luc. I was ſure, your Lordſhip did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canſt thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy inſtrument, a ſtrain or two?
Luc. Ay, my Lord, an't pleaſe you.
Bru. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, Sir.
Bru. I ſhould not urge thy duty paſt thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of reſt.
Luc. I have ſlept, my Lord, already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou ſhalt ſleep again;
I will

I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Muſick and a Song.*
This is a ſleepy tune——O murd'rous ſlumber!
Lay'ſt thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays the muſick?—Gentle knave, good night.
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee.
If thou doſt nod, thou break'ſt thy inſtrument,
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
—But let me ſee—is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*He ſits down to read.*

SCENE VII.

Enter the Ghoſt of Cæſar.

How ill this taper burns!—ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakneſs of mine eyes,
That ſhapes this monſtrous apparition!
It comes upon me—Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome God, ſome angel, or ſome devil,
That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my hair to ſtare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghoſt. Thy evil ſpirit, *Brutus.*

Bru. Why com'ſt thou?

Ghoſt. To tell thee, thou ſhalt ſee me at *Philippi.*

Bru. Then, I ſhall ſee thee again.——

Ghoſt. Ay, at *Philippi.* [*Exit Ghoſt.*

Bru. Why, I will ſee thee at *Philippi* then.——
Now I have taken heart, thou vaniſheſt:
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, *Lucius! Varro! Claudius!* Sirs! awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The ſtrings, my Lord, are falſe.

Bru. He thinks, he is ſtill at his inſtrument.
Lucius! awake.

Luc. My Lord!

Bru. Didſt thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou ſo criedſt out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didſt; didſt thou ſee any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*. Sirrah, *Claudius*, fellow! [8] Thou! awake.

Var. My Lord!

Clau. My Lord!

Bru. Why did you ſo cry out, Sirs, in your ſleep?

Both. Did we, my Lord?

Bru. Ay, ſaw you any thing?

Var. No, my Lord, I ſaw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother *Caſſius*;
Bid him ſet on his Pow'rs betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It ſhall be done, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

[8] Thou! *awake.*] The accent is ſo unmuſical and harſh, 'tis impoſſible the poet could begin his verſe thus. *Brutus* certainly was intended to ſpeak to both his other men; who both awake, and anſwer, at an inſtant. I read, *Varro!* awake. WARB.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Fields of Philippi, *with the two Camps.*

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army.*

OCTAVIUS.

NOW, *Antony*, our hopes are anſwered.
You ſaid, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not ſo; their battles are at hand,
They mean to [9] warn us at *Philippi* here,
Anſwering, before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their boſoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it; they could be content
To viſit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To faſten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you, Generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant ſhew,
Their bloody ſign of battle is hung out,
And ſomething to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle ſoftly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

[9] —*warn us*——] To *warn* to *alarm*. *Hanmer* reads, *They mean to* wage *us*. ſeems to mean here the ſame as

Ant. Why do you croſs me in this exigent?
Octa. I do not croſs you; but I will do ſo. [*March.*

SCENE II.

Drum. *Enter* Brutus, Caſſius, *and their Army.*

Bru. They ſtand, and would have parley.
Caſ. Stand faſt, *Titinius.* We muſt out and talk.
Octa. *Mark Antony*, ſhall we give ſign of battle?
Ant. No, *Cæſar*, we will anſwer on their charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have ſome words.
Octa. Stir not until the ſignal.
Bru. Words before blows. Is it ſo, countrymen?
Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad ſtrokes, *Octavius.*
Ant. In your bad ſtrokes, *Brutus*, you give good words.
Witneſs the hole you made in *Cæſar*'s heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, *Cæſar!*"
Caſ. *Antony*,
The poſture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hybla* bees,
And leave them honeyleſs.
Ant. Not ſtingleſs too.
Bru. O yes, and ſoundleſs too:
For you have ſtol'n their buzzing, *Antony*;
And very wiſely threat, before you ſting.
Ant. Villains! you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the ſides of *Cæſar.*
You ſhew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bond-men, kiſſing *Cæſar*'s feet;
Whilſt damned [1] *Caſca*, like a cur behind,

[1] —*Caſca*,—] *Caſca* ſtruck *Cæſar* on the neck, coming *like* a degenerate *cur behind b.m.*

Struck

Struck *Cæſar* on the neck. O flatterers!
Caſ. Flatterers! now *Brutus*, thank yourſelf;
This tongue had not offended ſo to-day,
If *Caſſius* might have rul'd.
Octa. Come, come, the cauſe. If arguing make us ſweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Behold, I draw a ſword againſt conſpirators;
When think you, that the ſword goes up again?
Never, 'till *Cæſar*'s [a] three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another *Cæſar*
Have added ſlaughter to the ſword of traitors.
Bru. *Cæſar*, thou canſt not die by traitors' hands,
Unleſs thou bring'ſt them with thee.
Octa. So I hope
I was not born to die on *Brutus'* ſword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the nobleſt of thy Strain,
Young man, thou couldſt not die more honourable.
Caſ. A peeviſh ſchool-boy, worthleſs of ſuch honour,
Join'd with a maſker and a reveller.
Ant. Old *Caſſius* ſtill!——
Octa. Come *Antony*. Away;
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have ſtomachs.
[*Exeunt* Octavius, Antony, *and army.*

[a] ——*three and* thirty *wounds*] Thus all the editions implicitly; but I have ventur'd to reduce this number to *three* and *twenty* from the joint authorities of *Appian*, *Plutarch*, and *Suetonius*: And, I am perſuaded, the error was not from the poet but his tranſcribers. THEOBALD.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Caſ. Why, now blow wind, ſwell billow, and ſwim bark!
The ſtorm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Lucilius, hark, a word with you.
[Lucilius *and* Meſſala *ſtand forth.*
Luc. My Lord. [Brutus *ſpeaks apart to* Lucilius.
Caſ. Meſſala.
Meſ. What ſays my General?
Caſ. Meſſala.
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was *Caſſius* born. Give me thy hand, *Meſſala*;
Be thou my witneſs, that, againſt my will,
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to ſet
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held *Epicurus* ſtrong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind;
And partly credit things, that do preſage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremoſt enſign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd;
Gorging and feeding from our ſoldiers' hands,
Who to *Philippi* here conſorted us;
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And, in their ſteads, do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were ſickly prey; their ſhadows ſeem
A canopy moſt fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give the ghoſt.
Meſ. Believe not ſo.
Caſ. I but believe it partly;
For I am freſh of ſpirit, and reſolv'd
To meet all peril very conſtantly.
Bru. Even ſo, *Lucilius*.
Caſ. Now, moſt noble *Brutus*,

The

The Gods to-day ſtand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But ſince th' affairs of men reſt ſtill incertain,
Let's reaſon with the worſt that may befall.
If we do loſe this battle, then is this
[3] The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together.
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philoſophy,
By which I did blame *Cato* for the death
Which he did give himſelf; (I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, ſo to prevent
The time of life;) [4] arming myſelf with patience,
To ſtay the providence of ſome high powers,
That govern us below.

Caſ. Then, if we loſe this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the ſtreets of *Rome?*

Bru. No, *Caſſius*, no; think not, thou noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*;
He bears too great a mind. But this ſame day
Muſt end that work, the Ides of *March* begun,
And, whether we ſhall meet again, I know not;
Therefore our everlaſting farewel take.

[3] *The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together.*
What are you then determined to do?] i. e. I am reſolved in ſuch a caſe to kill myſelf. What are you determined of? WARB.

[4] *—arming myſelf with patience,* &c.] It is evident, that, between theſe words and the foregoing, a ſentence is dropped out to this effect [*on the contrary, true courage is ſeen in the*] *arming myſelf with patience,* &c. As the text ſtands at preſent, the two different ſentiments of *diſlike* and *approbation* are run together, as parts related to one another. WARBURTON.

Dr. *Warburton* thinks, that in this ſpeech ſomething is loſt, but there needed only a parentheſis to clear it. The conſtruction is this; I am determined to act according to that philoſophy which directed me to blame the ſuicide of *Cato*, arming myſelf with patience.

For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Caſſius!*
If we do meet again, why, we ſhall ſmile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.
Caſ. For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Brutus!*
If we do meet again, we'll ſmile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's buſineſs ere it come!
But it ſufficeth, that the day will end;
And then the end is known. Come, ho. Away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Alarm. Enter Brutus *and* Meſſala.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Meſſala*; ride, and give theſe bills
Unto the legions, on the other ſide. [*Loud alarm.*
Let them ſet on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Octavius'* wing;
A ſudden Puſh gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, *Meſſala.* Let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter Caſſius *and* Titinius.

Caſ. O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly!
Myſelf have to mine own turn'd enemy;
This enſign here of mine was turning back,
I ſlew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O *Caſſius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who, having ſome advantage on *Octavius*,
Took it too eagerly; his ſoldiers fell to ſpoil,
Whilſt we by *Antony* were all inclos'd.

Enter

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my Lord. Fly further off.
Mark Antony is in your Tents, my Lord,
Fly therefore, noble *Caſſius*, fly far off.
Caſ. This hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius.*
Are thoſe my Tents, where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my Lord.
Caſ. *Titinius*, if thou lov'ſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may reſt aſſur'd,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, ev'n with a thought.
[*Exit.*
Caſ. Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill.
My ſight was ever thick. Regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'ſt about the field.
——This day I breathed firſt; time is come round;
And, where I did begin, there ſhall I end;
My life is run his compaſs.—Now, what news?
Pind. above. Oh, my Lord!
Caſ. What news?
Pind. *Titinius* is encloſed round about
With horſemen, that make to him on the ſpur;
Yet he ſpurs on. Now they are almoſt on him;
Titinius! now ſome 'light—oh, he 'lights too——
He's ta'en—and hark, they ſhout for joy. [*Shout.*
Caſ. Come down, behold no more.
Oh, coward that I am, to live ſo long,
To ſee my beſt friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, ſirrah.
In *Parthia* did I take thee priſoner,

And then I ſwore thee, ſaving of thy life,
That whatſoever I bid thee do,
Thou ſhouldſt attempt it. Come, now keep thine oath,
Now be a freeman; and, with this good ſword,
That ran through *Cæſar's* bowels, ſearch this boſom.
Stand not to anſwer. Here take thou the hilt;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the ſword. *Cæſar*, thou art reveng'd,
Ev'n with the ſword that kill'd thee. [*Kills himſelf.*

Pind. So, I am free; yet would not ſo have been,
Durſt I have done my Will. Oh, *Caſſius!*
Far from this country *Pindarus* ſhall run,
Where never *Roman* ſhall take note of him. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Titinius, *and* Meſſala.

Meſ. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by noble *Brutus'* power,
As *Caſſius'* legions are by *Antony*.

Tit. Theſe tidings will well comfort *Caſſius*.

Meſ. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All diſconſolate,
With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill.

Meſ. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. Oh my heart!

Meſ. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, *Meſſala*;
But *Caſſius* is no more! Oh, ſetting Sun!
As in thy red rays thou doſt ſink to night,
So in his red blood *Caſſius'* day is ſet;
The Sun of *Rome* is ſet! our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done.

Miſtruſt

Miſtruſt of my ſucceſs hath done this deed.

Meſ. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Who doſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, ſoon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'ſt unto a happy birth,
But kill'ſt the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, *Pindarus?* Where art thou, *Pindarus?*

Meſ. Seek him, *Titinius*; whilſt I go to meet
The noble *Brutus*, thruſting this report
Into his ears; I may ſay, thruſting it;
For piercing ſteel, and darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tidings of this ſight.

Tit. Hie, you *Meſſala*,
And I will ſeek for *Pindarus* the while. [*Exit.* Meſ.
Why didſt thou ſend me forth, brave *Caſſius!*
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didſt thou not hear their ſhouts?
Alas, thou haſt miſconſtru'd every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee; and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace;
And ſee how I regarded *Caius Caſſius*.
By your leave, Gods. This is a *Roman*'s part.
[*Stabs himſelf.*
Come, *Caſſius'* ſword, and find *Titinius'* heart. [*Dies.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Alarm. Enter Brutus, Meſſala, *young* Cato, Strato, Volumnius, *and* Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, *Meſſala*, doth his body lie?
Meſ. Lo, yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is ſlain.
Bru. Oh *Julius Cæſar*, thou art mighty yet!
Thy ſpirit walks abroad, and turns our ſwords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarms.*
Cato. Brave *Titinius!*
Look, if ye have not crown'd dead *Caſſius!*——
Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living, ſuch as theſe?
Thou laſt of all the *Romans!* fare thee well.
It is impoſſible, that ever *Rome*
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you ſhall ſee me pay.
I ſhall find time, *Caſſius*, I ſhall find time.
Come, therefore, [5] and to *Thaſſos* ſend his body;
His funeral ſhall not be in our Camp,
Leſt it diſcomfort us. *Lucilius*, come;
And come, young *Cato*; let us to the field,
Labeo, and *Flavius*, ſet our battles on.
'Tis three o'clock; and, *Romans*, yet ere night
We ſhall try fortune in a ſecond fight. [*Exeunt.*

[5] ——*and to* Tharſus *ſend his body:*] Thus all the editions hitherto, very ignorantly. But the whole tenor of hiſtory warrants us to write, as I have reſtor'd the text, *Thaſſos*. THEOB.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Alarm. *Enter* Brutus, Meſſala, Cato, Lucilius, *and* Flavius.

Bru. Yet, Countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads.

Cato. What baſtard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato.* Ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my Country's friend.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato.* Ho!

Enter Soldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I,
Brutus, my Country's friend. Know me for *Brutus.* [*Exit.*

Luc. Oh young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?
Why, now thou dy'ſt as bravely as *Titinius*;
And, may'ſt be honour'd, [6] being *Cato*'s Son.

Sold. Yield, or thou dieſt.

[7] *Luc.* Only I yield to die;
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight; [*Offering money.*

Kill

[6] ——*being* Cato's *Son.*] *i. e.* worthy of him. WARB.

[7] Luc. *Only I yield to die*; *There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight*;] This laſt line is unintelligible; the reaſon of which is the loſs of the preceding. For by the circumſtances I collect, that the reply of the ſoldier to the words, *Only I yield to die*, is wanting; which circumſtances may lead us too to the diſcovery of what that reply was; and reciprocally by that reply to the recovery of the ſenſe of this unintelligible line. I think then it appears probable, that when *Lucilius* had ſaid, *Only I yield to die*; the ſoldier, by a very natural curioſity, pertinently

Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.
Sold. We muſt not. A noble Priſoner!

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.
1 *Sold.* [s] I'll tell the news. Here comes the General:
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe, *Antony*; *Brutus* is ſafe enough.
I dare aſſure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from ſo great a ſhame?
When you do find him or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himſelf.
Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend, but, I aſſure you,
A prize no leſs in worth; keep this man ſafe,
Give him all kindneſs. I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And ſee if *Brutus* be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto *Octavius'* Tent,
How ev'ry thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

ly demanded, *Whether there was yet much reſiſtance on the part of the enemy?* To which *Lucilius*, who had a mind to die, as pertinently anſwer'd,

There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight;

i. e. ſo much reſiſtance ſtill on foot, that thou wilt chooſe to rid me out of the way, that thou may'ſt go, without the embarras of priſoners, to the aſſiſtance of thy friends who ſtill want it.

WARBURTON.

Dr. *Warburton* has been much inclined to find *lacunæ*, or paſſages broken by omiſſion, throughout this play. I think he has been always miſtaken. The ſoldier here ſays, *Yield, or thou dieſt*. *Lucilius* replies, I yield only on this condition, that I may die; here is ſo much gold as thou ſeeſt in my hand, which I offer thee as a reward for ſpeedy death. What now is there wanting?

[s] *I'll tell the news.*—] The old copy reads,

I'll tell thee *news.*———

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Changes to another part of the Field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, *and* Volumnius.

Bru. COME, poor Remains of friends, reſt on this rock.

Cli. Statilius ſhew'd the torch-light, but, my Lord,
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or ſlain.

Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*; ſlaying is the word;
It is a deed in faſhion. Hark thee, *Clitus*——
[*Whiſpering.*

Cli. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words,

Cli. I'll rather kill myſelf.

Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius!*

Dar. I do ſuch a deed?

Cli. Oh, *Dardanius!*

Dar. Oh, *Clitus!*

Cli. What ill requeſt did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, *Clitus*. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble Veſſel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*; liſt a word.

Vol. What ſays my Lord?

Bru. Why, this, *Volumnius*;
The Ghoſt of *Cæſar* hath appear'd to me
Two ſeveral times by night; at *Sardis*, once;
And, this laſt night, here in *Philippi* fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not ſo, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am ſure it is, *Volumnius*,
Thou ſeeſt the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit, [*Alarm.*

It is more worthy to leap in ourſelves,
Than tarry, 'till they puſh us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'ſt, that we two went to ſchool together;
Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee,
Hold thou my ſword's hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a Friend, my Lord.
[*Alarm ſtill.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you, *Volumnius.*
Strato, thou haſt been all this while aſleep;
[9] Farewel to thee too, *Strato.*——Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall have Glory by this loſing day,
More than *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
By this vile Conqueſt ſhall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for *Brutus'* tongue
Hath almoſt ended his life's Hiſtory.
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would reſt,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarm. Cry within*, Fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly.——

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.
I pr'ythee, *Strato*, ſtay thou by thy Lord;
Thou art a fellow of a good reſpect;
Thy life hath had ſome ſmatch of honour in't.
Hold then my ſword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato?*

Stra. Give me your hand firſt. Fare you well, my Lord.

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato.*—*Cæſar*, now be ſtill;
I kill'd not thee with half ſo good a will.
[*He runs on his ſword, and dies.*

[9] *Farewel to thee too.* Strato.] reads, *Farewel to thee,* to Strato, *countrymen.* Thus the modern editions, I think, rightly. The old folio

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Alarm. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Meſſala, Lucilius, *and the army.*

Octa. What man is that?

Meſ. My Maſter's Man. *Strato*, where is thy Maſter?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, *Meſſala:*
The Conqu'rors can but make a fire of him,
For *Brutus* only overcame himſelf;
And no man elſe hath honour by his death.

Luc. So *Brutus* ſhould be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou haſt prov'd *Lucilius'* Saying true.

Octa. All that ſerv'd *Brutus*, I will entertain them.
——Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if *Meſſala* will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do ſo, good *Meſſala.*

Meſ. How died my Lord, *Strato?*

Stra. I held the ſword, and he did run on it.

Meſ. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee
That did the lateſt ſervice to my Maſter.

Ant. This was the nobleſt *Roman* of them all:
All the Conſpirators, ſave only he,
Did that they did in envy of great *Cæſar*,
He, only, in a general honeſt thought,
And common Good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world; *This was a Man!*

Octa. According to his virtue, let us uſe him;
With all reſpect, and rites of burial.
Within my Tent his bones to-night ſhall lie,
Moſt like a Soldier, order'd honourably.

So call the field to Reſt; and let's away,
To part the Glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt omnes*

Of this tragedy many particular paſſages deſerve regard, and the contention and reconcilement of *Brutus* and *Caſſius* is univerſally celebrated; but I have never been ſtrongly agitated in peruſing it, and think it ſomewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with ſome other of *Shakeſpeare*'s plays; his adherence to the real ſtory, and to *Roman* manners, ſeems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius.

ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M. ANTONY.
Octavius Cæſar.
Æmilius Lepidus.
Sex. Pompeius.
Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Canidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Decretas,
Demetrius,
Philo,
} *Friends of* Antony.
Mecænas,
Agrippa.
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus,
} *Friends of* Cæſar.
Gallus,
Menas,
Menecrates,
Varrius,
} *Friends of* Pompey.
Silius, *an Officer in* Ventidius's *Army.*
Taurus, *Lieutenant General to* Cæſar.
Alexas,
Mardian,
Diomedes,
} *Servants to* Cleopatra.
A Soothſayer.
Clown.
Cleopatra, *Queen of* Ægypt.
Octavia, *Siſter to* Cæſar, *and Wife to* Antony.
Charmian,
Iras,
} *Ladies waiting on* Cleopatra.

Ambaſſadors from Antony *to* Cæſar, *Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *is diſperſed in ſeveral Parts of the* Roman *Empire.*

*** Of this Tragedy there is no ancient edition but that of the Folio 1623.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace at Alexandria *in* Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius *and* Philo.

PHILO.

NAY, but this dotage of our General,
O'erflows the meaſure; thoſe his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and muſters of the war
Have glow'd like plated *Mars*, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His Captain's heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great fights hath burſt
The buckles on his breaſt, [1] reneges all temper;

[1] *—reneges—*] Renounces. POPE.

And

[5] And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a [3] Gypſy's luſt. Look, where they come!

Flouriſh. Enter Antony, *and* Cleopatra, *her Ladies in the train, Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
[4] The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a Strumpet's fool. Behold, and ſee.

Cleo. If it be love, indeed, tell me, how much?

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll ſet a [5] bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. [6] Then muſt thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth.

[2] *And is become the bellows, and the fan,*

To cool a Gypſy's luſt.—] In this paſſage ſomething ſeems to be wanting. The *bellows* and *fan* being commonly uſed for contrary purpoſes, were probably oppoſed by the authour, who might perhaps have written,

—*is become the bellows, and the fan,*

To kindle and *to cool a Gypſy's luſt.*

[3] —*Gypſy's luſt*—] *Gypſy* is here uſed, both in the original meaning for an *Egyptian*, and in its accidental ſenſe, for a *bad woman.*

[4] *The triple pillar*——] *Triple* is here uſed improperly for *third*, or *one of three.* One of the *Triumvirs*, one of the three maſters of the world.

The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a Strumpet's FOOL.——]

The metaphor is here miſerably mangled. We ſhould read,

Into a Strumpet's STOOL.

The *pillar* of the world, ſays he, is transformed into a ſtrumpet's *Stool.* Alluding to the cuſtom of ſtrumpets ſitting in the lap of their lovers. So *Ajax* in *Troilus and Creſſida*, calls *Therſites*, *Thou* STOOL *for a witch. Shakeſpeare* too, in the uſe of *pillar* and *ſtool*, had regard perhaps to the etymology of the latter word, which comes from Στῦλος, *columna.*

WARBURTON.

This emendation is ingenious, but being not neceſſary, I have left it in the note.

[5] —*bourn*—] Bound or limit.

POPE.

[6] *Then muſt thou needs find out new heav'n*, &c.] Thou muſt ſet the boundary of my love at a greater diſtance than the preſent viſible univerſe affords.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. News, my good Lord, from *Rome.*
Ant. Grates me. [7] The ſum.
Cleo. Nay, hear it, *Antony.*
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or who knows,
If the ſcarce bearded *Cæſar* have not ſent
His powerful Mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
"Take in that Kingdom, and infranchiſe that;
"Perform't, or elſe we damn thee.——
Ant. How, my love?
Cleo. Perchance, nay and moſt like,
You muſt not ſtay here longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from *Cæſar*; therefore hear it, *Antony.*
Where's *Fulvia*'s Proceſs? *Cæſar*'s, I'd ſay—Both?
—Call in the Meſſengers—As I'm *Ægypt*'s Queen,
Thou bluſheſt, *Antony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæſar*'s homager; elſe ſo thy cheek pays ſhame
When ſhrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* ſcolds. The Meſſengers—
Ant. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, [8] and the wide arch
Of the rang'd Empire fall! Here is my ſpace;
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man; the nobleneſs of life
Is to do thus, when ſuch a mutual Pair, [*Embracing.*
And ſuch a Twain can do't; in which, I bind,

[7] ——*The ſum.*] Be brief, *ſum* thy buſineſs in a few words.

[8] —*and the wide arch*
Of the rang'd Empire fall!—] Taken from the *Roman* cuſtom of raiſing triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories. Extremely noble. WARB.

I am in doubt whether *Shakeſpeare* had any idea but of a fabrick ſtanding on pillars. The later editions have all printed, the *raiſed* empire, for the *ranged* empire, as it was firſt given. It is not eaſy to gueſs how Dr. *Warburton* miſſed this opportunity of inſerting a *French* word, by reading,

——*and the wide arch*
Of derang'd *empire fall!*——
Which, if *deranged* were an *Engliſh* word, would be preferable both to *raiſed* and *ranged.*

On

On pain of puniſhment, the world [9] to weet,
We ſtand up peerleſs.
Cleo. [*Aſide.*] Excellent falſhood!
Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?
I'll ſeem the fool, I am not. [1] *Antony*
Will be himſelf.
Ant. But ſtirr'd by *Cleopatra.*
Now for the love of love, and his ſoft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harſh;
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure: Now, what ſport to-night?
Cleo. Hear the Ambaſſadors.
Ant. Fy, wrangling Queen!
Whom every thing becomes; to chide, to laugh,
To weep: whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
To make itſelf in thee fair and admir'd.
No Meſſenger, but thine—And all alone,
To night we'll wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of People. Come, my Queen,
Laſt night you did deſire it.—Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt, with their Train.*
Dem. Is *Cæſar* with *Antonius* priz'd ſo ſlight?
Phil. Sir, ſometimes, when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too ſhort of that great property
Which ſtill ſhould go with *Antony.*
Dem. I am full ſorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus ſpeaks of him at *Rome*; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Reſt you happy!
[*Exeunt.*

9 ——*to weet,*] To know. POPE.

1 ——————Antony
Will be himſelf.
Ant. *But ſtirr'd by* Cleopatra.] *Ext*, in this paſſage, ſeems to have the old *Saxon* ſignification of *without, unleſs, except. Antony*, ſays the Queen, *will recollect his thoughts*, unleſs *kept*, he replies, *in commotion by* Cleopatra.

SCENE II.

Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *and a Soothſayer.*

Char. Lord *Alexas*, ſweet *Alexas*, moſt any thing *Alexas*, almoſt moſt abſolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothſayer that you prais'd ſo to th' Queen? Oh! that I knew this huſband, which you ſay, muſt [a] change his horns with garlands.

Alex. Soothſayer,——

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, Sir, that know things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite Book of Secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly. Wine enough, *Cleopatra*'s health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in fleſh.

Iris. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his preſcience, be attentive.

Char. Huſh!

Sooth. You ſhall be more beloving, than beloved.

[a] change *his horns with garlands.*] This is corrupt; the true reading evidently is, *maſt* CHARGE *his horns with garlands*, i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands. WARBURTON.

Sir *Thomas Hanmer* reads, not improbably, *change* for *horns* his *garlands*. I am in doubt whether to *change*, is not merely to *dreſs*, or *to dreſs with changes of* garlands.

Char.

[3] *Char.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, ſome excellent fortune! Let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; Let me have a child at fifty, to whom *Herod* of *Jewry* may do homage! Find me, to marry me with *Octavius Cæſar*, and companion me with my miſtreſs.

Sooth. You ſhall out-live the Lady whom you ſerve.

Char. Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have ſeen and proved a fairer former fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. [5] Then, belike, my children ſhall have no names;

[3] *I had rather heat my liver*—] To know why the lady is ſo averſe from *heating* her *liver*, it muſt be remembred, that a heated liver is ſuppoſed to make a pimpled face.

[4] Char. *Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.*] Here *Shakeſpeare* has copied ancient manners with as much beauty as propriety: This being one of thoſe *ominous* ſpeeches, in which the ancients were ſo ſuperſtitious: For the aſpicks, by which *Charmion* died, and after her miſtreſs, were conveyed in a baſket of *figs*. *Omens* (a ſuperſtition which *Pythagoras* firſt taught the *Greeks*) were the undeſigned conſequence of words caſually ſpoken. The words were ſometimes taken from the ſpeaker, and applied by the hearers to the ſpeaker's own affairs, as in the caſe of *Paulus Æmilius*, after his conqueſt of *Macedon*. Sometimes again the words of the ſpeaker were tranſferred to the affairs of the hearer, as in the caſe of the ſame *Paulus* before his conqueſt of *Macedon*. *Itaque rebus divinis quæ publicè fierent, ut faverent linguis, imperabatur.* Cicero de Divin. l. 1. WARBURTON.

[5] *Then, belike, my children ſhall have no names;*] *i. e.* be of no note, a *Greek* mode of expreſſion; in which language, ἀώνυμος ſignifies both *double-named* and *famous*, becauſe anciently famous men had an agnomen taken from their exploits. WARB.

I am not inclined to believe that there is ſo much learning in either of the lady's ſpeeches. She here only ſays, If I have already had the beſt of my fortune, then I ſuppoſe *I ſhall never name children*, that is, I am never to be married. However, tell me the truth, tell me, *how many boys and wenches?*

Pr'ythee,

Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches muſt I have?

Sooth. [6] If every of your wiſhes had a womb, and foretel every wiſh, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your ſheets are privy to your wiſhes.

Char. Nay, come. Tell *Iras* hers.——

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and moſt of our fortunes to-night, ſhall be to go drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm preſages chaſtity, if nothing elſe.

Char. Ev'n as the o'erflowing *Nilus* preſageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot ſoothſay.

Char. Nay, if any oily palm be not a fruitful prognoſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a workyday fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? Give me particulars.

Sooth. I have ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than ſhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuſe it?

Iras. Not in my Huſband's noſe.

[6] *If every of your wiſhes had a womb,*
And foretold *every wiſh, a million.*] This nonſenſe ſhould be reformed thus,
If ev'ry of your wiſhes had a womb,
And fertil *ev'ry wiſh,*——— WARBURTON.

For *foretel*, in ancient editions, the latter copies have *foretold*. *Foretel* favours the emendation, which is made with great acuteneſs; yet the original reading may, I think, ſtand. *If you had as many wombs as you will have wiſhes, and* I ſhould *foretel all theſe wiſhes, I ſhould foretel a million of children.* It is an ellipſis very frequent in converſation; *I ſhould ſhame you, and tell all*; that is, *and if I ſhould* tell all. *And* is for *and if*, which was anciently, and is ſtill provincially uſed for *if*.

Char.

[7] *Char.* Our worſer thoughts heav'ns mend! *Alexas*, ——Come, *his* fortune; *his* fortune.——O, let him marry a Woman that cannot go, ſweet *Iſis*, I beſeech thee; and let her die too, and give him a worſe; and let worſe follow worſt, 'till the worſt of all follow him laughing to the Grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold! Good *Iſis*, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good *Iſis*, I beſeech thee!

Iras. *Amen*, dear Goddeſs, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe-wiv'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear *Iſis*, keep *decorum*, and fortune him accordingly.

Char. *Amen!*

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themſelves whores, but they'd do't.

[7] Char. *Our worſer thoughts heav'ns mend.*

Alex. *Come, his fortune, his fortune. O, let him marry a woman,* &c.] Whoſe fortune does *Alexas* call out to have told? But, in ſhort, this I dare pronounce to be ſo palpable and ſignal a tranſpoſition, that I cannot but wonder it ſhould have ſlipt the obſervation of all the editors; eſpecially, of the ſagacious Mr. *Pope*, who has made this declaration, *That if, throughout the plays, had all the* ſpeeches *been printed without the very* names *of the perſons*, he believes *one might have applied them* with certainty *to every ſpeaker*. But in how many inſtances has Mr. *Pope's* want of judgment falſified this opinion? The fact is evidently this; *Alexas* brings a fortune-teller to *Iras* and *Charmian*, and ſays himſelf, *We'll know all our fortunes*. Well; the ſoothſayer begins with the women; and ſome jokes paſs upon the ſubject of huſbands and chaſtity: After which, the women hoping for the ſatisfaction of having ſomething to laugh at in *Alexas's* fortune, call him to hold out his hand, and wiſh heartily he may have the prognoſtication of cuckoldom upon him. The whole ſpeech, therefore, muſt be plac'd to *Charmian*. There needs no ſtronger proof of this being a true correction, than the obſervation which *Alexas* immediately ſubjoins on their wiſhes and zeal to hear him abuſed.

THEOBALD.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Huſh! here comes *Antony.*
Char. Not he, the Queen.
Cleo. Saw you my Lord?
Eno. No, Lady.
Cleo. Was he not here?
Char. No, Madam.
Cleo. He was diſpos'd to mirth, but on the ſudden
Roman thought hath ſtruck him. *Enobarbus,*——
Eno. Madam.
Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's *Alexas?*
Alex. Here at your ſervice. My Lord approaches.

Enter Antony *with a Meſſenger, and Attendants.*

Cleo. We will not look upon him. Go with us.
[*Exeunt.*
Meſ. *Fulvia* thy Wife firſt came into the field.
Ant. Againſt my brother *Lucius?*
Meſ. Ay,
ut ſoon that war had end, and the time's ſtate
ade friends of them, jointing their force 'gainſt
Cæſar,
Vhoſe better iſſue in the war from *Italy*
pon the firſt encounter, drave them.
Ant. Well, what worſt?
Meſ. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On.—
hings, that are paſt, are done, with me. 'Tis thus;
Vho tells me true, though in the tale lie death,
hear him, as he flatter'd.

Meſ. *Labienus* (this is ſtiff news)
Hath, with his *Parthian* force, [8] extended *Aſia*;
From *Euphrates* his conquering banner ſhook,
From *Syria* to *Lydia*, and *Ionia*;
Whilſt——

Ant. *Antony*, thou wouldſt ſay——

Meſ. Oh, my Lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral tongue;
Name *Cleopatra* as ſhe's call'd in *Rome*.
Rail thou in *Fulvia*'s phraſe, and taunt my faults
With ſuch full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. Oh, then we bring forth weeds,
[9] When our quick winds lie ſtill; and our ill, told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Meſ. At your noble pleaſure.

Ant. From *Sicyon*, how the news? Speak there.

Meſ. The Man from *Sicyon*.—Is there ſuch an one?

[*Exit firſt Meſſenger.*

Attend. He ſtays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.
Theſe ſtrong *Ægyptian* fetters I muſt break,

[8] ——*extended* Aſia;] *i. e.* widened or extended the bounds of the leſſer *Aſia*. WARB.

To *extend*, is a term uſed for to *ſeize*; I know not whether that be not the ſenſe here.

[9] *When our quick* WINDS *lie ſtill*;——] We ſhould read MINDS. The *m* was accidentally turn'd the wrong way at the preſs. The ſenſe is this, *While the active principle within us lies immerged in ſloth and luxury, we bring forth vices inſtead of virtues, weeds inſtead of flowers and fruits: But the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honeſtly is, as it were, the firſt culture of the mind, which gives hopes of a future harveſt.* This he ſays to encourage the meſſenger to hide nothing from him. WARB.

This emendation is ingenious, but doubtful. The ſenſe may be, that man, not agitated by cenſure, like ſoil not ventilated by *quick winds*, produces more ill than good.

Enter

Enter another Meſſenger, with a Letter.

ſe myſelf in dotage. What are you?
Meſ. *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.
t. Where died ſhe?
Meſ. In *Sicyon.*
ength of ſickneſs, with what elſe more ſerious
rſeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a Letter.*
t. Forbear me.—— [*Exit ſecond Meſſenger.*
:'s a great ſpirit gone! Thus did I deſire it.
: our contempts do often hurl from us,
riſh it ours again; ' the preſent pleaſure,
volution lowring, does become
)ppoſite of itſelf; ſhe's good, being gone;
ıand could pluck her back, that ſhov'd her on.
t from this enchanting Queen break off.
houſand harms, more than the ills I know,
lleneſs doth hatch. How now, *Enobarbus?*

Enter Enobarbus.

). What's your pleaſure, Sir?
t. I muſt with haſte from hence.
). Why, then we kill all our women; we ſee,
nortal an unkindneſs is to them; if they ſuffer
eparture, death's the word.
t. I muſt be gone.
). Under a compelling occaſion, let women die.
e pity to caſt them away for nothing; though be-

—*the preſent, pleaſure,*
evolution lowring, *does*
ome
)ppoſite *of itſelf*;——]
uſion is to the ſun's diur-
rſe; which riſing in the
d *by revolution lowering,*
ıg in the *weſt*, becomes
ite of itſelf. WARB.

This is an obſcure paſſage. The explanation which Dr. *Warburton* has offered is ſuch, that I can add nothing to it; yet perhaps *Shakſpeare*, who was leſs learned than his commentator, meant only, that our pleaſures, as they are *revolved* in the mind, turn to pain:

tween them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteem'd nothing. *Cleopatra*, catching but the leaſt noiſe of this, dies inſtantly; I have ſeen her die twenty times upon far [2] poorer moment; I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits ſome loving act upon her, ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning paſt man's thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no; her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, ſighs and tears, they are greater ſtorms and tempeſts than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, ſhe makes a ſhow'r of rain as well as *Jove*.

Ant. 'Would I had never ſeen her!

Eno. Oh, Sir, you had then left unſeen a wonderful piece of work, which, not to have been bleſt withal, would have diſcredited your travel.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia?*

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, Sir, give the Gods a thankful ſacrifice: when it pleaſeth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, [3] it ſhews to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the caſe were to be lamented; this grief is crowned with conſolation, your old ſmock brings forth a new

[2] *poorer moment*;] For leſs reaſon; upon meaner motives.

[3] *it ſhews to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein*, &c.] I have printed this after the original, which, though harſh and obſcure, I know not how to amend. Sir *Tho. Hanmer* reads, They ſhew *to man the tailors of the earth comforting* him therein. I think the paſſage, with ſomewhat leſs alteration, for alteration is always dangerous, may ſtand thus; *It ſhews to* men *the tailors of the earth, conforting* them, &c.

petticoat. And, indeed, the tears live in an onion that ſhould water this ſorrow.

Ant. The buſineſs, ſhe hath broached in the ſtate,
Cannot endure my abſence.

Eno. And the buſineſs, you have broach'd here, cannot be without you; eſpecially that of *Cleopatra*'s, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light anſwers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpoſe. I ſhall break
[4] The cauſe of our expedience to the Queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with [5] more urgent touches,
Do ſtrongly ſpeak t' us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in *Rome*
[6] Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath giv'n the dare to *Cæſar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our ſlipp'ry people,
Whoſe love is never link'd to the deſerver,
'Till his deſerts are paſt, begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his Dignities
Upon his ſon; who high in name and pow'r,
Higher than both in blood and life, ſtands up
For the main Soldier; whoſe quality going on,
The ſides o' th' world may danger. Much is breeding;
Which, like [7] the courſer's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a ſerpent's poiſon. [8] Say our pleaſure
To ſuch whoſe places under us, require
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I'll do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[4] *The cauſe of our* expedience——] *Expedience*, for expedition. WARB.

[5] ——*more urgent touches*,] Things that touch me more ſenſibly, more preſſing motives.

[6] *Petition us at home.*——] Wiſh us at home; call for us to reſide at home.

[7] ——*the courſer's hair*, &c.] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horſe, dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. POPE.

[8] ——*Say, our pleaſure,*
To ſuch whoſe places under us, require
Our quick remove from hence.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, *and* Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?
Char. I did not ſee him ſince.
Cleo. See, where he is, who's with him, what he does.———
[9] I did not ſend you.——If you find him ſad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report,
That I am ſudden ſick. Quick, and return.
Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cleo. What ſhould I do, I do not?
Char. In each thing give him way, croſs him in nothing.
Cleo. Thou teacheſt, like a fool, the way to loſe him.
Char. Tempt him not ſo, too far. I wiſh forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.
Cleo. I'm ſick, and ſullen.

Such is this paſſage in the firſt copy. The late editors have all altered it, or received it altered in ſilence thus:

———*Say, our pleaſure,*
To ſuch whoſe place *is under us,* requires
Our quick remove from hence.

This is hardly ſenſe. I believe we ſhould read,

Their *quick remove from hence,*
Tell our deſign of going away to thoſe, who being by their places obliged to attend us, muſt remove in haſte.

[9] *I did not ſend you.*—] You muſt go as if you came without my order or knowledge.

Ant.

Ant. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſe.

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I ſhall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of nature
Will not ſuſtain it. [*Seeming to faint.*

Ant. Now, my deareſt Queen,——

Cleo. Pray you, ſtand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that ſame eye, there's ſome good news.
What ſays the marry'd woman?—You may go;
Would, ſhe had never given you leave to come!
Let her not ſay, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no pow'r upon you. Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods beſt know,——

Cleo. O never was there Queen
So mightily betray'd; yet at the firſt
I ſaw the treaſons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,——

Cleo. Why ſhould I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you with ſwearing ſhake the throned Gods,
Who have been falſe to *Fulvia?* riotous madneſs
To be entangled with theſe mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing!

Ant. Moſt ſweet Queen,——

Cleo. Nay, pray you, ſeek no colour for your going,
But bid farewel, and go: when you ſued ſtaying,
Then was the time for words; no going, then;——
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliſs in our Brows' bent, none our parts ſo poor,
But was [1] a race of heav'n. They are ſo ſtill,

[1] *——a race of heav'n.——*] *i. e.* ad a ſmack or flavour of heaven, WARBURTON. This word is well explained by Dr. *Warburton*; the *race* of wine is the taſte of the ſoil. Sir *T. Hanmer*, not underſtanding the word, reads, *ray*.

Or thou, the greateſt ſoldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greateſt liar.
Ant. How now, lady?
Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou ſhould'ſt know,
There were a heart in *Ægypt.*
Ant. Hear me, Queen;
The ſtrong neceſſity of time commands
Our ſervices a-while; but my full heart
[2] Remains in uſe with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o'er with civil ſwords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the port of *Rome.*
Equality of two domeſtick Pow'rs
Breeds ſcrupulous faction; the hated, grown to ſtrength,
Are newly grown to love; the condemn'd *Pompey,*
Rich in his father's Honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of ſuch as have not thriv'n
Upon the preſent ſtate, whoſe numbers threaten;
And quietneſs, grown ſick of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change. [3] My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſafe my going,
Is *Fulvia*'s death.

Cleo

[2] *Remains in uſe*———] The poet ſeems to allude to the legal diſtinction between the *uſe* and *abſolute poſſeſſion.*

[3]——*My more particular,*
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſave my going,
Is Fulvia's *death.*] Thus all the more modern editions; the firſt and ſecond *folio's* read, *ſafe:* All corruptedly. *Antony* is giving ſeveral reaſons to *Cleopatra,* which make his departure from *Ægypt* neceſſary; moſt of them, reaſons of ſtate; but the death of *Fulvia,* his wife, was a particular and private call. *Cleopatra* is jealous of *Antony,* and ſuſpicious that he is ſeeking colours for his going. *Antony* replies to her doubts, with the reaſons that obliged him to be abſent for a time; and tells her, that, as his wife *Fulvia* is dead, and ſo ſhe has no rival to be jealous of, that circumſtance ſhould be his beſt plea and excuſe, and have the greateſt weight with her for his going.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childiſhneſs. Can *Fulvia* die?
Ant. She's dead, my Queen.
Look here, and at thy ſovereign leiſure read
The garboyls ſhe awak'd: at the laſt, beſt,
See, when, and where ſhe died.
Cleo. [4] O moſt falſe love!
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhouldſt fill
With ſorrowful water? now I ſee, I ſee,
In *Fulvia*'s death, how mine ſhall be receiv'd.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear; which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give th' advices. By the fire,
That quickens *Nilus*' ſlime, I go from hence
Thy ſoldier, ſervant, making peace or war,
As thou affect'ſt.
Cleo. Cut my lace, *Charmian*, come.
But let it be.——I'm quickly ill, and well.
—So, *Antony* loves.
Ant. My precious Queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which ſtands
An honourable trial.
Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aſide, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me and ſay, the tears
Belong [5] to *Egypt*. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent diſſembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

going. Who does not ſee now, that it ought to be read,
——*ſhould* ſalve *my going*.
THEOBALD.
Mr. *Upton* reads, I think rightly,
——*ſafe* my going.

[4] O *moſt falſe love!*
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhouldſt fill
With ſorrowful water?——] Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the *Romans* ſometimes put into the urn of a friend.

[5] —*to* Egypt.——] To me, the queen of *Egypt*.

Ant.

Ant. You'll heat my blood. No more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
Ant. Now by my ſword———
Cleo. And target—Still he mends:
But this is not the beſt. Look, pr'ythee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word.
Sir, you and I muſt part; (but that's not it,)
Sir, you and I have lov'd; (but there's not it;
That you know well;) ſomething it is, I would:
[6] Oh, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. [7] But that your royalty
Holds Idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you

For

[6] *Oh, my oblivion is a very* Antony.

And I am all forgotten.] The plain meaning is, *My forgetfulneſs makes me forget myſelf.* But ſhe expreſſes it by calling *forgetfulneſs*, *Antony*; becauſe *forgetfulneſs* had forgot her, as *Antony* had done. For want of apprehending this quaintneſs of expreſſion, the *Oxford Editor* is forced to tell us news, *That* all forgotten *is an old way of ſpeaking, for* apt to forget every thing. WARB.

I cannot underſtand the learned critick's explanation. It appears to me, that ſhe ſhould rather have ſaid,

O my remembrance *is a very* Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

It was her memory, not her oblivion, that, like *Antony*, was forgetting and deſerting her. I think a ſlight change will reſtore the paſſage. The Queen, having ſomething to ſay, which ſhe is not able, or would ſeem not able to recollect, cries out,

O my oblivion!—'Tis *a very* Antony,

The thought of which I was in queſt is a very *Antony*, is treacherous and fugitive, and has irrevocably left me.

And I am all forgotten.

If this reading ſtand, I think the explanation of *Hanmer* muſt be received. But I will venture another change, by reading,

And I am all forgone.

I am all deſerted and undone.

If any regard can be had to exactneſs of verſification, the meaſure authoriſes my reading.

[7] *But that your royalty*
Holds Idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you

For

For Idleneſs itſelf.

Cleo. 'Tis ſweating labour,
To bear ſuch idleneſs ſo near the heart;
As *Cleopatra*, this. But, Sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the Gods go with you! On your ſword
Sit laurell'd victory, and ſmooth ſucceſs
Be ſtrew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go; come,
Our ſeparation ſo abides and flies,
That thou, reſiding here, goeſt yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to Cæſar's *Palace in* Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæſar *reading a Letter*, Lepidus, *and attendants.*

Cæſ. YOU may ſee, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæſar*'s natural vice to hate
[a] One great competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the news; he fiſhes, drinks, and waſtes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manly
Than *Cleopatra*; nor the Queen of *Ptolemy*

For Idleneſs itſelf.] i. e. *But that your charms hold me, who am the* greateſt *fool on earth in chains, I ſhould have adjudged you to be the* greateſt. That this is the ſenſe, is ſhewn by her anſwer,

'Tis ſweating labour
To bear ſuch Idleneſs ſo near the heart,
As Cleopatra, *this.*——
WARBURTON.

[a] *One great competitor.*——] Perhaps, *Our* great competitor.

More

More womanly than he.
Hardly gave audience, or vouchſaf'd to think
That he had partners. You ſhall there find a man,
Who is th' abſtract of all faults that all men follow.
Lep. I muſt not think,
They're evils enough to darken all his goodneſs;
His faults in him ſeem [9] as the ſpots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackneſs; hereditary,
Rather than [1] purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuſes.
Cæſ. You're too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to ſit
And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave,
To reel the ſtreets at noon; and ſtand the buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat; [2] ſay, this becomes him;
As his compoſure muſt be rare, indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh; yet muſt *Antony*
No way excuſe his foils, when we do bear
[3] So great weight in his lightneſs. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs;

[9] —*as the ſpots of heav'n,*
More fiery by night's blackneſs;] If by ſpots are meant ſtars, as night has no other fiery ſpots, the compariſon is forced and harſh, ſtars having been always ſuppoſed to beautify the night; nor do I comprehend what there is in the counter-part of this ſimile, which anſwers to night's blackneſs. *Hanmer* reads,

———*ſpots* on ermine,
Or fires, *by night's blackneſs*.

[1] —*purchas'd*;—] Procured by his own fault or endeavour.

[2] —*ſay, this becomes him*;
As his compoſure muſt be rare——, *indeed*,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh;———] This ſeems inconſequent. I read,
And *his compoſure*, &c.
Grant that this becomes him, and if it can become him, he muſt have in him ſomething very uncommon; yet, *&c.*

[3] *So great weight in his lightneſs.*—] The word *light* is one of *Shakeſpeare*'s favourite play-things. The ſenſe is, His trifling levity throws ſo much burden upon us.

Full

Full ſurfeits, and the dryneſs of his bones,
[4] Call on him for't; but to confound ſuch time,
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate, and ours; 'tis to be chid,
As we rate [5] boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Meſ. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Moſt noble *Cæſar*, ſhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at Sea,
And, it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
[6] That only have fear'd *Cæſar*: to the ports
The Diſcontents repair, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæſ. I ſhould have known no leſs;
It hath been taught us from the primal State,
That [7] he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes

[4] *Call on him for't.*—] *Call on him*, is, *viſit him*. Says *Cæſar*, *If* Antony *followed his debaucheries at a time of leiſure, I ſhould leave him to be puniſhed by their natural conſequences, by* ſurfeits *and* dry bones.

[5] —*boys, who, being mature in knowledge,*] For this *Hanmer*, who thought the *maturity* of a *boy* an inconſiſtent idea, has put,
—*who*, immature *in knowledge*,
but the words *experience* and *judgment* require that we read *mature*: though Dr. *Warburton* has received the emendation. By *boys mature in knowledge*, are meant, *boys old enough to know their duty*.

[6] *That only have fear'd* Cæſar:] Thoſe whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to *Cæſar*, now ſhew their affection for *Pompey*.

[7] —*he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were:*
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd, *by being lack'd.*] Let us examine the ſenſe of this in

'Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the ſtream,
[8] Goes to, and back, lacquing the varying tide,
To rot itſelf with motion.
Meſ. Cæſar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous pirates,
Make the ſea ſerve them; [9] which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in *Italy*, the borders maritime
[1] Lack blood to think on't, and fluſh youth revolt:
No veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen: for *Pompey*'s name ſtrikes more,
Than could his war reſiſted.
Cæſ. Antony,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſails. When thou once

in plain proſe. *The earlieſt hiſtories inform us, that the man in ſupreme command was always wiſh'd to gain that command, till he had obtain'd it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly ſeen in a low condition when he begins to be wanted by them becomes to be fear'd by them.* But do the multitude fear a man becauſe they want him? Certainly we muſt read,

Comes dear'd, *by being lack'd.*
i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Beſides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young *Pompey*, and what occaſion'd this reflexion. So in *Coriolanus*,

I ſhall be lov'd, *when I am* lack'd. WARE.

[8] *Goes to, and back,* laſhing
the varying tide,
To rot itſelf with motion.]
How can a flag, or ruſh, floating upon a ſtream, and that has no motion but what the fluctuation of the water gives it, be ſaid to laſh the tide? This is making a ſcourge of a weak ineffective thing, and giving it an active violence in its own power. All the old editions read *lacking*. 'Tis true, there is no ſenſe in that reading; but the addition of a ſingle letter will not only give us good ſenſe, but the genuine word of our author into the bargain.

——Lacquing *the varying*
tide,
i. e. floating backwards and forwards with the variation of the tide, like a page, or *lacquey*, at his maſter's heels. THEOB.

[9] ——*which they ear*——] To *ear*, is to *plow*; a common metaphor.

[1] *Lack blood to think on't,*——] Turn pale at the thought of it.

Wert beaten from *Modena*, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and *Panſa* Conſuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'ſt againſt,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than Savages could ſuffer. Thou didſt drink
The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded puddle
Which beaſts would cough at. Thy Palate then did deign
The rougheſt berry on the rudeſt hedge:
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browſed'ſt. On the *Alps*,
It is reported thou didſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on; and all this,
It wounds thine honour, that I ſpeak it now,
Was bore ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæſ. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*; time is it, that we twain
Did ſhew ourſelves i' th' field; and to that end
Aſſemble we immediate council. *Pompey*
Thrives in our idleneſs.

Lep. To morrow, *Cæſar*,
I ſhall be furniſh'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by ſea and land I can be able,
To front this preſent time.

Cæſ. 'Till which encounter,
It is my buſineſs too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my Lord.
What you ſhall know mean time of ſtirs abroad,
I ſhall beſeech you, let me be partaker.

Cæſ. Doubt it not, Sir; I knew it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. CHarmian——

Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha—give me to drink [1] *Mandragora.*

Char. Why, Madam?

Cleo. That I might ſleep out this great gap of time;
My *Antony* is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treaſon.——

Char. Madam, I truſt not ſo.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch, *Mardian!*

Mar. What's your Highneſs' pleaſure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee ſing. I take no pleaſure
In aught an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That, being unſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of *Ægypt.* Haſt thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, Madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honeſt to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What *Venus* did with *Mars.*

Cleo. Oh *Charmian!*
Where think'ſt thou he is now? Stands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horſe?
Oh happy horſe, to bear the weight of *Antony!*

[1] —Mandragora.] A plant, of which the infuſion was ſuppoſe to procure ſleep. *Shakeſpeare* mentions it in *Othello:*

Not poppy, nor Mandragora,
Can ever medicine thee to that ſweet ſleep.

Do

Do bravely, horſe; for, wot'ſt thou, whom thou mov'ſt?
The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man. He's ſpeaking now,
Or murmuring, "*where's my ſerpent of old* Nile?—
(For ſo he calls me;) Now I feed myſelf
With moſt delicious poiſon. Think on me,
That am with *Phœbus'* amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted *Cæſar*,
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was
A morſel for a monarch; and great *Pompey*
Would ſtand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sov'reign of *Ægypt*, hail!
Cleo. How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony*?
Yet coming from him, [3] that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony*?
Alex. Laſt thing he did, dear Queen,
He kiſt, the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,
This orient pearl.—His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *the firm* Roman *to great* Ægypt *ſends*
This treaſure of an oyſter; at whoſe foot,
To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
Her opulent throne with Kingdoms. All the eaſt,
Say thou, *ſhall call her miſtreſs.* So, he nodded;

[3] ——*that great med'cine hath*
With his tinct gilded thee.] Alluding to the philoſopher's ſtone, which, by its touch, converts baſe metal into gold. The Alchemiſts call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform tranſmutation, a *med'cine*.

And ſoberly did mount an [4] arm-gaunt ſteed,
Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke,
[5] Was beaſtly dumb by him.

Cleo.

[4] —arm-gaunt *ſteed.*] *i. e.* his ſteed worn lean and thin by much ſervice in war. So *Fairfax*,

His ſtall-worn *ſteed the champion ſtout beſtrode.* WARB.

On this note Mr. *Edwards* has been very laviſh of his pleaſantry, and indeed has juſtly cenſured the miſquotation of *ſtall-worn* for *ſtall-worth*, which means *ſtrong*, but makes no attempt to explain the word in the play. Mr. *Seward*, in his preface to *Beaumont*, has very elaborately endeavoured to prove, that an *armgaunt* ſteed is a ſteed with *lean ſhoulders*. *Arm* is the Teutonick word for *want*, or *poverty*. *Arm-gaunt* may be therefore an old word, ſignifying, *lean for want*, ill fed. *Edward*'s obſervation, that a worn-out horſe is not proper for *Alexas* to mount in battle, is impertinent; the horſe here mentioned ſeems to be a poſt-horſe, rather than a war-horſe. Yet as *armgaunt* ſeems not intended to imply any defect, it perhaps mean, a horſe ſo ſtender that a man might claſp him, and therefore formed for expedition. *Ivanhoe* reads,

——arm-gaunt *ſteed.*

[5] *Was beaſtly* DUMB *by him.*] Mr. *Theobald* reads *do'bd*, put to ſilence. *Alexas means* (ſays he) *the horſe was ſuch a neighing that it he had ſpoke he could not have been heard.* A very pretty ſpeech, and agreeable to the politeneſs of one of *Cleopatra*'s courtiers. *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Was beaſtly DONE *by him.*

i. e. the ſenſe of what I would have ſpoke the horſe declared, tho' in inarticulate ſounds. The caſe was this, *Alexas* came to take leave of *Antony*, who recommended a meſſage to him to his miſtreſs. *Alexas* then had no more to do but make his compliments: But in that inſtant *Antony* mounted his war-horſe, long accuſtomed to bear him, who no ſooner felt his maſter's weight, but, as is uſual for horſes of ſervice, neighed in a very ſprightly manner. This circumſtance (ſuch a one as poets and romancers when they ſpeak of their hero's adventures, never fail to improve) *Alexas* is made to turn to a compliment on *Antony*, which could not but pleaſe *Cleopatra*. *I was going*, ſays he, *to pay my farewel compliments to* Antony, *to predict his future ſucceſſes, and to ſalute him with the uſual appellations of victory, when the horſe got the ſtart of me; and by his neighing ſo high and ſprightly, ſeemed him to be ſenſible that he had a hero on his back whom he was bearing to conqueſt.* But we are not to ſuppoſe that *Alexas* after this did not make his ſpeech, but let the hero's horſe do it for him. This was only a ſmall interruption to his compliments, which, as a flattering circumſtance, he mentions

to

Cleo. What, was he ſad or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' th' year, between th' extreams
Of hot and cold, he was nor ſad, nor merry.
Cleo. Oh well-divided diſpoſition!
Note him, good *Charmian.*—'Tis the man. But note him;
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his; He was not merry,
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Ægypt* with his joy; but between both.
Oh heav'nly mingle! Be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man elſe. Met'ſt thou my poſts?
Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers.
Why do you ſend ſo thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day,
When I forget to ſend to *Antony*,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, *Charmian.*
—Welcome, my good *Alexas.*—Did I, *Charmian*,
Ever love *Cæſar* ſo?
Char. Oh, thar brave *Cæſar!*
Cleo. Be choak'd with ſuch another emphaſis!
Say, the brave *Antony.*
Char. The valiant *Cæſar.*
Cleo. By *Iſis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Cæſar* paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.

to pleaſe his miſtreſs. The error of *dumb* for *done*, ſeems to have been occaſioned by the editor's miſtaking the word *high* for *loud*, whereas it here ſignifies *ſprightly*.
WARBURTON.

The paſſage ſeems not to deſerve much care. It probably is as it was written, and means what *Theobald* has expreſſed.

Cleo. [6] My ſallad days!
When I was green in judgment. Cold in blood!
To ſay, as I ſaid then,—But come away,
Get me ink and paper;
He ſhall have every day a ſeveral greeting,
Or I'll [7] unpeople *Ægypt.* [*Exeunt.*

[6] *My ſallad days:*
When I was green in judgment,
cold in blood!
To ſay, as I ſaid then,——] This puzzles the late editor, Mr. *Theobald.* He ſays, Cleopatra *may ſpeak very naturally here with contempt of her judgment at that period: But how truly with regard to the coldneſs of her blood may admit ſome queſtion:* And then employs his learning to prove, that at this *cold* ſeaſon of her *blood*, ſhe had ſeen twenty good years. But yet he thinks his author may be juſtified, becauſe *Plutarch* calls *Cleopatra* at thoſe years, Κόρη, which by ill luck proves juſt the contrary; for that ſtate which the *Greeks* deſigned by Κόρη, was the very height of blood. But *Shakeſpear*'s beſt juſtification is reſtoring his own ſenſe, which is done merely by a different pointing.

My ſallad days;
When I was green in judgment.
Cold in blood!
To ſay as I ſaid then.

Cold in blood, is an upbraiding expoſtulation to her maid. *Thoſe*, ſays ſhe, *were my ſallad days, when I was green in judgment; but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the ſame opinion of things now as I had then.* WARBURTON.

[7] ——*unpeople Ægypt.*] By ſending out meſſengers.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SICILY.

Enter [8] Pompey, Menecrates, *and* Menas.

POMPEY.

IF the great Gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.
Men. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pomp. [9] While we are ſuitors to their Throne, decays
The thing we ſue for.
Men. We, ignorant of ourſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe powers
Deny us for our good; ſo find we profit
By loſing of our prayers.

[8] The perſons are ſo named in the firſt edition; but I know not why *Menecrates* appears; *Menas* can do all without him.

[9] *While we are ſuitors to their Throne,* DECAYS
The thing we ſue for.] This nonſenſe ſhould be read thus,
While we are ſuitors to their Throne, DELAY'S
The thing we ſue for.
Menecrates had ſaid, *The Gods do not deny that which they delay.* The other turns his words to a different meaning, and replies, *Delay is the very thing we beg of them, i. e.* the delay of our enemies in making preparation againſt us; which he explains afterwards, by ſaying *Mark Antony* was tied up by luſt in *Ægypt*; *Cæſar*, by avarice at *Rome*; and *Lepidus* employed in keeping well with both. WARBURTON.

It is not always prudent to be too haſty in exclamation; the reading which Dr. *Warburton* rejects as *nonſenſe*, is in my opinion right; if *delay* be what they ſue for, they have it, and the conſolation offered becomes ſuperfluous. The meaning is, *While we are praying, the thing for which we pray* is loſing its value.

Pomp. I ſhall do well:
The people love me, and the ſea is mine;
[1] My pow'r's a creſcent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*
In *Ægypt* ſits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors. *Cæſar* gets money, where
He loſes hearts; *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty ſtrength they carry.

Pomp. Where have you this? 'tis falſe.

Men. From *Silvius*, Sir.

Pomp. He dreams; I know, they are in *Rome* together,
Looking for *Antony*; but all the charms of love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, ſoften [2] thy wan lip!
Let witchraft join with beauty; luſt with both.
Tie up the libertine in a field of feaſts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyleſs ſawce his appetite;
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even 'till a *Lethe'd* dulneſs———

[1] In old editions,
My powers are creſcent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to th' full.]
What does the relative *it* belong to? It cannot in *ſenſe* relate to *hope*, nor in *concord* to *powers*. The Poet's alluſion is to the *moon*; and *Pompey* would ſay, he is yet but a half-moon, or *creſcent*; but his hopes tell him, that creſcent will come to a *full* orb.
THEOBALD.

[2] ——*thy wan lip!*] In the old edition it is
——*thy* wand *lip!*
Perhaps, for *fond* lip, or *warm* lip.

Enter

Enter Varrius.

How now, *Varrius?*

Var. This is moſt certain, that I ſhall deliver.
Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected; ſince he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis
A ſpace for farther travel.

Pomp. I could have given leſs matter
A better ear. *Menas*, I did not think,
This am'rous ſurfeiter would have don'd his helm
For ſuch a petty war; his ſoldierſhip
Is twice the other twain. [3] But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of *Ægypt*'s widow pluck
The ne'er-luſt-wearied *Antony*.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæſar and *Antony* ſhall well greet together.
His wife, who's dead, did treſpaſſes to *Cæſar*;
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think,
Not mov'd by *Antony*.

[3] ——*But let us rear*
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of Ægypt's widow pluck
The near *luſt-wearied* Antony.] *Sextus Pompeius*, upon hearing that *Antony* is every hour expected in *Rome*, does not much reliſh the news. He is twice the ſoldier, *(ſays he)* that *Octavius* and *Lepidus* are; and I did not think, the petty war, which I am raiſing would rouze him from his amours in *Ægypt*.—— But why ſhould *Pompey* hold a higher opinion of his own expedition, becauſe it awak'd *Antony* to arms, who was *near* weary, *almoſt* ſurfeited, of laſcivious pleaſures? Indolent and ſtupid editors, that can diſpenſe with words without ever weighing the reaſon of them! How eaſy is the change to the true reading!

The ne'er-*luſt-nee ried* Antony.
If *Antony*, though *never* tir'd of luxury, yet mov'd from that charm, upon *Pompey*'s ſtirring, it was a reaſon for *Pompey* to pride himſelf upon being of ſuch conſequence. THEOBALD.

Could it be imagined, after this ſwelling exultation, that the firſt edition ſtands literally thus,
The neere *Luſt-wearied* Antony.

Pomp. I know not, *Menas*,
How leſſer enmities may give way to greater.
Wer't not that we ſtand up againſt them all,
'Twere pregnant, they ſhould [4] ſquare between themſelves,
For they have entertained cauſe enough
To draw their ſwords; but how the fear of us
May cement their diviſions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't, as our Gods will have't! it only ſtands
[5] Our lives upon, to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands.
Come, *Menas*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Enobarbus *and* Lepidus.

Lep. GOOD *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, t' entreat your Captain
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.
Eno. I ſhall entreat him
To anſwer, like himſelf; if *Cæſar* move him,
Let *Antony* look over *Cæſar*'s head,
And ſpeak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,

4 —*ſquare*—] That is, *quarrel*.

5 *Our lives upon.*] This play is not divided into acts by the authour or firſt editors, and therefore the preſent diviſion may be altered at pleaſure. I think the firſt act may be commodiouſly continued to this place, and the ſecond act opened with the interview of the chief perſons, and a change of the ſtate of action. Yet it muſt be confeſſed, that it is of ſmall importance, where theſe unconnected and deſultory ſcenes are interrupted.

Were

[6] Were I the wearer of *Antonio*'s beard,
I would not ſhav't to-day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time for private ſtomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.
Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.
Eno. Not, if the ſmall come firſt.
Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion;
But, pray you, ſtir no embers up. Here comes
The noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony *and* Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, *Cæſar*.

Enter Cæſar, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Ant. If we compoſe well here, to *Parthia*.
—Hark, *Ventidius*.
Cæſ. I do not know; *Mecænas*, aſk *Agrippa*.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech,
Touch you the ſowreſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to th' matter.
Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well;
Were we before our armies, and to fight,

[6] *Were I the wearer of* Antonio's beard,
I would not ſhav't to-day.] Alluding to the phraſe, *I will beard him.* WARBURTON.
I believe he means, *I would moſt him undreſſed without ſhew of reſpect.*

[7] *Nor curſtneſs grow to th' matter.*] Let not *ill humour* be added to the real *ſubject* of our difference.

I ſhould

I ſhould do thus. {*Flouriſh.*

Cæſ. Welcome to *Rome.*

Ant. Thank you.

Cæſ. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir.

Cæſ. Nay, then——

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not ſo; Or, being, concern you not.

Cæſ. I muſt be laught at, If, or for nothing, or a little, I Should ſay myſelf offended, and with you Chiefly i' th' world; More laught at, that I ſhould Once name you derogately, when to ſound Your name it not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæſar*, what was't to you?

Cæſ. No more than my reſiding here at *Rome* Might be to you in *Ægypt*; yet, if you there Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in *Ægypt* Might be my queſtion.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent, By what did here befal. Your Wife and Brother Made wars upon me; and [8] their conteſtation Was theam for you, you were the word of war.

Ant.

[8] —*their conteſtation Was* theam *for you, you were the word of war.*] The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which *Antony*'s wife and brother made upon *Cæſar*, was *theam* for *Antony* too to make war; or was the occaſion why he did make war. But this is directly contrary to the context, which ſhews, *Antony* did neither encourage them to it, nor ſecond them in it: We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote;

——*and their conteſtation Was* theam'd *for you.*

i. e. The pretence of their war was on your account, they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and ſubject of their inſurrection. WARB.

I am neither ſatisfied with the reading nor the emendation; *theam'd* is, I think, a word unauthoriſed,

Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſs; [9] my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from ſome true reports
That drew their ſwords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
[1] Having alike your cauſe? Of this, my letters
Before did ſatisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you've not to make it with,
It muſt not be with this.

Cæſ. You praiſe yourſelf,
By laying defects of Judgment to me, but
You patch up your excuſes.

Ant. Not ſo, not ſo;
I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I,
Your Partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend thoſe wars,

uthoriſed, and very harſh. Perhaps we may read,

———*their conteſtation*
Had *theme* from *you*, *you were the word o' th' war.*

The diſpute derived its ſubject from you. It may be corrected by mere tranſpoſition,

———*their conteſtation*
You were theme for *you were the word.*

[9] ———*my brother never*
Did urge me in his act:—] *i. e.* never did make uſe of my name as pretence for the war.

WARBURTON.

[1] *Having alike your cauſe?*—] The meaning ſeems to be, *having the ſame cauſe as you to be offended with me.* But why, becauſe he was offended with *Antony*, ſhould he make war upon *Cæſar?* May it not be read thus,

——*Did he not rather*
Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Hating *alike* our *cauſe?*

[2] *As matter whole you've not to make it worth,*] The original copy reads,

As matter whole you have *to make it with.*

Without doubt erroneouſly; I therefore only obſerve it, that the reader may more readily admit the liberties which the editors of this authour's works have neceſſarily taken.

Which

Which [3] fronted mine own peace. As for my Wife,
I would, you had her ſpirit in ſuch another;
The third o' th' world is yours, which with a ſnaffle
You may pace eaſy, but not ſuch a Wife.

Eno. 'Would, we had all ſuch Wives, that the Men might go to wars with the Women!

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboiles, *Cæſar*,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdneſs of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much diſquiet: For that you muſt
But ſay, I could not help it.

Cæſ. I wrote to you,
When rioting in *Alexandria*, you
Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts
Did gibe my miſſive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted; then
Three Kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i' th' morning; but, next day,
[4] I told him of myſelf which was as much
As to have aſk'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife, if we contend,
Out of our queſtion wipe him.

Cæſ. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you ſhall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cæſar*.——

Ant. No, *Lepidus*, let him ſpeak;
[5] The Honour's ſacred which he talks on now,
Suppoſing

[3] —*fronted*—] That is, *oppreſſed*.

[4] *I told him of myſelf*;—] *i. e.* told him the condition I was in, when he had his laſt audience. WARBURTON.

[5] *The Honour's ſacred*—] *Sacred*, for unbroken, unviolated. WARBURTON.

Dr. *Warburton* ſeems to underſtand this paſſage thus; *The honour which he* talks *of me as* lacking, *is* unviolated, *I never lacked it*. This may perhaps be the true meaning, but before I read the note, I underſtood it thus: *Lepidus* interrupts *Cæſar*, on the ſuppoſition that what he is about

ppoſing that I lackt it. But, on, *Cæſar.*
he article of my oath——
Cæſ. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them,
ıe which you both deny'd.
Ant. Neglected, rather;
ıd then, when poiſon'd hours had bound me up
ɔm mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
play the Penitent to you; but mine honeſty
ıll not make poor my Greatneſs; nor my Power
ork without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia,*
have me out of *Ægypt*, made wars here;
r which myſelf, the ignorant motive, do
far aſk pardon, as befits mine Honour
ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.
Lep. 'Tis nobly ſpoken.
Mec. If it might pleaſe you, to enforce no further
e griefs between ye: to forget them quite
:re to remember that the preſent Need
:aks to atone you.
Lep. Worthily ſpoken, *Mecænas.*
Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the
:ant, you may, when you hear no more words of
mpey, return it again. You ſhall have time to
ıngle in, when you have nothing elſe to do.
Ant. Thou art a Soldier only; ſpeak no more.
Eno. That truth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot.
Ant. You wrong this Preſence, therefore ſpeak no more.
Eno. Go to then: [6] your conſiderate ſtone.——

Cæſ.

ıt to ſay will be too harſh to ndured by *Antony*; to which *my* replies, *No*, Lepidus, *let ſpeak, the ſecurity of* honour which he now ſpeaks, *on which this conference is held now,* is ſacred, *even* ſuppoſing that I lacked *honour* before.

[6] —*your conſiderate ſtone.*—] This line is paſſed by all the editors,

Cæſ. [7] I do not much diſlike the matter, but
The manner of his ſpeech: for't cannot be,
We ſhall remain in friendſhip, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop would hold us ſtaunch, from edge to edge
O' th' world, I would purſue it.

Agr. Give me leave, *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. Speak, *Agrippa.*

Agr. Thou haſt a Siſter by the Mother's ſide,
Admir'd *Octavia!* great *Mark Antony*
Is now a Widower.

Cæſ. Say not ſo, *Agrippa*;
If *Cleopatra* heard you, [8] your Reproof
Were well deſerv'd of raſhneſs.

tors, as if they underſtood it, and believed it univerſally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any poſſible meaning. I would therefore read,

Go to then, you *conſiderate* ones. You, who diſlike my frankneſs and temerity of ſpeech, and are ſo *conſiderate* and diſcreet, *go to*, do your own buſineſs.

[7] *I do not much diſlike the* matter, *but*
The manner of his ſpeech:—] What, not diſlike the *matter* of it? when he ſays preſently after, that he would do every thing to prevent the evil *Enobarbus* predicted. Beſides, are we to ſuppoſe that common civility would ſuffer him to take the ſame liberty with *Antony*'s lieutenant, that *Antony* himſelf did? *Shakeſpear* wrote,

I do not much diſlike the manner, *but*
The matter *of his ſpeech:*——
i. e. 'tis not his liberty of ſpeech, but the miſchiefs he ſpeaks of, which I diſlike. This agrees with what follows, and is ſaid with much urbanity, and ſhow of friendſhip. WARBURTON.

I think the old reading right. I do not, ſays *Cæſar*, think the man wrong, but too free of his interpoſition; *for't cannot be, we ſhall remain in friendſhip: yet if it were poſſible, I would endeavour it.* The conſideration of the ceremony due from *Cæſar* to the Lieutenant of *Antony*, is a criticiſm of the loweſt rate, unworthy of confutation.

[8] ——*your Reproof*
Were well deſerv'd—] In the old edition,

——*your* proof
Were well deſerv'd——
Which Mr. *Theobald* with his uſual triumph, changes to *approof*, which he explains, *allowance*. Dr. *Warburton* inſerted *reproof* very properly into *Hanmer*'s edition, but forgot it in his own.

Ant.

Ant. I am not married, *Cæſar*; let me hear
Agrippa further ſpeak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual Amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unſlipping knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his Wife, whoſe Beauty claims
No worſe a Huſband than the beſt of men;
Whoſe Virtue, and whoſe general Graces ſpeak
That which none elſe can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealouſies, which now ſeem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke,
For 'tis a ſtudied, not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will *Cæſar* ſpeak?
Cæſ. Not 'till he hears, how *Antony* is touch'd
With what is ſpoke already.
Ant. What Power is in *Agrippa*
If I would ſay, *Agrippa, be it ſo,*
To make this good?
Cæſ. The Power of *Cæſar*, and
His Power unto *Octavia.*
Ant. May I never
To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairly ſhews,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand;
Further this act of grace, and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And ſway our great deſigns!
Cæſ. There is my hand:
A Siſter I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love ſo dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our Hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!
Lep. Happily, amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my ſword 'gainſt *Pompey*.
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies and great
Of late upon me. I muſt thank him only,
[9] Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.
Lep. Time calls upon's:
Of us muſt *Pompey* preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.
Ant. Where lies he?
Cæſ. About the Mount *Miſenus*.
Ant. What is his ſtrength by Land?
Cæſ. Great, and increaſing; but by Sea
He is an abſolute Maſter.
Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had ſpoke together! haſte we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourſelves in arms, diſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talk'd of.
Cæſ. With moſt gladneſs;
And do invite you to my Siſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I will lead you.
Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your company.
Lep. Noble *Antony*, not ſickneſs ſhould detain me.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecænas.

Mec. Welcome from *Ægypt*, Sir.
Eno. Half the heart of *Cæſar*, worthy *Mecænas!*
My honourable friend, *Agrippa!*——
Agr. Good *Enobarbus!*

[9] *Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;*] Leſt I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I muſt barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him.

Mec.

Mec. We have cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well digeſted. You ſtay'd well by't in *Egypt*.

Eno. Ay, Sir, we did ſleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roaſted whole at a breakfaſt, and but twelve perſons there——Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle; we had much more monſtrous matter of feaſt, which worthily deſerved noting.

Mec. She's a moſt triumphant Lady, if report be ſquare to her.

Eno. When ſhe firſt met *Mark Antony*, ſhe purs'd up his heart upon the river of *Cydnus*.

Agr. There ſhe appear'd, indeed; or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you;
The Barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd Throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the ſails, and ſo perfumed, that
The Winds were love-ſick with 'em; th' oars were ſilver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription; ſhe did lie
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tiſſue,
[1] O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we ſee
The Fancy out-work Nature. On each ſide her,
Stood pretty dimpled Boys, like ſmiling *Cupids*,
With divers-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
[2] And what they undid, did.

Agr. Oh, rare for *Antony!*

[1] *O'er-picturing that* Venus, *where we ſee*, &c.] Meaning the *Venus* of *Protogenes* mentioned by *Pliny*, l. 35. c. 10. WARBURTON.

[2] *And what they undid, did,*] It might be read leſs harſhly, *And what they* did, undid.

Eno. Her Gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,
So many Mermaids, [3] tended her i' th' eyes,
[4] And made their Bends adorings. At the helm,
A ſeeming Mermaid ſteers; the ſilken tackles
Swell with the touches of thoſe flower-ſoft hands,
That yately frame the office. From the Barge
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent wharfs. The City caſt
Her People out upon her; and *Antony*,
Enthron'd i' th' Market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to th' air; [5] which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agr. Rare *Ægyptian!*

Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* ſent to her,
Invited her to ſupper: ſhe reply'd,
It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt;
Which ſhe intreated. Our courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* Woman heard ſpeak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feaſt;
And for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal Wench!

[3] —*tended her i' th' eyes.*] Perhaps *tended her* by th' *eyes*, diſcovered her will by her eyes.

[4] *And made their Bends* ADORNINGS.—] This is ſenſe indeed, and may be underſtood thus, her maids bowed with ſo good an air, that it added new graces to them. But this is not what *Shakeſpeare* would ſay: *Cleopatra*, in this famous ſcene, perſonated *Venus* juſt riſing from the waves: at which time the Mythologiſts tell us, the Sea-deities ſurrounded the goddeſs to *adore*, and pay her homage. Agreeably to this fable *Cleopatra* had dreſſed her maids, the poet tells us, like *Nereids*. To make the whole therefore conformable to the ſtory repreſented, we may be aſſured, *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

And made their Bends ADORINGS.

They did her obſervance in the poſture of *adoration*, as if ſhe had been *Venus*. WARB.

[5] —*which, but for vacancy,*
Had gone——] Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philoſophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum*. WARB.

She

She made great *Cæſar* lay his ſword to bed;
He plough'd her, and ſhe cropt.
Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick ſtreet:
And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And breathleſs power breathe forth.
Mec. Now *Antony* muſt leave her utterly.
Eno. Never, he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety; other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vileſt things
Become themſelves in her; that the holy Prieſts
Bleſs her, when ſhe is riggiſh.
Mec. If beauty, wiſdom, modeſty, can ſettle
The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A bleſſed Lottery to him.
Agr. Let us go.
Good *Enobarbus*, make yourſelf my gueſt,
Whilſt you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony, Cæſar, Octavia *between them.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will ſometimes
Divide me from your boſom.
Octa. All which time,
Before the Gods my knee ſhall bow in prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, Sir. My *Octavia*,
Read not my blemiſhes in the world's report,
I have not kept my ſquare, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' rule. Good night, dear Lady.
Octa. Good night, Sir.
Cæſ. Good night. [*Exeunt* Cæſar *and* Octavia.

SCENE IV.

Enter Soothſayer.

Ant. Now, ſirrah! you do wiſh yourſelf in *Ægypt?*

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reaſon?

Sooth. [6] I ſee it in my Motion, have it not in my Tongue; but yet hie you to *Ægypt* again.

Ant. Say to me, whoſe fortunes ſhall riſe higher, *Cæſar*'s or mine?

Sooth. *Cæſar*'s.——

Therefore, oh *Antony*, ſtay not by his ſide.
Thy *Dæmon*, that thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where *Cæſar*'s is not. But, near him, thy angel
[7] Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpowered, therefore
Make ſpace enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.——

If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou'rt ſure to loſe: and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainſt the odds; thy luſtre thickens,

[6] *I ſee it in my* Motion, *have it not in my Tongue*;] What *motion?* I can trace no ſenſe in this word here, unleſs the author were alluding to that *agitation* of the *divinity*, which diviners pretend to when the fit of foretelling is upon them; but when, I think verily, he would have wrote, *emotion*. I am perſuaded, *Shakeſpeare* meant that the Soothſayer ſhould ſay, he ſaw a reaſon in his *thought* or *opinion*, though he gave that thought or opinion no utterance. THEOBALD.

I ſee it in my motion,—] *i. e.* the divinitory agitation. WARB.

[7] *Becomes a* Fear.——] *i. e.* a fearful thing. The abſtract for the concrete. WARBURTON.

Mr. *Upton* reads,

Becomes aſear'd,——

The common reading is more poetical.

When

When he ſhines by. I ſay again, thy Spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But, he away, 'tis noble.
Ant. Get thee gone.
Say to *Ventidius*, I would ſpeak with him.
[*Exit* Soothſayer.
He ſhall to *Parthia*.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath ſpoke true. The very dice obey him;
And, in our Sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draw lots, he ſpeeds;
His cocks do win the battle ſtill of mine,
When it is all to nought; and [8] his quails ever
Beat mine, [9] inhoop'd, at odds. I will to *Ægypt*;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter Ventidius.

I' th' eaſt my pleaſure lies. Oh, come, *Ventidius*.
You muſt to *Parthia*, your commiſſion's ready:
Follow me, and receiv't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourſelves no farther. Pray you, haſten
Your Generals after.
Agr. Sir, *Mark Antony*
Will e'en but kiſs *Octavia*, and we'll follow.
Lep. 'Till I ſhall ſee you in your ſoldiers' dreſs
Which will become you both, farewel.
Mec. We ſhall,
As I conceive the journey, be at th' mount
Before you, *Lepidus*.

[8] ——*his quails*—] The ancients uſed to match quails as we match cocks.

[9] —*inhoop'd, at odds.*—] Thus the old copy, *Inhoop'd* is *incloſed, confined*, that they may fight. The modern editions read, *Beat mine*, in whoop'd *at odds*.

Meſ. Firſt, Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, ſirrah, mark, we uſe
To ſay, the dead are well; bring it to that,
The gold, I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Meſ. Good Madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:
But there's no goodneſs in thy face. If *Antony*
Be free and healthful; why ſo tart a favour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings? if not well,
Thou ſhouldſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
[4] Not like a formal man.

Meſ. Will't pleaſe you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to ſtrike thee, ere thou ſpeak'ſt;
Yet, if thou ſay *Antony* lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæſar*, or not captive to him,
[5] I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Meſ. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well ſaid.

Meſ. And friends with *Cæſar*.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honeſt man.

Meſ. *Cæſar*, and he, are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

[4] *Not like a* formal *man.*] *Formal*, for ordinary. WARB.
Rather decent, regular.

[5] *I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail*
Rich pearls upon thee.] That is, I will give thee a kingdom; it being the eaſtern ceremony, at the coronation of their Kings, to powder them with *gold-duſt* and *ſeed-pearl*: ſo *Milton*,
—the gorgeous Eaſt with liberal hand
Showers on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold.
In the life of *Timur-bec* or *Tamerlane*, written by a *Perſian* contemporary author, are the following words, as tranſlated by Monſieur *Petit de la Croix*, in the account there given of his coronation, Book ii. chap. 1. *Les Princes du ſang royal & les Emirs repandirent à pleines mains ſur ſa téte quantité d'or & de pierreries* ſelon la coûtume. WARB.

Meſ.

Meſ. But yet, Madam———

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*; it does allay
The good precedence; fy upon *but yet*;
But yet is a jaylor to bring forth
Some monſtrous Malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He's friends with *Cæſar*,
In ſtate of health, thou ſay'ſt; and thou ſay'ſt, free.

Meſ. Free, Madam! no; I made no ſuch report.
He's bound unto *Octavia*.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Meſ. For the beſt turn i'th' bed.

Cleo. I am pale, *Charmion*.

Meſ. Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. The moſt infectious peſtilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*

Meſ. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What ſay you? [*Strikes him.*
Hence, horrible villain, or I'll ſpurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou ſhalt be whipt with wire, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Meſ. Gracious Madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not ſo, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud; the blow, thou hadſt,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide
Thy modeſty can beg.

Meſ. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long.
[*Draws a Knife.*

Meſ. Nay, then I'll run:
What mean you, Madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit.*

Char. Good Madam, keep yourſelf within yourſelf,
The

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Coaſt of Italy, *near* Miſenum.

Enter Pompey *and* Menas, *at one door, with drum and trumpet: At another,* Cæſar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, *with Soldiers marching.*

Pomp. YOUR hoſtages I have, ſo have you mine;
And we ſhall talk before we fight.
Cæſ. Moſt meet,
That firſt we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purpoſes before us ſent;
Which, if thou haſt conſider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy diſcontented ſword,
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh here.
Pomp. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the Gods.——I do not know,
Wherefore my Father ſhould Revengers want,
Having a Son and Friends; ſince *Julius Cæſar*,
Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghoſted,
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale *Caſſius* to conſpire? and what
Made thee, all honour'd, honeſt *Roman*, *Brutus*,
With the arm'd reſt, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man, but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my Navy: At whoſe burden
The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant
To ſcourge th' ingratitude that deſpightful *Rome*
Caſt on my noble Father.
Cæſ. Take your time.

Ant.

Ant. [8] Thou canſt not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy ſails;
We'll ſpeak with thee at ſea. At land, thou know'ſt,
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pomp. At land, indeed,
Thou doſt o'er-count me of my Father's houſe.
[9] But ſince the cuckow builds not for himſelf,
Remain in't, as thou may'ſt.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
For this is from the preſent, how you take
The offers we have ſent you.

Cæſ. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæſ. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.

Pomp. You've made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*; and I muſt
Rid all the ſea of Pirates; then to ſend
Meaſures of wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pomp. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But *Mark Antony*
Put me to ſome impatience.—Though I loſe
The praiſe of it by telling, you muſt know,
When *Cæſar* and your Brother were at blows,
Your Mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well ſtudied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

[8] *Thou canſt not fear us,*——] Thou canſt not affright us with thy numerous navy.

[9] *But ſince the cuckow builds not for himſelf,*] Since like the cuckow, that ſeizes the neſts of other birds, you have invaded a houſe which you could not build, keep it while you can.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatſoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is ne'er a fair woman, has a true face.

Men. No ſlander, they ſteal hearts.

Eno. We come hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, ſure he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've ſaid, Sir; we look'd not for *Mark Antony* here; pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra?*

Eno. *Cæſar*'s Siſter is called *Octavia.*

Men. True, Sir, ſhe was the Wife of *Caius Marcellus.*

Eno. But now ſhe is the Wife of *Marcus Antonius.*

Men. Pray ye, Sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæſar* and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this Unity, I would not propheſy ſo.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpoſe made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think ſo too. But you ſhall find, the band, that ſeems to tie their friendſhip together, will be the very ſtrangler of their amity. *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and ſtill converſation.

Men. Who would not have his Wife ſo?

Eno. Not he, that himſelf is not ſo; which is *Mark Antony.* He will to his *Ægyptian* Diſh again; then ſhall the ſighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæſar*, and, as I ſaid before, that which is the ſtrength of their amity, ſhall prove the immediate author of their variance. *Antony* will uſe his affection where it is; he married but his occaſion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno.

Eno. I ſhall take it, Sir. We have us'd our throats in *Ægypt.*

Men. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

On board Pompey's *Galley.*

Muſick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 *Serv.* HERE they'll be, man: [3] ſome o' their plants are ill rooted already, the leaſt wind i'th' world will blow them down.

2 *Serv. Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1 *Serv.* [4] They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* [5] As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himſelf to th' Drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raiſes the greater war between him and his diſcretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowſhip: I had as lieve have a reed that will do me no ſervice, as [6] a Partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* [7] To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.

Trumpets.

[3] *ſome o' their plants*] *Plants*, beſides its common meaning, is here uſed for the *foot*, from the *Latin.*

[4] *They have made him drink alms-drink.*] A phraſe, amongſt good-fellows, to ſignify that liquor of another's ſhare which his companion drinks to eaſe him. But it ſatirically alludes to *Cæſar* and *Antony*'s admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themſelves the load of envy. WARBURTON.

[5] *As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition.*] A phraſe equivalent to that now in uſe, of *Touching one in a ſore place.* WARB.

[6] *a Partizan*] A pike.

[7] *To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be,*

Trumpets. *Enter* Cæſar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, *with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o' th' *Nile*
By certain ſcales i' th' pyramid; they know,
By th' height, the lowneſs, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow; the higher *Nilus* ſwells,
The more it promiſes. As it ebbs, the Seedſman
Upon the ſlime and ooze ſcatters his grain,
And ſhortly comes to harveſt.

Lep. You've ſtrange ſerpents there.

Ant. Ay, *Lepidus.*

Lep. Your ſerpent of *Ægypt* is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun; ſo is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

Pomp. Sit, and ſome wine. A health to *Lepidus.*

Lep. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be,
But I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have ſlept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the *Ptolemy's* Pyramiſis are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. *Pompey*, a word. [*Aſide.*

Pomp. Say in mine ear, what is't?

Men. Forſake thy ſeat, I do beſeech thee, Captain. [*Aſide.*

which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.] This ſpeech ſeems to be mutilated; to ſupply the deficiencies is impoſſible, but perhaps the ſenſe was originally approaching to this:

To be called into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in it, is a very ignominious ſtate; great offices *are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which,* if eyes be wanting, *pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.*

And hear me ſpeak a word.

Pomp. Forbear me, 'till anon. [*Whiſpers.*
—This wine for *Lepidus.*

Lep. What manner o' thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhap'd, Sir, like itſelf; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is juſt ſo high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nouriſheth it; and the elements once out of it, it tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ſtrange ſerpent.

Ant. 'Tis ſo, and the tears of it are wet.

Cæſ. Will this deſcription ſatisfy him?

Ant. With the health that *Pompey* gives him, elſe he is a very *Epicure.*

Pomp. [*To* Menas *aſide.*] Go hang, Sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you. Where's the Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the ſake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Riſe from thy ſtool.

Pomp. [*Riſes and walks aſide.*] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pomp. [*To* Menas.] Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith. What's elſe to ſay?——Be jolly, Lords.

Ant. Theſe quick-ſands, *Lepidus,*
Keep off them, 'fore you ſink.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pomp. What ſay'ſt thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world? that's twice.

Pomp. How ſhall that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give me all the world.

Pomp. Haſt thou drunk well?

Men. No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly *Jove*,
What e're the Ocean pales, or Sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou will ha't.

Pomp. Shew me which way.

Men. Theſe three World-ſharers, theſe Competitors,
Are in thy veſſel. Let me cut the cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throats.
All then is thine.

Pomp. Ah, this thou ſhouldſt have done,
And not have ſpoken on't. In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, 't had been good ſervice. Thou muſt know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath ſo betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,
I ſhould have found it afterwards well done;
But muſt condemn it now. Deſiſt, and drink.

Men. For this,
I'll never follow [8] thy pall'd fortunes more;
Who ſeeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pomp. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Bear him aſhore, I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.

Eno. Here's to thee, *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pomp. Fill 'till the Cup be hid.

Eno. There's a ſtrong fellow, *Menas*.——
[*Pointing to* Lepidus.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears the third part of the world, man!
See'ſt not.

Men. The third part then is drunk; 'would, it were all,

[8] —*thy* pall'd *fortunes* ——] *Palled*, is *vapid*, paſt its time of excellence; *pall'd* wine, is wine that has loſt its original ſpriteli-neſs.

That

That it might go on wheels!
Eno. Drink thou, encreaſe the reels.
Men. Come.
Pomp. This is not an *Alexandrian* Feaſt.
Ant. It ripens towards it; [9] ſtrike the veſſels, hoa.
Here is to *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. I could well forbear it;
It's monſtrous labour when I waſh my brain,
And it grows fouler.
Ant. Be a child o' th' time.
Cæſ. Poſſeſs it,
I will make anſwer; but I had rather faſt
From all, four days, than drink ſo much in one.
Eno. Ha, my brave Emperor,
Shall we dance now the *Ægyptian* Bacchanals,
And celebrate our Drink?
Pomp. Let's ha't, good Soldier.
Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
'Till that the conquering wine hath ſteept our ſenſe
In ſoft and delicate *Lethe.*
Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our ears with the loud muſick,
The while I'll place you; then the Boy ſhall ſing:
[1] The Holding every man ſhall bear, as loud
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.
[*Muſick plays.* Enobarbus *places them hand in hand.*

The SONG.

Come, thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, *with pink eyne,*

9 —*ſtrike the veſſels,*—] Try whether the caſks ſound as empty.

1 In old editions,
The Holding ev'ry man ſhall beat]
The company are to join in the burden, which the poet ſtiles, the holding. But how were they to *beat* this with their *ſides?* I am perſuaded, the poet wrote:
The Holding ev'ry man ſhall bear, *as loud*
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.
The breaſt and *ſides* are immediately concerned in ſtraining to ſing as loud and forcibly as a man can. THEOBALD.

In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd!
Cup us, 'till the world go round;
Cup us, 'till the world go round.

Cæſ. What would you more? *Pompey*, good night. Good Brother,
Let me requeſt you off; our graver buſineſs
Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords, let's part;
You ſee, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong *Enobarbus*
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Spli's what it ſpeaks; the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antickt us all. What needs more words? Good night.
Good *Antony*, your hand.

Pomp. I'll try you on the ſhore.

Ant. And ſhall, Sir. Give's your hand.

Pomp. [a] Oh, *Antony*, you have my father's houſe,
But, what! we're friends; come down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

Men. I'll not on ſhore.—No, to my cabin—Theſe drums!——Theſe trumpets, flutes! what!
Let *Neptune* hear, we bid a loud farewel
To theſe great fellows. Sound, and be hang'd, ſound out. [*Sound a flouriſh, with drums.*

Eno. Hoo, ſays 'a! There's my cap.

Men. Hoa!——noble Captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Oh*, Antony, *you have my father's houſe.*] The hiſtorian *Paterculus* ſays, *Cum Pompeio quoque circa Miſenum pax inita: Qui haud abſurdè cum in navi Cæſaremque et Antonium cœna excipiret, dixit:* In Carinis ſuis ſe cœnam dare: *referens hoc dictum ad loci nomen, in quo paterna domus ab Antonio poſſidebatur.* Our author, though he loſt the joke, yet ſeems willing to commemorate the ſtory. WARBURTON.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Camp in a Part of Syria.

Enter Ventidius, *as after Conqueſt; the dead body of* Pacorus *borne before him.*

VENTIDIUS.

NOW, darting *Parthia*, art thou ſtruck; and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus'* death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's ſon's body
Before our Hoſt; thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,
Pays this for *Marcus Craſſus*.

Sil. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whilſt yet with *Parthian* blood thy ſword is warm,
The fugitive *Parthians* follow: Spur through *Media*.
Meſopotamia, and the ſhelters whither
The routed fly. So thy grand Captain *Antony*
Shall ſet thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh, *Silius*, *Silius*,
I've done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, *Silius*,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he, we ſerve, 's away.
Cæſar and *Antony* have ever won
More in their officer, than perſon. *Soſſius*,
One of my Place in *Syria*, his Lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by th' minute, loſt his Favour.
Who does i' th' wars more than his Captain can,

Becomes his Captain's Captain; and ambition,
The ſoldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loſs,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance periſh.

Sil. Thou haſt, *Ventidius*, [3] that, without the which
A ſoldier and his ſword grant ſcarce diſtinction:
Thou wilt write to *Antony?*

Ven. I'll humbly ſignify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How with his Banners, and his well-paid Ranks,
The ne'er yet-beaten Horſe of *Parthia*
We've jaded out of o' th' field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purpoſeth to *Athens*. With what haſte
The weight he muſt convey with's will permit,
We ſhall appear before him. On, there;——paſs along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Agrippa *at one door*, Enobarbus *at another.*

Agr. WHAT, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have diſpatch'd with *Pompey*; he is gone.
The other three are ſealing. *Octavia* weeps,

[3] —*that, without the which A ſoldier and his ſword* grant *ſcarce diſtinction:*] *Grant*, for afford. It is badly and obſcurely expreſſed; but the ſenſe is this, *Thou haſt that*, Ventidius, *which if thou diaſt want, there would be no diſtinction between thee and thy ſword. You would both be equally cutting and ſenſeleſs.* This was wiſdom or knowledge of the world. *Ventidius* had told him the reaſons why he did not purſue his advantages: And his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.

WARBURTON.

To

To part from *Rome: Cæſar* is ſad: and *Lepidus*,
Since *Pompey*'s feaſt, as *Menas* ſays, is troubled
With the green ſickneſs.

Agr. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus.*

Eno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves *Cæſar!*

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony!*

Eno. *Cæſar?* why he's the *Jupiter* of men.

Agr. What's *Antony?* the God of *Jupiter.*

Eno. Speak you of *Cæſar?* how? the non-pareil!

Agr. Oh *Antony*, oh thou [4] *Arabian* bird!

Eno. Would you praiſe *Cæſar*, ſay,—*Cæſar*; go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praiſes.

Eno. But he loves *Cæſar* beſt, yet he loves *Antony:*
Ho! hearts, tongues, figure, ſcribes, [5] bards, poets, cannot
Think, ſpeak, caſt, write, ſing, number, ho!
His love to *Antony.* But as for *Cæſar*,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder———

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his ſhards, and he their beetle. So—
This is to horſe. Adieu, noble *Agrippa.* [*Trumpets.*

Agr. Good fortune, worthy ſoldier; and farewel.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Lepidus, *and* Octavia.

Ant. No further, Sir.

Cæſ. You take from me a great part of myſelf:
Uſe me well in't. Siſter, prove ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and [6] as my furtheſt bond

[4] ———Arabian *bird!*] The Phœnix.

[5] —*bards, poets,*—] Not only the tautology of *bards* and *poets*, but the want of a correſpondent action for the *Poet*, whoſe buſineſs in the next line is only to *number*, makes me ſuſpect ſome fault in this paſſage, which I know not how to mend.

[6] —— *as my furtheſt bond*] As I will venture the greateſt pledge of ſecurity on the trial of thy conduct.

Shall

Shall paſs on thy approof. Moſt noble *Antony*,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is ſet
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter
The Fortreſs of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cheriſht.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your diſtruſt.

Cæſ. I've ſaid.

Ant. You ſhall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the leaſt cauſe
For what you ſeem to fear; ſo the Gods keep you,
And make the hearts of *Romans* ſerve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæſ. Farewel, my deareſt ſiſter, fare thee well;
[7] The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy ſpirits all of comfort! Fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!

Ant. The *April*'s in her eyes: it is love's Spring,
And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on. Be chearful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my huſband's houſe; and—

Cæſ. What, *Octavia?*

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the ſwan's down-feather,
That ſtands upon the ſwell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cæſar* weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worſe for that, were he a horſe;
So is he, being a man.

[7] *The elements be kind*, &c.] This is obſcure. It ſeems to mean, *May the different* elements *of the body, or principles of life, maintain ſuch proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful.*

Agr.

Agr. Why, *Enobarbus?*
When *Antony* found *Julius Cæſar* dead,
He cried almoſt to roaring; and he wept,
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* ſlain.
Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
[a] Believe't, 'till I wept too.
Cæſ. No, ſweet *Octavia*,
You ſhall hear from me ſtill; the time ſhall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, Sir, come,
I'll wreſtle with you in my ſtrength of love.
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.
Cæſ. Adieu, be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the Stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæſ. Farewel, farewel! [*Kiſſes* Octavia.
Ant. Farewel! [*Trumpets ſound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cleo. WHERE is the fellow?
Alex. Half afraid to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to. Come hither, Sir.

[a] *Believe't, till I* weep *too.*] I have ventur'd to alter the tenſe of the verb here, againſt the authority of all the copies. There was no ſenſe in it, I think, as it ſtood before. THEOBALD.

Enter

Enter the Meſſenger as before.

Alex. Good Majeſty!
Herod of *Jewry* dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That *Herod*'s head
I'll have; but how? when *Antony* is gone,
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.
Meſ. Moſt gracious Majeſty,——
Cleo. Didſt thou behold
Octavia?
Meſ. Ay, dread Queen.
Cleo. Where?
Meſ. In *Rome*, Madam.
I look'd her in the face; and ſaw her led
Between her brother and *Mark Antony.*
Cleo. Is ſhe as tall as me?
Meſ. She is not, Madam.
Cleo. Didſt hear her ſpeak? Is ſhe ſhrill-tongu'd, or low?
Meſ. Madam, I heard her ſpeak; ſhe is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not ſo good. He cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? oh *Iſis!* 'tis impoſſible.
Cleo. I think ſo, *Charmion.* Dull of tongue and dwarfiſh.
What Majeſty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dſt on Majeſty.
Meſ. She creeps;
Her motion and her ſtation are as one;
She ſhews a body rather than a life,
A ſtatue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Meſ. Or I have no obſervance.
Char. Three in *Ægypt*
Cannot make better note.

Cleo.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't. There's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Gueſs at her years, I pr'ythee.
Meſ. Madam, ſhe was a widow.
Cleo. Widow? *Charmion*, hark.
Meſ. And I do think ſhe's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? It's long, or round?
Meſ. Round even to faultineſs.
Cleo. For th' moſt part too,
They're fooliſh that are ſo. Her hair, what colour?
Meſ. Brown, Madam; and her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it.
Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpneſs ill,
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Moſt fit for buſineſs. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is ſo. I repent me much,
That ſo I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no ſuch thing.
Char. O, nothing, Madam.
Cleo. The man hath ſeen ſome Majeſty, and ſhould know.
Char. Hath he ſeen Majeſty? *Iſis* elſe defend!
And ſerving you ſo long?
Cleo. I've one thing more to aſk him yet, good *Charmion*;
But 'tis no matter, thou ſhalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Changes to Athens.

Enter Antony *and* Octavia.

Ant. NAY, nay, *Octavia*, not only that,
That were excuſable, that and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import, but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainſt *Pompey*; made his Will and read it
To publick ear; ſpoke ſcantily of me:
When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and ſickly
He vented them; moſt narrow meaſure lent me;
[9] When the beſt hint was giv'n him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. Oh, my good Lord,
Believe not all; or, if you muſt believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this diviſion chance, ne'er ſtood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good Gods will mock me preſently,
When I ſhall pray, "*Oh, bleſs my Lord and huſband!*"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"*Oh, bleſs my brother!*" Huſband win, win brother,
Prays, and deſtroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt theſe extreams at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your beſt love draw to that point, which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerve it; if I loſe mine honour,

[9] *When the beſt hint was giv'n him, he* o'erlook'd,
Or did it from his teeth.] The firſt folio reads, *not look'd.* Dr. *Thirlby* adviſ'd the emendation which I have inſerted in the text. THEOBALD.

I loſe

I loſe myſelf; better I were not yours,
Than yours ſo branchleſs. But, as you requeſted,
Yourſelf ſhall go between's; [1] the mean time, lady,
I'll raiſe the preparation of a war,
Shall ſtain your brother; make your ſooneſt haſte;
So, your deſires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my Lord.
The *Jove* of Power make me, moſt weak, moſt weak,
Your reconciler! [2] wars 'twixt you 'twain would be
As if the world ſhould cleave, and that ſlain men
Should ſolder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your diſpleaſure that way; for our faults
Can never be ſo equal, that your love

[1] ——*the mean time, lady,*
I'll raiſe the preparation of a war,
Shall ſtain *your brother*;——] Thus the printed copies. But ſure, *Antony*, whoſe buſineſs here is to mollify *Octavia*, does it with a very ill grace: and 'tis a very odd way of ſatisfying her, to tell her, the war, he raiſes, ſhall *ſtain*, i. e. caſt an odium upon her brother. I have no doubt, but we muſt read, with the addition only of a ſingle letter.

Shall ſtrain *your brother.*—— i. e. Shall lay him under conſtraints; ſhall put him to ſuch ſhifts, that he ſhall neither be able to make a progreſs againſt or to prejudice me. *Plutarch* ſays; that *Octavius*, underſtanding the ſudden and wonderful preparations of *Antony*, was aſtoniſh'd at it; for he himſelf was in many wants; and the people were ſorely oppreſſed with grievous exactions. THEOB.

I do not ſee but *ſtain* may be allowed to remain unaltered, meaning no more than *ſhame* or *diſgrace*.

[2] ——*wars 'twixt you 'twain would be*, &c.] The thought is wonderfully ſublime. It is taken from *Curtius*'s leaping into the gulf in the Forum, in order to cloſe the gap. As that was cloſed by one *Roman*, ſo it is inſinuated, that if the whole world were to cleave, *Romans* only could *ſolder* up the chaſm. The expreſſion is exact. For as metal is ſoldered by metal more pure and noble, ſo the globe was to be ſoldered up by men, who are only a more refined earth. WARBURTON.

This wonderful alluſion is, I believe, more in the thought of the commentator than of the poet. The ſenſe is, that war between *Cæſar* and *Antony* would engage the world between them, and that the ſlaughter would be great in ſo extenſive a commotion.

Can

Can equally move with them. Provide your Going;
Chuſe your own company, and command what coſt
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus *and* Eros.

Eno. How now, friend *Eros?*

Eros. There's ſtrange news, come, Sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* have made war upon *Pompey.*

Eno. This is old; what is the ſucceſs?

Eros. *Cæſar*, having made uſe of him in the wars 'gainſt *Pompey*, preſently denied him [3] rivality, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not reſting here, accuſes him of letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey*. [4] Upon his own appeal, ſeizes him; ſo the poor third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. [5] Then 'would thou hadſt a pair of chaps, no more, and throw between them all the food thou haſt, they'll grind the other. Where's *Antony?*

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus; and ſpurns The ruſh that lies before him. Cries, "fool *Lepidus!*" And threats the throat of that his Officer, That murder'd *Pompey.*

Eno. Our great Navy's rigg'd.

[3] *rivality,*] Equal rank.

[4] *Upon his own appeal,*] To *appeal*, in *Shakeſpeare*, is to *accuſe*; *Cæſar* ſeized *Lepidus* without any other proof than *Cæſar*'s accuſation.

[5] *Then 'would thou hadſt a pair of chaps, no more, and throw between them all the food thou haſt, they'll grind the other. Where's* Antony?] This is obſcure, I read it thus,

Then, world, *thou haſt a pair of chaps, no more,*
And throw between them all the food thou haſt,
They'll grind the one *the other.*
Where's Antony?

Cæſar and *Antony* will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them.

Eros.

Eros. For *Italy* and *Cæſar*. [6] More, *Domitius*. My Lord deſires you preſently. My news might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught; but let it be. Bring me to *Antony*.

Eros. Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas.

Cæſ. CONtemning *Rome*, he has done all this, and more,
In *Alexandria*; here's the manner of it:
I' th' market-place on a Tribunal ſilver'd,
Cleopatra and himſelf in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet, ſat
Cæſario, whom they call my father's ſon;
And all the unlawful iſſue, that their luſt
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave th' eſtabliſhment of *Ægypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, [7] *Lybia*,
Abſolute Queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæſ. I' th' common ſhew-place, where they exerciſe.
His ſons he there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings;
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*,
He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* he aſſign'd

[6] —*More*, Domitius.] I have ſomething *more* to tell you, which I might have told at firſt, and delayed my news. *Antony* requires your preſence.

[7] For *Lydia* Mr. *Upton*, from *Plutarch*, has reſtored *Lybia*.

Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*. She
In the habiliments of the Goddeſs *Iſis*
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, ſo.

Mec. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who, queaſy with his inſolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæſ. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accuſations.

Agr. Whom does he accuſe?

Cæſ. *Cæſar*; and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' th' Iſle. Then does he ſay, he lent me
Some Shipping unreſtor'd. Laſtly, he frets,
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.

Cæſ. 'Tis done already, and his meſſenger gone.
I told him, *Lepidus* was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deſerve his Change. For what I've conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæſ. Nor muſt not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, *with her Train.*

Octa. Hail, *Cæſar*, and my Lord! hail, moſt dear *Cæſar!*

Cæſ. That ever I ſhould call thee Caſt-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cauſe.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. Why have you ſtol'n upon us thus? you come not
Like *Cæſar*'s ſiſter; the Wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops; but you are come
A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The oſtentation of our love; which, left unſhewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we ſhould have met you
By ſea and land, ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My Lord, *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæſ. [a] Which ſoon he granted,
Being an Obſtruct 'tween his luſt and him.

Octa. Do not ſay ſo, my Lord.

Cæſ. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My Lord, in *Athens*.

Cæſ. No, my moſt wronged ſiſter. *Cleopatra*

[a] *Which ſoon he granted, Being an* Abſtract *'tween his luſt and him.*] *Antony* very ſoon comply'd to let *Octavia* go at her requeſt, ſays *Cæſar*; and why? Becauſe ſhe was an *abſtract* between his inordinate paſſion and him; this is abſurd. We muſt read,

Being an Obſtruct *'tween his luſt and him.*

i. e. his wife being an obſtruction, a bar to the proſecution of his wanton pleaſures with *Cleopatra*. WARBURTON.

Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
[9] The Kings o' th' earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus the King of *Libya*, *Archelaus*
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphus* King
Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adullas*,
King *Malchus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
Of *Comagene*, *Polemon* and *Amintas*,
The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,
With a more larger list of scepters.

Octa. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither;
Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
'Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to Destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*.
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high Gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam.
Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you;
Only th' adulterous *Antony*, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,

[9] Mr. *Upton* remarks, that there are some errours in this enumeration of the auxiliary Kings: but it is probable that the author did not much wish to be accurate.

And gives his [1] potent regiment to a trull,
That noiſes it againſt us.

Oct. Is it ſo, Sir?

Cæſ. It is moſt certain. Siſter, welcome. Pray you,
Be ever known to patience, my dear'ſt ſiſter!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra *and* Enobarbus.

Cleo. I Will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou haſt [2] foreſpoke my being in theſe wars;
And ſay'ſt, it is not fit.

Eno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd againſt us? Why ſhould not we be there in perſon?

Eno. [*Aſide.*] Well, I could reply; if we ſhould ſerve with horſe and mares together, the horſe were merely loſt; the mares would bear a ſoldier and his horſe.

Cleo. What is't you ſay?

Eno. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle *Antony*;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis ſaid in *Rome*,

[1] —*potent regiment*——] *Regiment*, is *government*, *authority*; he puts his *power* and his empire into the hands of a falſe woman.

It may be obſerved, that *tru'l* was not, in our authour's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of ſlight contempt, as *wench* is now.

[2] —*foreſpoke my being*—] To *foreſpeak*, is to *contradict*, to *ſpeak againſt*, as *forbid* is to order negatively.

That *Photinus* an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their tongues rot
That ſpeak againſt us! A charge we bear i' th' war;
And, as the preſident of my Kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it,
I will not ſtay behind.

Enter Antony *and* Canidius.

Eno. Nay, I have done: here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not ſtrange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brunduſium*,
He could ſo quickly cut th' *Ionian* ſea,
And take in *Toryne?* You have heard on't, Sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the beſt of men
To taunt at ſlackneſs. *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by ſea.

Cleo. By ſea, what elſe?

Can. Why will my Lord do ſo?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my Lord dar'd him to ſingle fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at *Pharſalia*,
Where *Cæſar* fought with *Pompey*. But theſe offers,
Which ſerve not for his vantage, he ſhakes off;
And ſo ſhould you.

Eno. Your ſhips are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingroſt by ſwift impreſs. In *Cæſar*'s fleet
Are thoſe that often have 'gainſt *Pompey* fought;
Their ſhips are yare, yours heavy: no diſgrace
Shall fall you for refuſing him at ſea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By ſea, by ſea.

Eno.

Eno. Moſt worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The abſolute ſoldierſhip you have by land;
Diſtract your army, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of war-mark'd footmen: leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promiſes aſſurance, and
Give up yourſelf meerly to chance and hazard,
From firm ſecurity.

Ant. I'll fight at ſea.

Cleo. I have ſixty ſails, *Cæſar* none better.

Ant. Our overplus of ſhipping will we burn,
And, with the reſt full-mann'd, from th' head of *Actium*
Beat the approaching *Cæſar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thy buſineſs?

Meſ. The news is true, my Lord; he is deſcry'd; *Cæſar* has taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'tis impoſſible.
Strange, that his power ſhould be ſo. *Canidius*,
Our nineteen legions thou ſhalt hold by land,
And our twelve thouſand horſe. We'll to our ſhip;
Away, my *Thetis!*

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy ſoldier?

Sold. Oh noble Emperor, do not fight by ſea,
Truſt not to rotten planks: do you miſdoubt
This ſword, and theſe my wounds? let the *Ægyptians*
And the *Phœnicians* go a ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer ſtanding on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. [*Exeunt* Ant. Cleo. *and* Enob. *Sold.*

Sold. [3] By *Hercules*, I think, I am i' th' right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: ſo our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horſe whole, do you not?

Can. *Marcus Octavius*, *Marcus Juſteius*,
Publicola, and *Cælius*, are for ſea:
But we keep whole by land. This ſpeed of *Cæſar's*
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in *Rome*,
His power went out in ſuch [4] diſtractions as
Beguil'd all ſpies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They ſay, one *Taurus*.

Can. Well; I know the man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Emperor calls *Canidius*.

Can. With news the time's in labour, and throws forth
Each minute ſome. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, *with his army marching.*

Cæſ. *Taurus?*

Taur. My Lord.

Cæſ. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke not battle,
'Till we have done at ſea. Do not exceed
The preſcript of this ſcroul; our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *By* Hercules, *I think, I am i' th' right.*
Can. *Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows*
Not in the pow'r on't: ——] That is, his whole conduct becomes ungoverned by the right, or by reaſon.

[4] ——*diſtractions*——] Detachments; ſeparate bodies.

Enter

Enter Antony *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our ſquadrons on yond ſide o' th' hill,
In eye of *Cæſar*'s battle; from which place
We may the number of the ſhips behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Canidius, *marching with his land-army one way over the ſtage*; *and* Taurus, *the lieutenant of* Cæſar, *the other way. After their going in, is heard the noiſe of a ſea-fight. Alarm. Enter* Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught. I can behold no longer;
[5] Th' *Antonias*, the *Ægyptian* admiral,
With all their ſixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and Goddeſſes,
All the whole Synod of them!
Eno. What's thy paſſion?
Scar. [6] The greater cantle of the world is loſt
With very ignorance; we have kiſs'd away
Kingdoms and Provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our ſide like the [7] token'd peſtilence,

[5] *Th'* Antonias, *&c.*] Which *Plutarch* ſays, was the name of *Cleopatra*'s ſhip. POPE.

[6] *The greater* cantle——] A piece or lump. POPE.

Cantle is rather a *corner*. *Cæſar* in this play mentions the *three-neck'd world*. Of this triangular world every Triumvir had a corner.

[7] ——*token'd*—] Spotted.

Where

Where death is ſure. Yon [8] ribauld nag of *Ægypt*,
[9] Whom leproſy o'ertake! i' th' midſt o' th' fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd
Both as the ſame, or rather ours the elder;
[1] The brieze upon her, like a cow in *June*,
Hoiſts ſails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did ſicken at the ſight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being looſt,
The noble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,
Claps on his ſea-wing, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate ſo itſelf.

Eno. Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,
And ſinks moſt lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himſelf, it had gone well:
Oh, he has given example for our flight,
Moſt groſly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? why then, good night, indeed.

Can. Towards *Peloponneſus* are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis eaſy to't.
And there I will attend what further comes.

[8] ——*ribauld*——] A luxurious ſquanderer. POPE.
The word is in the old edition *ribaudred*, which I do not underſtand, but mention it, in hopes others may raiſe ſome happy conjecture.

[9] *Whom leproſy o'ertake!*——] *Leproſy*, an epidemical diſtemper of the *Ægyptians*; to which *Horace* probably alludes in the controverted line,

Contaminato cum grege turpium
Morbo virorum.

[1] *The brieze upon her*,—] The *brieze* is the *gad-fly*, which in ſummer ſtings the cows, and drives them violently about.

Can.

Can. To *Cæſar* will I render
My legions and my horſe; ſix Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
[2] The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reaſon
Sits in the wind againſt me. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

Enter Antony, *with* Eros *and other attendants.*

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't;
It is aſham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am [3] ſo lated in the world, that I
Have loſt my way for ever. I've a ſhip
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with *Cæſar.*

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I've fled myſelf, and have inſtructed cowards
To run, and ſhew their ſhoulders. Friends, be gone.
I have myſelf reſolv'd upon a courſe,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My treaſure's in the harbour. Take it. Oh,
I follow'd that I bluſh to look upon;
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for raſhneſs, and they them
For fear and doating. Friends, be gone; you ſhall
Have letters from me to ſome friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not ſad,
Nor make replies of lothneſs; take the hint,
Which my deſpair proclaims. Let them be left,
Which leave themſelves. To the ſea-ſide. Straight-
way

[2] *The wounded chance of* Antony,—] I know not whether the authour, who loves to draw his images from the ſports of the field, might not have written,

The wounded chaſe *of* Antony,—

The alluſion is to a deer wounded and chaſed, whom all other deer avoid. *I will*, ſays *Enobarbus, follow Antony*, though *chaſed* and *wounded.*

The common reading however may very well ſtand.

[3] ——*ſo lated in the world,*—] Alluding to a benighted traveller.

I will

I will poſſeſs you of that ſhip and treaſure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now———.
Nay, do ſo; for, indeed, [4] I've loſt command.
Therefore, I pray you——I'll ſee you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter Cleopatra, *led by* Charmion *and* Iras, *to* Antony.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him. Comfort him.
Iras. Do, moſt dear Queen.
Char. Do? why, what elſe?
Cleo. Let me ſit down; oh *Juno!*
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, Sir!
Ant. Oh fy, fy, fy.
Char. Madam———
Iras. Madam, oh good Empreſs!
Eros. Sir, Sir!
Ant. Yes, my Lord, yes.—[5] He at *Philippi* kept
His ſword e'en like a dancer, while I ſtrook
The lean and wrinkled *Caſſius*, [6] and 'twas I,
That the mad *Brutus* ended; [7] he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave ſquares of war; yet now—no matter—
Cleo. Ah, ſtand by.
Eros. The Queen, my Lord, the Queen———

[4] —*I've loſt command.*] I am not maſter of my own emotions.

[5] ———*He at* Philippi *kept*
His ſword e'en like a dancer,—] In the *Moriſco*, and perhaps anciently in the *Pyrrhick* dance, the dancers held ſwords in their hands with the points upward.

[6] ————*and 'twas I,*
That the MAD Brutus *ended;*—] Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and public liberty, *madneſs.* WARB.

[7] ————*he alone*
Dealt on lieutenantry,——] I know not whether the meaning is, that *Cæſar* only acted as lieutenant at *Philippi*, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the Generals to *Antony.*

Iras.

Iras. Go to him, Madam, ſpeak to him,
He is unqualitied with very ſhame.
Cleo. Well then, ſuſtain me; oh!
Eros. Moſt noble Sir, ariſe, the Queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and [8] death will ſeize her, but
Your comfort makes the reſcue.
Ant. I have offended reputation;
A moſt unnoble ſwerving———
Eros. Sir, the Queen.
Ant. O whether haſt thou led me, *Ægypt?* ſee,
[9] How I convey my ſhame out of thine eyes;
By looking back on what I've left behind,
'Stroy'd in diſhonour.
Cleo. Oh, my Lord, my Lord;
Forgive my fearful ſails; I little thought,
You would have follow'd.
Ant. *Ægypt*, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy rudder [1]ty'd by th' ſtring,
And thou ſhould'ſt towe me after. O'er my ſpirit
Thy full ſupremacy thou knew'ſt; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.
Cleo. Oh, my pardon.
Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhifts of lowneſs; who,
With half the bulk o' th' world, play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My ſword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cauſe.
Cleo. O, pardon, pardon.

[8] —*death will ſeize her, but Your comfort*, &c.] *But* has here, as once before in this play, the force of *except*, or *unleſs*.

[9] *How I convey my ſhame*—] How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your ſight.

[1] ——*ty'd by th' ſtring*,] That is, by the *heart ſtring*.

Ant.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt: give me a kiſs,
Even this repays me.———
We ſent our ſchoolmaſter; is he come back?
Love, I am full of lead; ſome wine,
Within there, and our viands. Fortune knows,
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus, *with others.*

Cæſ. LET him appear, that's come from *Antony.*
Know you him?
Dol. Cæſar, 'tis his ſchoolmaſter;
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He ſends ſo poor a pinnion of his wing,
Which had ſuperfluous Kings for meſſengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambaſſador from Antony.

Cæſ. Approach and ſpeak.
Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Antony:*
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To the grand ſea.
Cæſ. Be't ſo. Declare thine office.
Amb. Lord of his fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Egypt*; which not granted,
He leſſens his requeſts, and to thee ſues
To let him breathe between the heav'ns and earth
A private man in *Athens*. This for him.

Next,

Next, *Cleopatra* does confeſs thy greatneſs;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
[a] The circle of the *Ptolemies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæſ. For *Antony*,
I have no ears to his requeſt. The Queen
Of audience, nor deſire, ſhall fail; ſo ſhe
From *Ægypt* drive her all-diſgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if ſhe perform,
She ſhall not ſue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune purſue thee!

Cæſ. Bring him through the bands:
[*Exit Ambaſſador.*
To try thy eloquence now 'tis time; diſpatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*; promiſe, [*To* Thyreus.
And in our name, when ſhe requires, add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their beſt fortunes ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd veſtal. Try thy cunning, *Thyreus*;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will anſwer as a law.

Thyr. Cæſar, I go.——

Cæſ. Obſerve, [b] how *Antony* becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'ſt his very action ſpeaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *The circle of the* Ptolemies—] The diadem; the enſign of royalty.

[b] ——*how* Antony *becomes his flaw*;] That is, how *Antony* conforms himſelf to this breach of his fortune.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Changes to Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmion, *and* Iras.

Cleo. WHAT ſhall we do, *Enobarbus*?
Eno. [4] Think, and die.
Cleo. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?
Eno. *Antony* only, that would make his will
Lord of his reaſon. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whoſe ſeveral ranges
Frighted each other? why ſhould he follow?
The itch of his affection ſhould not then
Have nickt his captainſhip; at ſuch a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, [5] he being
The meered queſtion. 'Twas a ſhame no leſs
Than was his loſs, to courſe your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

[4] *Think, and die.*] Read,
Drink, *and die.*
This reply of *Enobarbus* ſeems grounded upon a particularity in the conduct of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, which is related by *Plutarch*: that, after their defeat at *Actium*, they inſtituted a ſociety of friends who entered into engagement to die with them, not abating in the mean time any part of their luxury, exceſs and riot, in which they had lived before. HANMER.

This reading offered by Sir *T. Hanmer*, is received by Dr. *Warburton* and Mr. *Upton*, but I have not advanced it into the page, not being convinced that it is neceſſary. *Think, and die*; that is, *Reflect on your folly, and leave the world*, is a natural anſwer.

[5] ——*be being*
The meered queſtion.——] The *meered* queſtion is a term which I do not underſtand. I know not what to offer, except,
The mooted *queſtion.*——
That is, the *diſputed* point, the ſubject of debate. *Mere* is indeed a *boundary*, and the *meered queſtion*, if it can mean any thing, may, with ſome violence of language, mean, the *diſputed boundary*.

Enter

Enter Antony, *with the Ambaſſador.*

Ant. Is that his anſwer?
Amb. Ay, my Lord.
Ant. The Queen ſhall then have courteſy,
ſhe will yield us up.
Amb. He ſays ſo.
Ant. Let her know't.
› the boy *Cæſar* ſend this grizled head,
ıd he will fill thy wiſhes to the brim
ith Principalities.
Cleo. That head, my Lord?
Ant. To him again. Tell him, he wears the roſe
youth upon him, from which the world ſhould
note
mething particular; his coin, ſhips, legions,
ay be a coward's, whoſe miniſters would prevail
ıder the ſervice of a child, as ſoon
ı i' th' command of *Cæſar*. I dare him therefore
› lay [6] his gay compariſons apart,
ıd anſwer me declin'd, ſword againſt ſword,
ırſelves alone. I'll write it, follow me.
[*Exit* Antony.
Eno. Yes, like enough; high-battled *Cæſar* will
ıſtate his happineſs, and be ſtaged to th' ſhew
gainſt a ſworder.——I ſee, mens judgments are
parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
› draw the inward quality after them,
› ſuffer all alike. That he ſhould dream,
ıowing all meaſures, the full *Cæſar* will
ıſwer his emptineſs!——*Cæſar*, thou haſt ſubdu'd
ıs judgment too.

[6] *—his gay compariſons apart,*
And anſwer me declin'd,—] I
ıire of *Cæſar* not to depend
that ſuperiority which the
compariſon of our different for-
tunes may exhibit to him, but
to anſwer me man to man, in this
decline of my age or power.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A meſſenger from *Cæſar.*

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my women!———

Againſt the blown roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honeſty and I begin to ſquare;
[7] The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith meer folly: yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n Lord,
Does conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i' th' ſtory.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. *Cæſar*'s will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends. Say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to *Antony.*

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as *Cæſar* has,
Or needs not us. If *Cæſar* pleaſe, our maſter
Will leap to be his friend; for us you know,
Whoſe he is, we are, and that's *Cæſar*'s.

[7] *The loyalty, well held to fools,* &c.] After *Enobarbus* has ſaid, that his honeſty and he begin to quarrel, he immediately falls into this generous reflection; "Tho' loyalty, ſtubbornly preſerv'd to a maſter in his "declin'd fortunes, ſeems folly "in the eyes of fools; yet he, "who can be ſo obſtinately loyal, will make as great a figure "on record, as the conqueror." I therefore read,

Though *loyalty, well held, to fools does make*
Our faith meer folly——

THEOBALD.

I have preſerved the old reading: *Enobarbus* is deliberating upon deſertion, and finding it is more prudent to forſake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no poſitive concluſion. Sir *T. Hanmer* follows *Theobald*; Dr. *Warburton* retains the old reading.

Thyr.

Thyr. So.
Thus then, thou moſt renown'd, [8] *Cæſar* intreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is *Cæſar*.
Cleo. Go on.———Right royal.
Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. Oh! [*Aſide.*
Thyr. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerv'd.
Cleo. He is a God, and knows
What is moſt right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd meerly.
Eno. To be ſure of that,
I will aſk *Antony*—Sir, Sir, thou art ſo leaky,
That we muſt leave thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deareſt quit thee. [*Exit* Enobarbus.
Thyr. Shall I ſay to *Cæſar*
What you require of him? For he partly begs,
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his fortunes you would make a ſtaff
To lean upon.
But it would warm his ſpirits, to hear from me
You had left *Antony*, and put yourſelf
Under his ſhroud, the univerſal landlord.
Cleo. What's your name!
Thyr. My name is *Thyreus*.
Cleo. [9] Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great *Cæſar* this; in deputation
I kiſs

[8] ——Cæſar *intreats,*
Not to conſider in what caſe
thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is Cæſar.] i. e. *Cæſar intreats, that at the ſame time you conſider your deſperate fortunes, you would conſider he is* Cæſar: That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to reſtore them. WARB.

[9] *Moſt kind meſſenger;*
Say to great Cæſar *this* in DISPUTATION.
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand:—]

I kiſs his conq'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
[1] Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of *Ægypt*.

Thyr. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe:
Wiſdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. [2] Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Cæſar*'s father oft,
When he hath muſ'd of taking Kingdoms in,
Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

SCENE X.

Enter Antony, *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by *Jove*, that thunders.——
[*Seeing* Thyreus *kiſs her hand.*
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach there—ah, you kite!—Now, Gods and Devils!
Authority melts from me. Of late when I cry'd, hoa!

The poet certainly wrote,
Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great Cæſar *this*; *in* DEPUTATION
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand:—
i. e. by *Proxy*; I *depute* you to pay him that duty in my name.
WARBURTON.

[1] *Tell him that from his all-obeying breath*, &c.] *Doom* is declared rather by an *all-commanding*, than an *all-obeying breath*. I ſuppoſe we ought to read,
——*all* obeyed breath.

[2] —*Give me grace*—] Grant me the favour.

Like

[3] Like boys into a muſs, Kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, *your will?* Have you no ears?
I'm *Antony* yet. Take hence this *Jack*, and whip him.

Enter Servants.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and ſtars!———
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greateſt Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæſar*, ſhould I find them
So ſawcy with the hand of She here, (what's her name,
Since ſhe was *Cleopatra?*)—Whip him, fellows
Till, like a boy, you ſee him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
Thyr. Mark Antony———
Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this *Jack* of *Cæſar*'s ſhall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt with* Thyreus.
You were half blaſted, ere I knew you; ha!
Have I my pillow left unpreſt in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
[4] By one that looks on feeders?
Cleo. Good my Lord,———
Ant. You have been a boggler ever.
But when we in our viciouſneſs grow hard,
Oh miſery on't! the wiſe Gods ſeel our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.

[3] *Like boys unto a* muſs,—] *i. e.* a ſcramble. POPE.

[4] *By one that looks on feeders?*] One that waits at the table while others are eating.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?
Ant. I found you as a morſel, cold upon
Dead *Cæſar*'s trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey*'s; beſides what hotter hours,
Unregiſter'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriouſly pickt out. For, I am ſure,
Though you can gueſs what temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly ſeal,
And plighter of high hearts;——O that I were
Upon the hill of *Baſan*, to out-roar
[5] The horned herd, for I have ſavage cauſe!
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter a Servant, with Thyreus.

Serv. Soundly, my Lord.
Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a' pardon?
Serv. He did aſk favour.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou waſt not made his daughter; and be thou ſorry
To follow *Cæſar* in his triumph, ſince
Thou haſt been whipp'd for following him. Henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.——Get thee back to *Cæſar*,
Tell him thy entertainment; look, thou ſay,
He makes me angry with him: For he ſeems

[5] *The horned herd,*—] Is it not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great Poet meets ſo often with this low jeſt, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury.

Proud

Proud and diſdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And, at this time, moſt eaſy 'tis to do't,
When my good ſtars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and ſhot their fires
Into the abyſm of hell. If he miſlike
My ſpeech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like, [6] to quit me. Urge it thou.
Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. [*Exit* Thyreus.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,
And it portends alone the fall of *Antony*.

Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time.——

Ant. To flatter *Cæſar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me!

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be ſo,
From my cold heart let heav'n engender hail,
And poiſon't in the ſource, and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, ſo
Diſſolve my life! the next *Cæſario* ſmite!
'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave *Ægyptians* all,
[7] By the diſcandying of this pelletted ſtorm,
Lie graveleſs; 'till the flies and gnats of *Nile*
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I'm ſatisfied:
Cæſar ſits down in *Alexandria*, where

[6] ——*to quit me.*—] To repay me this inſult; to *requite* me.

[7] *By the* diſcattering *of this pellatted ſtorm,*] This reading we owe firſt, I preſume, to Mr. *Rowe*: and Mr. *Pope* has very faithfully fall'n into it. The old *folios* read, *diſcandering*: from which corruption both Dr. *Thirlby* and I ſaw, we muſt retrieve the word with which I have reform'd the text. THEOBALD.

I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our ſever'd navy too
Have knit again, [8] and float, threatning moſt ſea-like.
Where haſt thou been, my heart? Doſt thou hear, lady?
If from the field I ſhould return once more
To kiſs theſe lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my ſword will earn my chronicle;
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-ſinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly: for when my hours
[9] Were nice and lucky, men did ranſom lives
Of me for jeſts; but now I'll ſet my teeth,
And ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my ſad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day; Lord
I had thought t' have held it poor: But ſince my
Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra.*

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my Lord.

Ant. Do ſo, we'll ſpeak to them, and to night I'll force
The wine peep through their ſcars. Come on, my Queen;
There's ſap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent ſcythe. [*Exeunt.*

Eno. Now he'll out-ſtare the lightning. To be furious,

[8] ——*and float,*——] This is a modern emendation, perhaps right. The old reading is,

——*and* fleet,——

[9] *Were nice and lucky,*——] *Nice,* for delicate, courtly, flowing in peace. WARBURTON.

Nice rather ſeems to be, *juſt fit for my purpoſe, agreeable to my wiſh.* So we vulgarly ſay of any thing that is done better than was expected, it is *nice.*

Is

Is to be frighted out of fear; and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the eſtridge; and, I ſee ſtill,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Reſtores his heart. When valour preys on reaſon,
It eats the ſword it fights with. I will ſeek
Some way to leave him.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæſar's *Camp*.

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas, *with their army*. Cæſar *reading a Letter*.

CÆSAR.

HE calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of *Ægypt*. My meſſenger
He hath whipt with rods, dares me to perſonal combat,
Cæſar to *Antony*. Let the old ruffian know,
[1] He hath many other ways to die: mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.
Mec. Cæſar muſt think,
When one ſo great begins to rage, he's hunted

[1] I have *many other ways to die:*——] What a reply is this to *Antony*'s challenge? 'tis acknowledging that he ſhould die under the unequal combat; but if we read,

He hath *many other ways to die: mean time,*
I *laugh at his challenge.*

In this reading we have poinancy, and the very repartee of *Cæſar*. Let's hear *Plutarch*. *After this*, Antony *ſent a challenge to* Cæſar, *to fight him hand to hand, and received for anſwer, that* he might find ſeveral other ways to end his life. UPTON.

I think this emendation deſerves to be received. It had, before Mr. *Upton*'s book appeared, been made by Sir. *T. Hanmer*.

Even

Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his diſtraction: never anger
Made good guard for itſelf.
Cæſ. Let our beſt heads
Know, that to-morrow the laſt of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are
Of thoſe that ſerv'd *Mark Antony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See, it be done;
And feaſt the army; we have ſtore to do't,
And they have earn'd the waſte. Poor *Antony!*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmion, Iras, Alexas, *with others.*

Ant. HE will not fight with me, *Domitius.*
Eno. No.
Ant. Why ſhould he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He's twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, ſoldier,
By ſea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll ſtrike, and cry, "[3] *take all.*"
Ant. Well ſaid. Come on.
Call forth my houſhold ſervants, let's to-night

[2] *Make boot of*——] Take advantage of.

[3] ——*take all.*] Let the ſurvivor take all. No compoſition, victory or death.

Enter

Enter Servants.

ounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,
ı haſt been rightly honeſt; ſo haſt Thou;
Thou; and Thou; and Thou. You've ſerv'd
me well,
Kings have been your fellows.
ro. What means this?
ro. [*Aſide.*] 'Tis [4] one of thoſe odd tricks, which
ſorrow ſhoots
of the mind.
t. And thou art honeſt too.
ı, I could be made ſo many men;
all of you clapt up together in
Antony; that I might do you ſervice,
ood as you have done.
mes. The Gods forbid!
t. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;
not my cups, and make as much of me,
hen mine Empire was your fellow too,
ſuffer'd my command.
o. What does he mean?
o. To make his followers weep.
t. Tend me to-night;
be, it is the period of your duty;
y, you ſhall not ſee me more; [5] or if,
ngled ſhadow. It may chance, to-morrow
I ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
e that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
you not away; but like a maſter
ed to your good ſervice, ſtay till death:

one of thoſe odd tricks,—] not what obſcurity the find in this paſſage. *Trick* uſed in the ſenſe in which tered every day by every elegant and vulgar: yet *anner* changes it to *freaks*, and Dr. *Warburton*, in his rage of Gallicism, to *traits*.

[5] ——*or if,*
A mangled ſhadow.—] *Or if* you ſee me more, you will ſee me *a mangled ſhadow*, only the external form of what I was.

Tend

Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
And the Gods ſhield you for 't?
Eno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this diſcomfort? Look, they weep.
And I, an aſs, am [6] onion-ey'd. For ſhame,
Transform us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow, where thoſe drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe;
I ſpake t' you for your comfort, did deſire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than [7] death and honour. Let's to ſupper, come,
And drown conſideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Court of Guard before the Palace.

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* BRother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way. Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets?
1 *Sold.* Nothing. What news?
2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour. Good-night to you.
1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good night.
[*They meet with other Soldiers.*
2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
1 *Sold.* And you. Good-night, good-night.
[*They place themſelves on every corner of the ſtage.*

[6] ——*onion-ey'd.*——] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions. UPTON.

[7] —*death and honour.*——] That is, an honourable death. UPTON.

2 *Sold.*

2 *Sold.* Here, we; and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope
Our landmen will ſtand up.
1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpoſe.
[*Muſick of the hautboys is under the ſtage.*
2 *Sold.* Peace, what noiſe?
1 *Sold.* Liſt, liſt!
2 *Sold.* Hark!
1 *Sold.* Muſick i' th' air.——
3 *Sold.* Under the earth.——
It ſignes well, does it not?
2 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace, I ſay. What ſhould this mean?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the God *Hercules*, who loved *Antony*,
Now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk, let's ſee if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
2 *Sold.* How now, maſters? [*Speak together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?
1 *Sold.* Is't not ſtrange?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, maſters? do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noiſe ſo far as we have quarter,
Let's ſee how 'twill give off.
Omnes. Content. 'Tis ſtrange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, *with* Charmion *and others.*

Ant. EROS, mine armour, *Eros.*
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck. *Eros*, come. Mine armour, *Eros.*

Enter

Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put [8] thine iron on:
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Becauſe we brave her. Come.
Cleo. [9] Nay, I'll help too.
Ant. What's this for? ah, let be, let be; thou art
The armourer of my heart;—falſe, falſe; this, this;—
Cleo. Sooth-la, I'll help. Thus it muſt be.
[Cleopatra *puts the armour on* Antony.
Ant. Well, well, we ſhall thrive now;
Seeſt thou, my good fellow? Go, put on thy defences.
Eno. [1] Briefly, Sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do pleaſe
To doff't for our repoſe, ſhall hear a ſtorm.
Thou fumbleſt, *Eros*; and my Queen's a ſquire
More tight at this than thou. Deſpatch. O love!
That thou couldſt ſee my wars to-day, and knew'ſt
The royal occupation; thou ſhouldſt ſee
A workman in't.
Enter an armed Soldier.
Good-morrow to thee, welcome;
Thou look'ſt like him, that knows a warlike charge:
To buſineſs that we love we riſe betime,
And go to't with delight.
Sold. A thouſand, Sir,
Early though 't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flouriſh.*

[8] ——*thine iron*——] I think it ſhould be rather,
——mine *iron*——

[9] *Nay, I'll help too.*] Theſe three little ſpeeches, which in the other editions are only one, and given to *Cleopatra*, were happily diſentangled by Sir *T. Hanmer.*

[1] *Briefly, Sir.*] That is, *quickly*, Sir.

Enter

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair. Good-morrow, General!
All. Good-morrow, General!
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
'his morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
'hat means to be of note, begins betimes.
o, ſo.—Come, give me that—This way—Well ſaid.
are thee well, dame, what e'er becomes of me.
'his is a ſoldier's kiſs: rebukeable, [*Kiſſes her.*
nd worthy ſhameful check it were, to ſtand
n more mechanick compliment: I'll leave thee
ow, like a man of ſteel. You, that will fight,
ollow me cloſe, I'll bring you to 't. Adieu. [*Exeunt.*
Char. Pleaſe you retire to your chamber?
Cleo. Lead me.
e goes forth gallantly. That he and *Ceſar* might
etermine this great war in ſingle fight!
hen, *Antony*,—But now.—Well!—On. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to a Camp.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Antony, *and* Eros*; a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. THE Gods make this a happy day to *Antony!*
Ant. 'Would, thou and thoſe thy ſcars had once prevail'd

* Eros. *The Gods make this a happy day to* Antony!] 'Tis vident, as Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe onjectur'd, by what *Antony* imediately replies, that this line ſhould not be placed to *Eros*, but to the Soldier, who, before the battle of *Actium*, adviſ'd *Antony* to try his fate at land. THEOB.

To make me fight at land!

Eros. Hadſt thou done ſo,
The Kings, that have revolted, and the Soldier,
That has this morning left thee, would have ſtill
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who 's gone this morning?

Eros. Who?
One ever near thee. Call for *Enobarbus*,
He ſhall not hear thee; or from *Cæſar*'s camp
Say, "I *am none of* thine."

Ant. What ſay'ſt thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with *Cæſar*.

Eros. Sir, his cheſts and treaſure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Moſt certain.

Ant. Go, *Eros*, ſend his treaſure after; do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him,
I will ſubſcribe, gentle adieus, and greetings.
Say, that I wiſh he never find more cauſe
To change a maſter. Oh, my fortunes have
Corrupted honeſt men! [3] Diſpatch, my *Eros*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, *with* Enobarbus, *and* Dolabella.

Cæſ. GO forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
[4] Our will is, *Antony* be took alive;
Make it ſo known.

Agr.

[3] —*Diſpatch, my* Eros.] The old edition reads,
——*Diſpatch* Enobarbus.
Perhaps, it ſhould be,
—*Diſpatch! To* Enobarbus!

[4] *Our will is,* Antony *be took alive;*] It is obſervable with what judgment *Shakeſpeare* draws the

Cæſar, I ſhall.
The time of univerſal Peace is near.
his a proſp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
ear the olive freely.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mark-Antony is come into the field.
Go, charge *Agrippa*,
oſe that have revolted in the Van,
tony may ſeem to ſpend his fury
mſelf. [*Exeunt.*
Alexas did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
of *Antony*; there did [6] perſuade
erod to incline himſelf to *Cæſar*,
ve his maſter *Antony*; for this pains,
ith hang'd him: *Canidius*, and the reſt,
l away, have entertainment, but
urable truſt. I have done ill,
I do accuſe myſelf ſo ſorely,
ill joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæſar's.

Enobarbus, *Antony*
er thee ſent all thy treaſure, with
ty over-plus. The meſſenger

er of *Octavius*. *An-*
s Hero; ſo the other
ſhine: yet being an
aracter, there was a
draw him *like*. But
hiſtorians his flatter-
livered him down ſo
: ſeems ready cut and
Hero. Amidſt theſe
Shakeſpeare has extri-
lf with great addreſs.
nitted all thoſe great
ſtrokes of his character as he
found them, and yet has made
him a very unamiable character,
deceitful, mean-ſpirited, narrow-
minded, proud and revengeful.
WARBURTON.

[5] *Shall bear the olive* freely.] *i. e.* ſhall ſpring up every where ſpontaneouſly and without culture. WARBURTON.

[6] ——*perſuade*] The old copy has *diſſuade*, perhaps rightly.

Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, *Enobarbus.*
I tell you true. Beſt, you ſafed the bringer
Out of the hoſt, I muſt attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myſelf. Your Emperor
Continues ſtill a *Jove.* [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel, I am ſo moſt. O *Antony,*
Thou Mine of bounty, how wouldſt thou have paid
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo crown with gold! [7] This blows my heart;
If ſwift thought break it not, a ſwifter mean
Shall out-ſtrike thought; but thought will do 't, I feel.
I fight againſt thee!——No, I will go ſeek
Some ditch, where I may die; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarm. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. RETire, we have engag'd ourſelves too far:
Cæſar himſelf has work, [8] and our oppreſſion

[7] —*This blows my heart;*] All the latter editions have,
——— *This* bows *my heart;*
I have given the original word again the place from which I think it unjuſtly excluded. *This generoſity,* ſays *Enobarbus,* ſwells *my heart,* ſo that it will quickly break, *if thought break it not, a ſwifter mean.*

[8] ——*and our* oppreſſion] *Oppreſſion,* for oppoſition. WARB. Sir *T. Hanmer* has received *apoſition.* Perhaps rightly.

Exceeds

Exceeds what we expected. [*Exit.*

Alarm. *Enter* Antony, *and* Scarus *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave Emperor! this is fought indeed;
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for ſix ſcotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They're beaten, Sir, and our advantage ſerves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us ſcore their backs,
And ſnatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis ſport to maul her runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm. *Enter* Antony *again in a March,* Scarus *with others.*

Ant. We've beat him to his camp; [9] run one before,
And let the Queen know of our Gueſts. To-morrow,
Before

9 ——— *run one before,*
And let the Queen know of our
Gueſts;——] What *Gueſts* was the Queen to know of? *Antony* was to fight again on the morrow; and he had not yet ſaid a word of marching to *Alexandria*, and treating his officers in the Palace. We muſt read,
And let the Queen know of our
Geſts.
i. e. *res geſtæ*; our feats, our glorious

Before the ſun ſhall ſee 's, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to-day eſcap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd the cauſe, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have ſhewn all *Hectors.*
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilſt they with joyful tears
Waſh the congealment from your wounds, and kiſs
The honour'd gaſhes whole. Give me thy hand,
[*To* Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

[1] To this great Fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bleſs thee. O thou day o' th' world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harneſs, to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of Lords!
Oh, infinite virtue! com'ſt thou ſmiling from
The world's great ſnare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale!
We've beat them to their beds. What! Girl, though gray
Do ſomething mingle with our younger brown,
Yet ha' we a brain that nouriſhes our nerves,
And [2] can get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,

glorious actions. A term then in common uſe. WARBURTON.

This paſſage needs neither correction nor explanation. *Antony* after his ſucceſs intends to bring his officers to ſup with *Cleopatra*, and orders notice to be given her of their *gueſts.*

[1] *To this great fairy*—] Mr. *Upton* has well obſerved, that *fairy*, which Dr. *Warburton* and Sir *T. Hanmer* explain by *Inchantreſs*, compriſes the idea of power and beauty.

[2] —*get goal for goal of youth.*—] At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a *goal*; to win *a goal*, is to be ſuperiour in a conteſt of activity.

Commend

mend unto his lips thy favouring hand.
it, my warrior. He hath fought to-day,
a God in hate of mankind had
royed in ſuch a ſhape.
o. I'll give thee, friend,
rmour all of gold; it was a King's.
t. He has deſerv'd it, were it carbuncled
holy *Phœbus'* Car.——Give me thy hand;
ugh *Alexandria* make a jolly march;
r our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.
our great palace the capacity
amp this hoſt, we would all ſup together;
drink carowſes to the next day's fate,
h promiſes royal peril. Trumpeters,
brazen din blaſt you the city's ear,
: mingle with our ratling tabourines,
heav'n and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together.
auding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Cæſar's *Camp.*

a Sentry, and his Company. Enobarbus *follows.*

IF we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We muſt return to th' Court of Guard; the night
ny, and, they ſay, ſhe ſhall embattle
ſecond hour i' th' morn.
Watch. This laſt day was a ſhrewd one to 's,
o. O bear me witneſs, night!
Watch. What man is this?

r our hackt targets, like e men that owe them } *i. e.* as much as the men are, m they belong, WARB.

Why not rather, *Bear our back'd targets* with ſpirit and exaltation, ſuch as become the brave warriors *that own them.*

1 *Watch.* Stand cloſe, and liſt him.

Eno. Be witneſs to me, O thou bleſſed Moon,
When men revolted ſhall upon record
Bear hateful memory; poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

Sent. Enobarbus?

3 *Watch.* Peace; hark further.

Eno. O ſovereign Miſtreſs of true melancholy,
The poiſonous damp of night diſpunge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. [4] Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finiſh all foul thoughts. O *Antony*,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in regiſter
A maſter-leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh *Antony!* oh *Antony!* [*Dies.*

1 *Watch.* Let's ſpeak to him.

Sent. Let's hear him, for the things he ſpeaks
May concern *Cæſar.*

2 *Watch.* Let's do ſo, but he ſleeps.

Sent. Swoons rather, for ſo bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for ſleep.

1 *Watch.* Go we to him.

2 *Watch.* Awake, Sir, awake, ſpeak to us.

1 *Watch.* Hear you, Sir?

Sent. The hand of death has raught him.
[*Drums afar off.*
[5] Hark, how the drums demurely wake the ſleepers:
Let's bear him to the Court of Guard; he is of note.

[4] ——*Throw my heart*] The pathetick of *Shakeſpeare* too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble ſcene deſtroyed by the intruſion of a conceit ſo far-fetched and unaffecting.

[5] *Hark, how the drums demurely*——] *Demurely*, for ſolemnly. WARBURTON.

Our

Our hour is fully out.

2 *Watch.* Come on then, he may recover yet.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony, *and* Scarus, *with their Army.*

Ant. THEIR preparation is to-day by ſea,
We pleaſe them not by land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' th' fire, or in the air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the City
Shall ſtay with us. Order for ſea is giv'n;
[6] They have put forth the haven.
[7] Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, *and his Army.*

Cæſ. [8] But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,
Which, as I take 't, we ſhall; for his beſt force
Is forth to man his Gallies. To the vales,

[6] *They have put forth the haven.* Further on,] Theſe words, *further on*, though not neceſſary, have been inſerted in the later editions, and are not in the firſt.

[7] *Where their* appointment *we may beſt diſcover,*
And look on their endeavour.] *i. e.* where we may beſt diſcover their *numbers*, and ſee their *motions.* WARBURTON.

[8] *But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,*
Which, as I tak't, we ſhall;] *i. e.* unleſs we be charged we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I ſuppoſe we ſhall keep. *But being charged* was a phraſe of that time, equivalent to *unleſs we be*, which the *Oxford Editor* not underſtanding, he has alter'd the lines thus,

Not *being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,*
Which as I take't we ſhall not.
WARBURTON.

And hold our beſt advantage. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarm afar off, as at a ſea-fight.*

Enter Antony *and* Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd.
Where yond pine ſtands, I ſhall diſcover all,
I'll bring thee word ſtraight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra*'s ſails their neſts. The Augurs
Say, they know not—they cannot tell—look grimly,
And dare not ſpeak their knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected; and by ſtarts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear,
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony.

Ant. ALL's loſt! this foul *Ægyptian* hath betray'd me!
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They caſt their caps up, and carouſe together
Like friends long loſt. [9] Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this Novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;

9 —*Triple-turn'd whore!* —] She was firſt for *Antony*, then was ſuppoſed by him to have *turned* to *Cæſar*, when he found his meſſenger kiſſing her hand, then ſhe *turned* again to *Antony*, and now has *turned* to *Cæſar*. Shall I mention what has dropped into my imagination, that our author might perhaps have written *triple-tongued*? *Double-tongued* is a common term of reproach, which rage might improve to *triple-tongued*. But the preſent reading may ſtand.

For when I am reveng'd upon my Charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly. Be gone,
O, Sun, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:
Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
Do we ſhake hands—all come to this!—the hearts,
That ſpaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wiſhes, do diſcandy, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming *Cæſar*: and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.
O, this falſe ſoul of *Ægypt*! [2] this grave Charm,
Whoſe eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,
Whoſe boſom was my Crownet, my chief end,
Like a right Gipſy, hath at faſt and looſe
Beguil'd me [3] to the very heart of loſs.
What, *Eros*, *Eros*!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah! thou ſpell! avant.——
Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd againſt his Love!
Ant. Vaniſh, or I ſhall give thee thy deſerving,
And blemiſh *Cæſar*'s Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee up to the ſhouting *Plebeians*;

[1] *That ſpaniel'd me at heels,*—] All the editions read,
That pannell'd *me at heels*,—
Sir *T. Hanmer* ſubſtituted *ſpaniel'd* by an emendation, with which it was reaſonable to expect that even rival commentators would be ſatisfied; yet Dr. *Warburton* propoſes *pantler'd*, in a note, of which he is not injured by the ſuppreſſion, and Mr. *Upton* having in his firſt edition propoſed plauſibly enough,
That paged *me at heels*,——
in the ſecond edition retracts his alteration, and maintains *pannell'd* to be the right reading, being a metaphor taken, he ſays, from a *pannel* of wainſcot.

[2] *—this grave charm,*] I know not by what authority, nor for what reaſon, *this* grave *Charm*, which the firſt, the only original copy, exhibits, has been through all the modern editions changed to *this* gay *Charm*. By *this* grave *Charm*, is meant, *this ſublime, this majeſtick beauty*.

[3] *—to the very heart of loſs.*] To the utmoſt loſs poſſible.

Follow

Follow his chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy ſex. [4] Moſt monſter-like, be ſhewn
For poor'ſt diminutives, for dolts; and let
Patient *Octavia* plough thy viſage up
[5] With her prepared nails. 'Tis well, thou'rt gone;
[*Exit* Cleopatra.
If it be well to live. But better 'twere,
Thou fell'ſt into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many. *Eros*, hoa!
The ſhirt of *Neſſus* is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine anceſtor, thy rage.
[6] Let me lodge *Lichas* on the horns o' th' Moon,
And with thoſe hands that graſpt the heavieſt club,
Subdue my worthieſt ſelf. The Witch ſhall die;
To the young *Roman* boy ſhe had ſold me, and I fall
Under his plot: ſhe dies for 't. *Eros*, hoa! [*Exit.*

Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! oh, he is more mad
Than *Telamon* for his ſhield; the boar of *Theſſaly*
Was never ſo imboſt.

Char. To th' monument,

[4] —*Moſt monſter-like, be ſhewn*
For poor'ſt diminutives, for DOLTS;—] As the alluſion here is to monſters carried about in ſhews, it is plain, that the words, *for pooreſt diminutives*, muſt mean for the leaſt piece of money; we muſt therefore read the next word,

for DOITS, *i. e.* farthings. which ſhews what he means by *pooreſt diminutives*. WARB.

[5] *With her prepared nails.*—] *i. e.* with nails which ſhe ſuffered to grow for this purpoſe. WARB.

[6] *Let me lodge* Lichas———] Sir *T. Hanmer* reads thus,

——*thy rage*
Led thee *lodge* Lichas—and—
Subdue thy *worthieſt ſelf.*—

This reading, harſh as it is, Dr. *Warburton* has received, after having rejected many better. The meaning is, Let me do ſomething in my rage, becoming the ſucceſſor of *Hercules*.

Led thee lodge Lichas *on the horns o' th' moon,*] This image our poet ſeems to have taken from *Seneca*'s *Hercules*, who ſays *Lichas* being launched into the air, ſprinkled the clouds with his blood. *Sophocles*, on the ſame occaſion, talks at a much ſoberer rate. WARBURTON.

There lock yourſelf, and ſend him word you're dead
The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
Than Greatneſs going off.

Cleo. To th' Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain myſelf;
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was *Antony*;
And word it, pr'ythee, piteouſly. Hence, *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death. To th' Monument. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Re-enter Antony, *and* Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'ſt me.

Eros. Ay, noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime, we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh;
A vapour, ſometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou'ſt ſeen theſe ſigns,
They are black Veſper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horſe, ev'n with a thought
The Rack diſlimns, and makes it indiſtinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my Lord.

Ant. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy Captain is
Ev'n ſuch a body; here I'm *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
I made theſe wars for *Ægypt*; and the Queen,
Whoſe heart, I thought, I had, for ſhe had mine;
(Which, whilſt it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now loſt!) ſhe, *Eros*, has

Pack'd

[7] Pack'd cards with *Cæſar*, and falſe play'd my Glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.——
Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Ourſelves to end ourſelves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh, thy vile Lady!
Sh' has robb'd me of my ſword.
Mar. No, *Antony*,
My Miſtreſs lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.
Ant. Hence, ſaucy Eunuch, peace. She hath betray'd me.
And ſhe ſhall die the death.
Mar. Death of one perſon can be paid but once,
And that ſhe has diſcharg'd. What thou wouldſt do,
Is done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was, *Antony!* moſt noble *Antony!*
Then in the midſt a tearing Groan did break
The name of *Antony*; it was divided
Between her heart and lips; ſhe rendred life,
Thy name ſo buried in her,
Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long day's taſk is done,
And we muſt ſleep.—That thou depart'ſt hence ſafe,

[7] Pack'd cards *with* Cæſar, *and* falſe play'd *my Glory*
Unto an enemy's triumph——] *Shakeſpeare* has here, as uſual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial ſubject; but has enobled it with much art, by ſo contriving that the principal term in the ſubject from whence the metaphor was *taken*, ſhould belong to, and ſuit the dignity of the ſubject to which the metaphor is *tranſferred:* thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleneſs of the thought. And this by the word TRIUMPH, which either ſignifies *Octavius*'s conqueſts, or what we now call, contractedly, the *triumph* at cards, then called the *triumph* or 'the *triumphing ſort*. WARB.

This explanation is very juſt, the thought did not deſerve ſo good an annotation.

Does

Does pay thy labour richly. Go. [*Exit* Mardian.
Off, pluck off;——
Then ſeven-fold ſhield of *Ajax* cannot keep
[8] The battery from my heart. Oh cleave, my ſides!
Heart, once be ſtronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail caſe!—apace, *Eros*, apace.
No more a Soldier——Bruiſed pieces, go;
[*Unarming himſelf.*
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while——
[*Exit* Eros.
I will o'ertake thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So 't muſt be, for now
All length is torture. Since the torch is out,
Lie down and ſtray no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles
Itſelf with ſtrength; [9] ſeal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my Queen——*Eros!*—Stay for me,
Where ſouls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly port make the Ghoſts gaze;
Dido and her *Æneas* ſhall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.——Come, *Eros*, *Eros!*

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?
Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,
I've liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the Gods

[8] *The battery from my heart.*—] I would read,
This *battery from my heart.*—
[9] —ſeal *then, and all is done.*] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the *ſealing* compleats the contract; ſo he had determined to die, and nothing remain'd but to give the ſtroke. The *Oxford Editor* not apprehending this, alters it to—*ſleep then.*— WARB.

I believe the reading is,
——ſeel *then, and all is done.*
To *ſeel hawks*, is to cloſe their eyes. The meaning will be,
—*ſince the torch is out,*
Lie down and ſtray no further.
Now all labour
Marrs what it does,—ſeel *then,*
and all is done.
Cloſe thine eyes *for ever, and be quiet.*

Deteſt

Deteſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my ſword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Neptune*'s back,
With ſhips, made cities, condemn myſelf, to lack
The courage of a woman; leſs noble-minded
Than ſhe, which, by her death, our *Cæſar* tells,
"*I'm conqueror of myſelf.*" Thou art ſworn, *Eros*,
That when the exigent ſhould come, which now
Is come indeed, when I ſhould ſee behind me
Th' inevitable proſecution of diſgrace
And horror, that on my command thou then
Wouldſt kill me. Do it, for the time is come.
Thou ſtrik'ſt not me, 'tis *Cæſar* thou defeat'ſt.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me!
Shall I do that, which all the *Parthian* darts,
Though enemy, loſt aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldſt thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and ſee
Thy maſter thus with [1] pleacht arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face ſubdu'd
To penetrative ſhame: whilſt the wheel ſeat
Of fortunate *Cæſar*, drawn before him, branded
[2] His baſeneſs that enſued?

Eros. I would not ſee 't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt ſword, which thou haſt worn
Moſt uſeful for thy Country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, ſwor'ſt thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? do it at once,
Or thy precedent ſervices are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,

[1] ——*pleacht arms*,——] Arms folded in each other.

[2] *His baſeneſs that enſued!*] The poor conquer'd wretch that followed.

Wherein

Wherein [3] the worſhip of the whole world lies.
Ant. Lo thee.——— [*Turning from him.*
Eros. My ſword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawn it.
Eros. My dear Maſter,
My Captain, and my Emp'ror! Let me ſay,
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, *farewel.*
Ant. 'Tis ſaid, man,——and farewel.
Eros. Farewel, great Chief. Shall I ſtrike now?
Ant. Now, *Eros.*
Eros. Why, there then—— [Eros *kills himſelf.*
Thus do I eſcape the ſorrow
Of *Antony*'s death. [*Dies.*
Ant. Thrice nobler than myſelf!
Thou teacheſt me, oh, valiant *Eros*, what
I ſhould, and thou couldſt not. My Queen and *Eros*
Have by their brave inſtruction got upon me
A Nobleneſs in Record, but I will be
A Bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a Lover's bed. Come then; and, *Eros*,
Thy Maſter dies thy Scholar: to do thus
[*Falling on his ſword.*
I learnt of thee. How, not yet dead? not dead?—
The Guard——ho!——oh, diſpatch me.

SCENE XII.

Enter Dercetas, *and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noiſe?
Ant. I've done my work ill, friends:
O, make an end of what I have begun.
2 *Guard.* The ſtar is fall'n.

[3] ——*the worſhip of the whole world*——] The *worſhip*, is the *dignity*, the *authority*.

1 *Guard.*

Deteſt my baſeneſs.
Quarter'd the
With ſhips,
The courag
Than ſhe,
" *I'm co*
That w'
Is com
Th' i
And
W
T
F

[*Exeunt.*

tunes bid thy followers fly.
with this tidings,

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony?*
Dio. There, *Diomed*, there.
Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not anſwer, man?
Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed?* Draw thy ſword, and give me
Sufficing ſtrokes for death.
Dio. Moſt abſolute Lord,
My Miſtreſs *Cleopatra* ſent me to thee.
Ant. When did ſhe ſend thee?
Dio. Now, my Lord.
Ant. Where is ſhe?
Dio. Lock'd in her Monument. She had a pro-
pheſying fear
Of what hath come to paſs; for when ſhe ſaw,
Which never ſhall be found, you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with *Cæſar*; and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent word ſhe was dead.
But fearing ſince how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, good *Diomed.* Call my Guard, I
pr'ythee.
Dio. What, hoa! the Emperor's Guard. The
Guard, what, hoa!
Come. Your Lord calls.

Enter

Enter a Guard.

. Bear me, good friends, where *Cleopatra* 'bides,
ıe laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.
rd. Woe, woe are we, Sir! you may not live to wear
ur true follow'rs out.
Moſt heavy day!
. Nay, good my fellows, do not pleaſe ſharp Fate
ace it with your ſorrows. Bid that welcome
ı comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it
ıg to bear it likely. Take me up.
led you oft, carry me now, good friends;
ave my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing* Antony.

SCENE XIII.

Changes to a magnificent Monument.

nter Cleopatra, Charmion, *and* Iras *above.*

H *Charmion*, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.
. No, I will not:
'ange and terrible events are welcome,
ımforts we deſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow,
rtion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great
ıt which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

now? is he dead?
. His death's upon him, but not dead.
out o' th' other ſide your Monument,
uard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, *borne by the Guard.*

Cleo. [4] O thou Sun,
Burn the great Sphene thou mov'ſt in!——darkling ſtand
The varying ſhore o' th' world! O *Antony!*
Antony, Antony!
Help, *Charmion*; help, *Iras*, help; help, friends
Below; let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace.
Not *Cæſar*'s valour hath o'erthrown *Antony*,
But *Antony*'s hath triumph'd on itſelf.
Cleo. So it ſhould be, that none but *Antony*
Should conquer *Antony*; but, woe, 'tis ſo!
Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying; only yet
[5] I here importune death a while, untill
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips,——
Cleo. I dare not, dear,
Dear, my Lord, pardon, I dare not,

Leſt

[4] *O thou Sun,*
BURN *the great Sphere thou mov'ſt in!*—darkling *ſtand*
The varying *ſhore o' th' world!*] —*The varying ſhore o' th' world! i. e.* of the *Earth*, where light and darkneſs make an inceſſant *variation*. But then, if the Sun ſhould ſet on fire the whole Sphere, in which he was ſuppoſed to move, how could the Earth *ſtand darkling?* On the contrary it would be in perpetual light. Therefore, if we will allow *Cleopatra* not to be quite mad, we muſt believe ſhe ſaid,
TURN FROM *th' great Sphere i. e.* forſake it, fly off from it: and then indeed the conſequence would be, that the *varying ſhore* would become *invariably dark.*
WARBURTON.
She deſires the Sun to *burn* his own *orb*, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be dark.

[5] *I here importune death——*] I *ſolicite* death to delay; or, I *trouble* death by keeping him waiting.
I here importune death a while, untill
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.——Come down.
Cleo. *I dare not,*
Dear, dear my Lord, your pardon; that I dare not,
Leſt I be taken!—] What curious hobbling verſification do we encounter!

Leſt I be taken. Not th' imperious ſhew
Of the full fortun'd *Cæſar* ever ſhall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, ſerpents, have
Edge, ſting, or operation, I am ſafe.
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modeſt eyes
And [6] ſtill concluſion ſhall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, *Antony*.
Help me, my women. We muſt draw thee up——
Aſſiſt, good friends.

Ant. Oh, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. [7] Here's ſport, indeed!—how heavy weighs my Lord!
Our ſtrength is all gone into heavineſs,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno*'s power,
The ſtrong'd-wing'd *Mercury* ſhould fetch thee up,
And ſet thee by *Jove*'s ſide. Yet come a little——
Wiſhers were ever fools. Oh come, come, come——
[*They draw* Antony *up to* Cleopatra.
And welcome, welcome. Die, where thou haſt liv'd.

encounter here in the laſt line but one? Beſides, how inconſiſtently is the lady made to reply? *Antony* ſays, he only holds life, till he can give her one laſt kiſs: and ſhe cries, ſhe dares not: What dares ſhe not do? kiſs *Antony*? But how ſhould ſhe? ſhe was above lock'd in her monument; and he below, on the outſide of it. With a very ſlight addition, I think, I can cure the whole; and have a warrant from *Plutarch* for it into the bargain.

Now *Plutarch* ſays, that "*Antony* was carried in his men's "arms *into the entry* of the *monument*: Notwithſtanding *Cleopatra* would not *open the gates*, "but *came to the high windows*, "and caſt out certain chains and "ropes, &c."—So that *Antony* might very reaſonably deſire her to come down; and ſhe as reaſonably excuſe herſelf, for fear of being inſnared by *Cæſar*.

THEOBALD.

Mr. *Theobald*'s emendation is received by the ſucceeding editors; but it ſeems not neceſſary that a dialogue ſo diſtreſsful ſhould be nicely regular. I have therefore preſerved the original reading in the text, and the emendation below.

[6] *—ſtill concluſion,——*] Sedate determination; ſilent coolneſs of reſolution.

[7] *Here's ſport, indeed!——*] I ſuppoſe the meaning of theſe ſtrange words is, *here's* trifling, *you* do not work *in earneſt*.

[8] Quicken with kiſſing. Had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. O heavy ſight!

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying.
Give me ſome wine, and let me ſpeak a little.

Cleo. No, let me ſpeak, and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe [9] huſwife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, ſweet Queen.
Of *Cæſar* ſeek your honour with your ſafety—oh—

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me.
None about *Cæſar* truſt, but *Proculeius.*

Cleo. My reſolution and my hands I'll truſt;
None about *Cæſar.*

Ant. The miſerable change, now at my end,
Lament nor ſorrow at; but pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greateſt prince o' th' world,
The nobleſt; and do now not baſely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a *Roman*, by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now, my ſpirit is going;
I can no more——— [Antony *dies.*

Cleo. Nobleſt of men, woo't die?
Haſt thou no care of me? ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better than a ſtye? O ſee, my women!
The crown o' th' earth doth melt——my Lord!
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,
[1] The ſoldier's pole is fall'n; young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone;

[8] *Quicken with kiſſing.*] That is, *Revive by my kiſs.*

[9] —*huſwife Fortune*—] This deſpicable line has occurred before.

[1] *The ſoldier's pole*——] He at whom the ſoldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for obſervation.

And

And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the viſiting moon. [*She faints.*

Char. Oh, quietneſs, Lady!

Iras. She's dead too; our ſovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam——

Iras. Royal *Ægypt!* Empreſs!

Char. [2] Peace, Peace, *Iras.*

Cleo.

[2] The common copies,

Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. *No more but a meer woman.*——] *Cleopatra* is fallen into a ſwoon; her maids endeavour to recover her by invoking her by her ſeveral titles. At length, *Charmion* ſays to the other, *Peace, peace,* Iras; on which *Cleopatra* comes to herſelf, and replies to theſe laſt words, *No, you are miſtaken, I am a mere woman like your ſelf.* Thus ſtands this ſenſeleſs dialogue. But *Shakeſpear* never wrote it ſo: We muſt obſerve then, that the two women call her by her ſeveral titles, to ſee which beſt pleaſed her; and this was highly in character: the Ancients thought, that not only men, but Gods too, had ſome names which, above others, they much delighted in, and would ſooneſt anſwer to; as we may ſee by the hymns of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, and *Callimachus*. The Poet, conforming to his notion, makes the maids ſay, *Sovereign Lady, Madam, Royal Ægypt, Empreſs.* And now we come to the place in queſtion: *Charmion*, when ſhe ſaw none of theſe titles had their effect, invokes her by a ſtill more flattering one!

Peace, peace, Isis;

for ſo it ſhould be read and pointed: *i. e.* peace, we can never move her by theſe titles: Let us give her her favourite name of the Goddeſs Isis. And now *Cleopatra*'s anſwer becomes pertinent and fine;

No more but a meer woman; and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks.

i. e. I now ſee the folly of aſſuming to myſelf thoſe flattering titles of divinity. My misfortunes, and my impotence in bearing them, convince me I am a mere woman, and ſubject to all the paſſions of the meaneſt of my ſpecies. Here the Poet has followed Hiſtory exactly, and what is more, his author *Plutarch in Antonio*; who ſays, that *Cleopatra* aſſumed the habit and attributes of that Goddeſs, and gave judgments or rather oracles to her people under the quality of the NEW ISIS. Κλεοπάτρα μὲν γὰρ καὶ τότε καὶ τὸν ἄλλον χρόνον εἰς πλῆθος ἐξιοῦσα, στολὴν ἐτίθεσαν ἐπ' αὐτὴν ΙΣΙΔΟΣ ἐλάμβανεν, καὶ ΝΕΑ ΙΣΙΣ ἐχρημάτιζε. WARBURTON.

Of this note it may be truly ſaid,

Cleo. No more but in a woman, and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks,
And does the meaneſt chares!—It were for me
To throw my ſcepter at th' injurious Gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had ſtol'n our jewel. All's but naught.
Patience is ſottiſh, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad. Then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us? how do you, women?
What, what. Good cheer! Why, how now, *Charmion*?
My noble girls?——ah, women, women; look,
Our lamp is ſpent, it's out——Good Sirs, take heart,
We'll bury him; and then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high *Roman* faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away,
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend
But reſolution, and the briefeſt end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off* Antony's *body.*

ſaid, that it at leaſt deſerves to be right, nor can he, that ſhall queſtion the juſtneſs of the emendation, refuſe his eſteem to the ingenuity and learning with which it is propoſed.

Hanmer had propoſed another emendation, not injudiciouſly. He reads thus,

Iras. *Royal Ægypt! Empreſs!*
Cleo. *Peace, peace,* Iras.
No more but a mere woman, &c.

That is, *no more an Empreſs, but a meer woman.*

It is ſomewhat unfortunate that the words, *meer woman,* which ſo much ſtrengthen the oppoſition to either *Empreſs* or *Iſis,* are not in the original edition, which ſtands thus,

No more but in a *woman.*

Meer woman was probably the arbitrary reading of *Rowe.* I ſuppoſe however that we may juſtly change the ancient copy thus,

No more, but e'en a *woman*—

which will well enough accommodate either of the editors.

I am inclined to think that ſhe ſpeaks abruptly, not anſwering her woman, but diſcourſing with her own thoughts.

No more—but e'en a *woman. I have* no more *of my wonted greatneſs,* but am even a woman, *on the level with other women; were I what I once was,*

——It were for me
To throw my ſcepter, &c.

If this ſimple explanation be admitted, how much labour has been thrown away. *Peace, peace,* Iras, is ſaid by *Charmian,* when ſhe ſees the Queen recovering, and thinks ſpeech troubleſome.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæſar's *Camp.*

[3] *Enter* Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Gallus, *and Train.*

CÆSAR.

GO to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield;
Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him,
He mocks the pauſes that he makes.
[4] *Dol. Cæſar*, I ſhall. [*Exit* Dolabella.

[3] *Enter* Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, *and* MENAS.] But *Menas* and *Menecrates*, we may remember, were the two famous pirates link'd with *Sextus Pompeius*, and who aſſiſted him to infeſt the *Italian* coaſt. We no where learn, expreſly in the Play, that *Menas* ever attach'd himſelf to *Octavius*'s party. Notwithſtanding the old *folios* concur in marking the entrance thus, yet in the two places in the ſcene, where this character is made to ſpeak, they have mark'd in the margin, MEN. ſo that, as Dr. *Thirlby* ſagaciouſly conjectur'd, we muſt caſhier *Menas*, and ſubſtitute *Mecænas* in his room. *Menas*, indeed, deſerted to *Cæſar* no leſs than twice, and was preferr'd by him. But then we are to conſider, *Alexandria* was taken, and *Antony* kill'd himſelf, *Anno* U. C. 723. *Menas* made the ſecond revolt over to *Auguſtus*, U. C. 717; and the next year was ſlain at the ſiege of *Belgrade* in *Pannonia*, five years before the death of *Antony*.

THEOBALD.

[4] Dol. Cæſar, *I ſhall.*] I make no doubt, but it ſhould be mark'd here, that *Dolabella* goes out. 'Tis reaſonable to imagine, he ſhould preſently depart, upon *Cæſar*'s command; ſo that the ſpeeches, placed to him in the ſequel of this ſcene, muſt be tranſferr'd to *Agrippa*, or he is introduced as a mute. Beſides, that *Dolabella* ſhould be gone out, appears from this, that when *Cæſar* aſks for him, he recollects that he had ſent him on buſineſs.

THEOBALD.

Enter Dercetas, *with the ſword of* Antony.

Cæſ. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'ſt
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd *Dercetas*;
Mark Antony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy
Beſt to be ſerv'd; whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,
He was my maſter, and I wore my life
To ſpend upon his haters. If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to *Cæſar*: If thou pleaſeſt not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæſ. What is't thou ſay'ſt?
Der. I ſay, oh, *Cæſar*, *Antony* is dead.
Cæſ. The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
A greater crack. [5] The round world ſhould have ſhook
Lions into civil ſtreets, and citizens
Into their dens——The death of *Antony*
Is not a ſingle doom, in that name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, *Cæſar*,
Not by a publick miniſter of juſtice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that ſelf-hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath with the courage, which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his ſword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt noble blood.

[5] ——*The round world ſhould have ſhook*
Lions into civil ſtreets, &c.] I think here is a line loſt, after which it is vain to go in queſt. The ſenſe ſeems to have been this: *The round world ſhould have ſhook*, and this great alteration of the ſyſtem of things ſhould ſend *lions into ſtreets, and citizens into dens*. There is ſenſe ſtill, but it is harſh and violent.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. Look you ſad, friends:——
The Gods rebuke me, [6] but it is tidings
To waſh the eyes of Kings!
Agr. And ſtrange it is,
That nature muſt compel us to lament
Our moſt perfiſted deeds.
Mec. His taints and honours
[7] Waged equal in him.
Agr. A rarer ſpirit never
Did ſteer humanity; but you Gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cæſar* is touch'd.
Mec. When ſuch a ſpacious mirror's ſet before him,
He needs muſt ſee himſelf.
Cæſ. O *Antony!*
I've follow'd thee to this——but we do lance
Diſeaſes in our bodies. I muſt perforce
Have ſhewn to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not ſtall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as ſovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my competitor
In top of all deſign, my mate in Empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our ſtars,
Unreconcileable, [8] ſhould have divided
Our equalneſs to this. Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at ſome meeter ſeaſon,

[6] —*but it is tidings*
To waſh the eyes of Kings!] That is, May *the Gods rebuke me*, if this be not *tidings to make Kings weep.*

But, again, for *if not.*

[7] *Waged equal in him.*] For *waged*, the modern editions have *weigh'd.*

[8] —*ſhould have divided*
Our equalneſs to this.—] That is, *ſhould have made us*, in our equality of fortune, diſagree *to* a pitch like this, that one of us muſt die.

Enter

Enter an Ægyptian.

The buſineſs of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he ſays.——Whence are you?

Ægypt. [9] A poor *Ægyptian* yet; the Queen my miſtreſs,
Confin'd in all ſhe has, her monument,
Of thy intents deſires inſtruction;
That ſhe preparedly may frame herſelf
To th' way ſhe's forc'd to.

Cæſ. Bid her have good heart;
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cæſar* cannot live,
To be ungentle.

Ægypt. So the Gods preſerve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæſ. Come hither, *Proculeius*; go, and ſay,
We purpoſe her no ſhame; give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt in her greatneſs by ſome mortal ſtroke
She do defeat us: for [1] her life in *Rome*
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your ſpeedieſt bring us what ſhe ſays,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* Proculeius.

Cæſ. Gallus, go you along.——Where's *Dolabella*,
To ſecond *Proculeius?* [*Exit* Gallus.

All. Dolabella!

Cæſ. Let him alone; for I remember now,

9 *A poor* Ægyptian *yet; the Queen my miſtreſs*, &c.] If this punctuation be right, the man means to ſay, that he is *yet an* Ægyptian; that is, *yet a ſervant of the Queen of* Ægypt; though ſoon to become a ſubject of *Rome*.

1 ——*her life in* Rome *Would be eternal in our triumph.*] *Hanmer* reads judiciouſly enough, but without neceſſity.

Would be eternalling *our triumph.*

The ſenſe is, *If ſhe dies here, ſhe will be forgotten, but if I ſend her* in triumph at *Rome, her memory and my glory* will be eternal.

How

How he's employ'd; he ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my writings. Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, Mardian, *and* Seleucus, *above.*

Cleo. MY deſolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæſar:*
Not being fortune, he's but [2] fortune's knave,
A miniſter of her Will, [3] and it is great
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which ſleeps, and never palates more the Dung;
The beggar's nurſe, and *Cæſar*'s.——

Enter

[2] ——*Fortune's knave,*] The *ſervant* of fortune.

[3] ——*and it is great*
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which ſleeps, and never palates more the DUNG:
The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.] The action of Suicide is here ſaid, *to ſhackle accidents; to bolt up change; to be the beggar's nurſe, and* Cæſar's. So far the deſcription is intelligible. But when it is ſaid, that *it ſleeps and never palates more the Dung,* we find neither ſenſe nor propriety; which is occaſioned by the loſs of a whole line between the third and fourth, and the corrupt reading of the laſt word in the fourth. We ſhould read the paſſage thus,

——*and it is great*
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
[Lulls wearied nature to a ſound repoſe]
(*Which ſleeps, and never palates more the* DUGG:)
The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.

That this line in hooks was the ſubſtance of that loſt, is evident from its making ſenſe of all the reſt:

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Cæſar* ſends Greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name?
Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.
Cleo. *Antony*
Did tell me of you, bade me truſt you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no uſe for truſting. If your maſter
Would have a Queen his beggar, you muſt tell him,
That Majeſty, to keep *decorum*, muſt
No leſs beg than a Kingdom; if he pleaſe.
To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my Son,
He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheer.
You're fall'n into a princely hand. Fear nothing;
Make your full ref'rence freely to my Lord,
Who is ſo full of grace, that it flows over

reſt: which are to this effect, *It is great to do that which frees us from all the accidents of humanity, lulls our over-wearied nature to repoſe, (which now ſleeps, and has no more appetite for wordly enjoyments.) and is equally the nurſe of* Cæſar *and the beggar.* WARB.

I cannot perceive the loſs of a line, or the need of an emendation. The commentator ſeems to have entangled his own ideas; his ſuppoſition that *ſuicide* is called *the beggar's nurſe, and* Cæſar's, and his confeſſion that the poſition is *intelligible*, ſhew, I think, a mind not intent upon the buſineſs before it. The difficulty of the paſſage, if any difficulty there be, ariſes only from this, that the act of ſuicide, and the ſtate which is the effect of ſuicide, are confounded. Voluntary death, ſays ſhe, is an act *which bolts up change*; it produces a ſtate,

Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.

Which has no longer need of the groſs and terrene ſuſtenance, in the uſe of which *Cæſar* and the beggar are on a level.

The ſpeech is abrupt, but perturbation in ſuch a ſtate is ſurely natural.

On

On all that need. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependency, and you ſhall find
A conqu'ror [4] that will pray in aid for kindneſs,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him,
I am his fortune's vaſſal, and I [5] ſend him
The Greatneſs he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' th' face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

Aſide.] [6] You ſee, how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd.
Here Gallus, *and Guard, aſcend the Monument by a Ladder, and enter at a Back-Window,*
Guard her, 'till *Cæſar* come.

Iras.

[4] —*that* will pray in aid *for kindneſs,*] *Praying in aid* is a law term, uſed for a petition made in a court of juſtice for the calling in of help from another that hath an intereſt in the cauſe in queſtion. *Oxford Editor.*

[5] ——*ſend him The Greatneſs he has got.* ——] allow him to be my conqueror; own his ſuperiority with complete ſubmiſſion.

[6] Char. *You ſee, how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd,*] Here *Charmion*, who is ſo faithful as to die with her miſtreſs, by the ſtupidity of the editors is made to countenance and give directions for her being ſurpriz'd by *Cæſar's* meſſengers. But this blunder is for want of knowing, or obſerving, the hiſtorical fact. When *Cæſar* ſent *Proculeius* to the Queen, he ſent *Gallus* after him with new inſtructions: and while one amuſed *Cleopatra* with propoſitions from *Cæſar*, through crannies of the monument; the other ſcaled it by a ladder, entred at a window backward, and made *Cleopatra*, and thoſe with her, priſoners. I have reform'd the paſſage therefore, (as, I am perſuaded, the author deſign'd it;) from the authority of *Plutarch.* THEOBALD.

This line in the firſt edition is given not to *Charmion*, but to *Proculeius*; and to him it certainly belongs, though perhaps miſplaced. I would put it at the end of his foregoing ſpeech,

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
[Aſide to *Gallus.*] *You ſee, how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd.*

Then while *Cleopatra* makes a formal anſwer, *Gallus*, upon the hint given, ſeizes her, and *Proculeius*,

Iras. O Royal Queen!

Char. Oh *Cleopatra!* thou art taken, Queen.——

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*

The Monument is open'd; Proculeius *ruſhes in, and diſarms the Queen.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold;
Do not yourſelf ſuch wrong, [7] who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of [8] languiſh?

Pro. Do not abuſe my maſter's bounty, by
Th' undoing of yourſelf: let the world ſee
His Nobleneſs well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come: oh come, and take a Queen
[9] Worth many babes and beggars.

Pro. Oh, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:
[1] If idle talk will once be neceſſary,

I'll

culeius, interrupting the civility of his anſwer,

——*your plight is pity'd*
Of him that caus'd it.

Cries out,

Guard her, 'till Cæſar *comes.*

7 ——*who are in this*

RELIEV'D, but *not betray'd.*] As plauſible as this reading is, it is corrupt. Had *Shakeſpear* uſed the word *reliev'd*, he would have added, *and* not betray'd. But that he uſed another word the reply ſhews, *What, of death too:* which will not agree with *relieved*; but will direct us to the genuine word, which is,

BEREAV'D, *but not betray'd.* *i. e. bereav'd* of death, or of the means of deſtroying yourſelf, *but* not *betray'd* to your deſtruction. By the particle *too*, in her reply, ſhe alludes to her being before *bereav'd* of *Antony*. And thus his ſpeech becomes correct, and her reply pertinent. WARB.

I do not think the emendation neceſſary, ſince the ſenſe is not made better by it, and the abruptneſs of *Cleopatra*'s anſwer is more forcible in the old reading.

8 For *languiſh*, I think we may read *anguiſh*.

9 *Worth many babes and beggars.*] Why death will thou not rather ſeize a Queen, than employ thy force upon *babes* and *beggars*.

1 *If idle* TALK *will once be neceſſary,*] This nonſenſe ſhould

'll not ſleep neither. This mortal houſe I'll ruin,
Do *Cæſar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your maſter's Court,
Nor once be chaſtis'd with the ſober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoiſt me up,
And ſhew me to the ſhouting varletry
Of cens'ring *Rome*? rather a ditch in *Ægypt*
Be gentle Grave unto me! rather on *Nilus'* mud
Lay me ſtark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My Country's high *Pyramides* my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
Theſe thoughts of horror further than you ſhall
Find cauſe in *Cæſar*.

SCENE III.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou haſt done thy maſter *Cæſar* knows,
And he hath ſent for thee; as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, *Dolabella*,
It ſhall content me beſt. Be gentle to her.
To *Cæſar* I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe,
[*To* Cleopatra.

ſhould be reform'd thus,

If idle TIME *will once be neceſſary.*

i. e. if *repoſe* be neceſſary to cheriſh life, I will not ſleep.

WARBURTON.

I do not ſee that the nonſenſe is made ſenſe by the change. Sir *T. Hanmer* reads,

If idle talk will once be acceſſary;

Neither is this better. I know not what to offer better than an eaſy explanation. That is, *I will not eat*, and *if it will be neceſſary now for once* to waſte a moment in *idle talk* of my purpoſe, *I will not ſleep neither*. In common converſation we often uſe *will be*, with as little relation to futurity. As, Now I am going it *will be* fit for me to dine firſt.

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [*Exit* Proculeius.

Dol. Moſt noble Empreſs, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Aſſuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known. You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams; Is 't not your trick?

Dol. I underſtand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt, there was an Emp'ror *Antony*; Oh ſuch another ſleep, that I might ſee But ſuch another man!

Dol. If it might pleaſe ye——

Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns; and therein ſtuck [a] A Sun and Moon, which kept their courſe, and lighted The little O o' th' Earth.

Dol. Moſt ſovereign creature;——

Cleo. His legs beſtrid the ocean, his rear'd arm Creſted the world, his voice was propertied As all the tuned Spheres, when that to friends; But when he meant to quail, and ſhake the Orb, He was as ratling thunder. [3] For his bounty, There was no winter in 't: An Autumn 'twas, That grew the more by reaping. His delights Were

[a] *A Sun and Moon, which kept their courſe, and lighted The little o' th' Earth.*

Dol. *Moſt ſovereign creature!*] What a bleſſed limping verſe theſe *hemiſtichs* give us! Had none of the editors an ear to find the hitch in its pace? There is but a ſyllable wanting, and that, I believe verily, was but of a ſingle letter. I reſtore,

The little O *o' th' Earth.*

i. e. the little orb or circle. Our poet in other paſſages chuſes to expreſs himſelf thus. THEOB.

[3] ——*For his bounty, There was no winter in 't: an* Antony *it was, That grew the more by reaping.*] There was certainly a contraſt, both in the thought and terms, deſign'd here, which is loſt in an accidental corruption. How could an *Antony* grow the more by reaping? I'll venture, by a very eaſy change, to reſtore an exquiſite

Were dolphin-like, they ſhew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd Crowns and Coronets, realms and iſlands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra———

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, ſuch a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lye, up to the hearing of the Gods.
But if there be, or ever were one ſuch,
It 's paſt the ſize of dreaming; Nature wants ſtuff
To vie ſtrange forms with Fancy, [4] yet t' imagine
An *Antony*, were Nature's Piece 'gainſt Fancy,
Condemning ſhadows quite.

Dol.

xquiſite fine alluſion; which arries its reaſon with it too, why here was no *winter* in his bounty.

———*For his bounty,*
There was no Winter *in 't: an* Autumn *'twas,*
That grew the more by reaping.

ought to take notice, that the ngenious Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe tarted this very emendation, and ad mark'd it in the margin of is book. THEOBALD.

[4] ———*yet t' imagine*
An Antony *were Nature's* PIECE
'gainſt Fancy,
Condemning ſhadows quite.] This s a fine ſentiment; but by the alſe reading and pointing beome unintelligible. Though hen ſet right, obſcure enough o deſerve a comment. *Shakeear* wrote,

———*yet t' imagine*
An Antony, *were Nature's*
PRIZE *'gainſt Fancy,*
Condemning ſhadows quite.

The ſenſe of which is this, *Nature, in general, has not materials enough to furniſh out real forms, for every model that the boundleſs power of the imagination can ſketch out:* [Nature wants matter to vie ſtrange forms with Fancy.] *But though this be true in general, that* nature *is more poor, narrow, and confined than* fancy, *yet it muſt be owned, that when* nature *preſents an* Antony *to us, ſhe then gets the better of* fancy, *and makes even the* imagination *appear poor and narrow:* Or, in our author's phraſe, [*condemns ſhadows quite.*] The word PRIZE, which I have reſtored, is very pretty, as figuring a contention between *nature* and *imagination* about the larger extent of their powers; and *nature* gaining the PRIZE by producing *Antony*. WARB.

In this paſſage I cannot diſcover any temptation to critical experiments. The word *piece*, is a term

Dol. Hear me, good Madam.
Your loſs is as yourſelf, great: and you bear it,
As anſw'ring to the weight: 'would, I might never
O'er-take purſu'd ſucceſs, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that ſhoots
My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, Sir.
Know you, what *Cæſar* means to do with me?
Dol. I'm loth to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.
Dol. Though he be honourable——
Cleo. He'll lead me in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will. I know 't.
All. Make way there——*Cæſar.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cæſar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, *and Attendants.*

Cæſ. Which is the Queen of *Ægypt?*
Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam. [Cleo. *kneels.*
Cæſ. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneel.
I pray you, riſe. Riſe, *Ægypt.*
Cleo. Sir, the Gods
Will have it thus; my maſter and my Lord
I muſt obey.
Cæſ. Take to you no hard thoughts.
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir o' th' world,

a term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. *Antony* was in reality *paſt the ſize of dreaming*; he was more by *Nature* than *Fancy* could preſent in ſleep.

I cannot

not project mine own cauſe ſo well
like it clear, but do confeſs, I have
aden with like frailties, which before
often ſham'd our Sex.
Cleopatra, know,
ill extenuate rather than inforce,
apply yourſelf to our intents,
tow'rds you are moſt gentle, you ſhall find
efit in this Change; but if you ſeek
on me a cruelty, by taking
's courſe, you ſhall bereave yourſelf
good purpoſes, and put your children
at deſtruction which I'll guard them from,
eon you rely. I'll take my leave.———
. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
ſcutcheons, and your ſigns of Conqueſt, ſhall
in what place you pleaſe. Here, my good Lord.
. You ſhall adviſe me in all for *Cleopatra*.
. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels
poſſeſt of; [6] 'tis exactly valued,
etty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus?*

Sel.

annot project *mine own ſe ſo well*] *Project* ſignifies *invent* a cauſe, not to ; which is the ſenſe here l. It is plain then we ead,

not PROCTER *my own ſe ſo well.*

hnical term, to plead by cate. WARBURTON.

. *Hanmer* reads,

not parget *my own cauſe*— , I cannot *whitewaſh*, or *gloſs* my cauſe. I the preſent reading to be To *project a cauſe*, is to *repreſent* a cauſe; to *project* it *well*, is to *plan* or *contrive* a ſcheme of defence.

[6] ———*'tis exactly valued.*

Not petty things admitted.—] Sagacious Editors! *Cleopatra* gives in a liſt of her wealth, ſays, 'tis exactly valued, but that petty things are not *admitted* in this liſt: and then ſhe appeals to her treaſurer, that ſhe has reſerv'd nothing to herſelf. And when he betrays her, ſhe is reduced to the ſhift of exclaiming againſt the ingratitude of ſervants, and of making apologies for having ſecreted

Sel. Here, Madam.

Cleo. This is my treaſurer, let him ſpeak, my Lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reſerv'd
To myſelf nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.

Sel. Madam, I had rather [7] ſeel my lips,
Than to my peril ſpeak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.

Cæſ. Nay, bluſh not, *Cleopatra*; I approve
Your wiſdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, *Cæſar!* Oh, behold,
How Pomp is follow'd; mine will now be yours,
And, ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this *Seleucus* do's
Ev'n make me wild. Oh ſlave, of no more truſt
Than love that 's hir'd——What, goeſt thou back? thou ſhalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, ſoul-leſs villain, dog,
O rarely baſe! [*Striking him.*

Cæſ. Good Queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O *Cæſar*, what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou, vouchſafing here to viſit me,
Doing the honour of thy Lordlineſs
To one ſo meek, that mine own ſervant ſhould
[8] Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good *Cæſar*,

creted certain trifles. Who does not ſee, that we ought to read,

Not petty things omitted?

For this declaration lays open her falſhood; and makes her angry when her treaſurer detects her in a direct lie. THEOBALD.

Notwithſtanding the wrath of Mr. *Theobald*, I have reſtored the old reading. She is angry afterwards, that ſhe is accuſed of having reſerved more than petty things. Dr. *Warburton* and Sir *T. Hanmer* follow *Theobald*.

7 —*ſeel my lips*,] Sew up my mouth.

8 *Parcel the ſum*—] The word *parcel*, in this place, I ſuſpect of being wrong, but know not what to ſubſtitute.

That

That I ſome lady-trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toys, things of ſuch Dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and ſay,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their mediation, muſt I be unfolded
By one that I have bred? The Gods! it ſmites me
Beneath the Fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;
[*To* Seleucus.
Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders of my ſpirits
[9] Through th' aſhes of my chance. Wert that a man,
Thou wouldſt have mercy on me.

Caſ. Forbear, *Seleucus*.

Cleo. [1] Be't known, that we the Greateſt are miſthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We anſwer others' merits in our names;
Are therefore to be pitied.

Caſ.

[9] *Through th' aſhes of my chance.*] Or *fortune*. The meaning is, Begone, or I ſhall exert that royal ſpirit which I had in my proſperity, in ſpite of the imbecillity of my preſent weak condition. This taught the *Oxford Editor* to alter it to *miſchance*.

WARBURTON.

[1] *Be 't known, that we the Greateſt are miſthought*
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We anſwer others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.] This falſe pointing has rendered the ſentiment, which was not very eaſy at beſt, altogether unintelligible. The lines ſhould be pointed thus,

Be 't known, that we, the Greateſt, are miſthought
For things that others do. And when we fall
We anſwer. Others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.

i. e. *We monarchs, while in power, are accuſed and blamed for the miſcarriages of our miniſters; and when any misfortune hath ſubjected us to the power of our enemies, we are ſure to be puniſhed for theſe faults. As this is the caſe, it is but reaſonable that we ſhould have the merit of our miniſters' good actions, as well as bear the blame of their bad.* But ſhe ſoftens the word *merit* into *pity*. The reaſon of her making the reflexion was this: Her former conduct was liable to much cenſure from *Octavius*, which ſhe would hereby artfully inſinuate was owing to her evil miniſters. And as her preſent conduct, in concealing her treaſures, appeared

Cæſ. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' th' roll of Conqueſt, ſtill be 't yours;
Beſtow it at your pleaſure, and believe,
Cæſar's no merchant to make prize with you
Of things that merchants ſold. Therefore, be cheer'd:
[a] Make not your thoughts your priſons; no, dear Queen;
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Yourſelf ſhall give us counſel. Feed, and ſleep,
Our care and pity is ſo much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and ſo, adieu.
Cleo. My maſter, and my Lord!
Cæſ. Not ſo.——adieu.
[*Exeunt* Cæſar *and his train.*

to be her own act, ſhe being detected by her miniſter; ſhe begs, that as ſhe now anſwers for her former miniſter's miſcarriages, ſo her preſent miniſter's merit in this diſcovery, might likewiſe be placed to her account: Which ſhe thinks but reaſonable. The *Oxford Editor* is here again at his old work of altering what he did not underſtand, and ſo transforms the paſſage thus,

——— *and when we fall,*
We pander *others' merits* with *our names*;
And *therefore to be pitied.*
WARBURTON.

I do not think that either of the criticks have reached the ſenſe of the authour, which may be very commodiouſly explained thus;

We ſuffer at our higheſt ſtate of elevation in the *thoughts of mankind for that which others do, and when we fall,* thoſe that contented themſelves only to think ill before, call us to *anſwer in our own names for the merits of others. We are therefore to be pitied. Merits* is in this place taken in an ill ſenſe, for actions *meriting* cenſure.

If any alteration be neceſſary, I ſhould only propoſe,

Be 't known, that we at *greateſt*, &c.

[a] *Make not your thoughts your priſons*;——] I once wiſhed to read,

Make not your thoughts your poiſon;———

Do not deſtroy yourſelf by muſing on your misfortune. Yet I would change nothing, as the old reading preſents a very proper ſenſe. *Be not a priſoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.*

SCENE V.

Cleo. He words me, Girls, he words me,
That I ſhould not be noble to myſelf.
But hark thee, *Charmion.* [*Whiſpers* Charmion.
Iras. Finiſh, good lady. The bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
Cleo. Hie thee again.
I've ſpoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haſte.
Char. Madam, I will. [*Exit* Charmion.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen?
Char. Behold, Sir.
Cleo. Dolabella.
Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn, by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cæſar* through *Syria*
Intends his journey, and, within three days,
You with your children will he ſend before;
Make your beſt uſe of this. I have perform'd
Your pleaſure and my promiſe.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I ſhall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your ſervant.
Adieu, good Queen. I muſt attend on *Cæſar.* [*Exit.*
Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras*, what
think'ſt thou?
Thou, an *Ægyptian* puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn
In *Rome* as well as I: mechanick ſlaves
With greaſy aprons, rules, and hammers, ſhall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs diet, ſhall we be enclouded,

And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, *Iras*; ſaucy lictors
Will catch at us like ſtrumpets, and [3] ſcall'd rhimers
Ballad us out o'-tune. The [4] quick Comedians
Extemp'rally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our *Alexandrian* revels: *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking *Cleopatra* [5] boy my Greatneſs,
I' th' poſture of a whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never ſee it; for, I'm ſure, my nails
Are ſtronger than mine eyes.

Cleo Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
[6] Their moſt abſurd intents. Now, *Charmion.*

Enter Charmion.

Shew me, my women, like a Queen: go fetch
My beſt attires. I am again for *Cydnus*,
To meet *Mark Antony*. Sirrah, *Iras*, go——
Now, noble *Charmion*, we'll diſpatch indeed——

[3] ——*ſcall'd rhimers*] Sir *T. Hanmer* reads,

——ſtall'd *rhimers*.

Scall'd was a word of contempt, implying poverty, diſeaſe, and filth.

[4] ——*quick Comedians*] The gay inventive players.

[5] ——*boy my Greatneſs*,] The parts of women were acted on the ſtage by boys. HANMER.

[6] *Their moſt* abſurd *intents.*—] Why ſhould *Cleopatra* call *Cæſar*'s deſigns abſurd? She could not think his intent of carrying her in triumph, ſuch, with regard to his own glory: and her finding an expedient to diſappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament. I much rather think, the Poet wrote;

Their moſt aſſur'd *intents.*—

i. e. the purpoſes, which they make themſelves moſt ſure of accompliſhing. THEOBALD.

I have preſerved the old reading. The deſign certainly appeared *abſurd* enough to *Cleopatra*, both as ſhe thought it unreaſonable in itſelf, and as ſhe knew it would fail.

And

And when thou'ſt done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day. Bring our Crown, and all.
Wherefore this noiſe? [*A noiſe within.*

Enter a Guardſman.

Guardſ. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highneſs' preſence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an inſtrument
[*Exit Guardſman.*
May do a noble deed!—He brings me liberty,
My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I'm marble conſtant: [7] now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardſman, *and* Clown *with a baſket.*

Guardſ. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guardſman.*
Haſt thou [8] the pretty worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him, but I would not be the party ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; thoſe, that do die of it, do ſeldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yeſterday, a very honeſt woman, but ſomething given to lye, as a woman

7 ——*now the fleeting moon*
No planet is of mine.] Alluding to the *Ægyptian* devotion paid to the moon under the name of *Iſis.* WARBURTON.

8 —*the pretty worm of* Nilus—] *Worm* is the Teutonick word for *ſerpent*: we have the *blind worm* and *ſlow worm* ſtill in our language, and the *Norwegians* call an enormous monſter, ſeen ſometimes in the Northern ocean, the *Sea-worm.*

ſhould

ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty. How ſhe dy'd of the biting of it, what pain ſhe felt! truly, ſhe makes a very good report o' th' worm: [9] but he, that will believe all that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by half that they do. But this is moſt fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewel.

Clown. I wiſh you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You muſt think this, look you, that the worm [1] will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewel.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be truſted but in the keeping of wiſe people; for, indeed, there is no goodneſs in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it ſhall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You muſt not think, I am ſo ſimple, but I know, the devil himſelf will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a diſh for the Gods, if the devil dreſs her not. But, truly, theſe ſame whore-ſon devils do the Gods great harm in their women! for, in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewel.

Clown. Yes, forſooth, I wiſh you joy o'th' worm. [*Exit.*

9 *but he, that will believe* all *that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by* half *that they do:*] *Shakeſpeare's* Clowns are always jokers, and deal in ſly ſatire. It is plain this muſt be read the contrary way, and *all* and *half* change places. WARBURTON.

1 *will do his kind.*] The ſerpent will act according to his nature.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crown; I have
Immortal Longings in me. Now no more
The juice of *Ægypt*'s grape ſhall moiſt this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quick. Methinks, I hear
Antony call, I ſee him rouſe himſelf
To praiſe my noble act. I hear him mock
The luck of *Cæſar*, which the Gods give men
T'excuſe their after-wrath. Huſband, I come;
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baſer life. So——have you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind *Charmion*. *Iras*, long farewel.
[*Applying the aſp.*
Have I the aſpick in my lips? doſt fall? [*To* Iras.
If thou and nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lie ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world,
It is not worth leave-taking. [Iras *dies.*
Char. Diſſolve, thick Cloud, and rain, that I may ſay,
The Gods themſelves do weep.
Cleo. This proves me baſe———
If ſhe firſt meet the curled *Antony*,
[a] He'll make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſs,
Which is my heav'n to have. Come, mortal wretch,
With thy ſharp teeth this knot intrinſicate
[*To the ſerpent.*
Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and diſpatch. Oh, couldſt thou ſpeak,

[a] *He'll make demand of her,*—] He will enquire of her concerning me, and kiſs her for giving him intelligence.

That

That I might hear thee call great *Cæſar* aſs,
Unpolicied!

Char. Oh eaſtern ſtar!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?

Char. O break! O break!

Cleo. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle,
[3] O *Antony!*—Nay, I will take thee too.——
[*Applying another Aſp to her arm.*
What ſhould I ſtay—— [*Dies.*

Char. In this wild world? ſo, fare thee well.
Now, boaſt thee, Death; in thy poſſeſſion lies
A laſs unparallel'd. Downy windows, cloſe;
And golden *Phœbus* never be beheld
Of eyes again ſo royal! [4] Your Crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guard, ruſhing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the Queen?

Char. Speak ſoftly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* *Cæſar* hath ſent——

Char. Too ſlow a meſſenger.
[Charmion *applies the aſp.*
Oh, come. Apace, diſpatch. I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! all's not well. *Cæſar's* beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's *Dolabella* ſent from *Cæſar.* Call him.

[3] O Antony! *nay, I will take thee too.*] As there has been hitherto no break in this verſe, nor any marginal direction, *thee* neceſſarily muſt ſeem to refer to *Antony.* But *Cleopatra* is here deſigned to apply one aſpick to her arm, as ſhe had before clap'd one to her breaſt. And the laſt ſpeech of *Dolabella* in the Play is a confirmation of this.

The like is on her arm. THEOB.

[4] ——*Your Crown's awry;*] This is well amended by the editors. The old editions had,

——*Your Crown's* away.

1 *Guard.* What work is here, *Charmion?* Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeſs
Deſcended of ſo many royal Kings.
Ah, ſoldiers!—— [Charmian *dies.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead!

Dol. *Cæſar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this; thyſelf art coming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

Enter Cæſar *and Attendants.*

All. Make way there, make way for *Cæſar.*

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too ſure an augurer;
That, you did fear, is done.

Cæſ. Braveſt at laſt:
She levell'd at our purpoſe, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?—
I do not ſee them bleed.

Dol. Who was laſt with them?

1 *Guard.* A ſimple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his baſket.

Cæſ. Poiſon'd then!

1 *Guard.* Oh *Cæſar!*
This *Charmion* liv'd but now, ſhe ſtood and ſpake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead miſtreſs; tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſudden dropt.

Cæſ. Oh noble weakneſs!
If they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appear
By external ſwelling; but ſhe looks like ſleep;
As ſhe would catch another *Antony*

In

In her ſtrong toil of grace.
Dol. Here, on her breaſt,
There is a vent of blood, and [5] ſomething blown;
The like is on her arm.
1 *Guard.* This is an aſpick's trail; and theſe fig-leaves
Have ſlime upon them, ſuch as th' aſpick leaves
Upon the caves of *Nile*.
Cæſ. Moſt probable,
That ſo ſhe dy'd; for her phyſician tells me,
She has purſu'd concluſions infinite
Of eaſy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.
She ſhall be buried by her *Antony*.
No grave upon the earth ſhall clip in it
A pair ſo famous. High events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them; and their ſtory is
No leſs in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhew, attend this funeral;
And then to *Rome*. Come, *Dolabella*, ſee
High order in this great ſolemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*

5 ——*ſomething blown*;] The fleſh is ſomewhat *puffed* or *ſwoln*.

THIS Play keeps curioſity always buſy, and the paſſions always intereſted. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick ſucceſſion of one perſonage to another, call the mind forward without intermiſſion from the firſt Act to the laſt. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the ſcene; for, except the feminine arts, ſome of which are too low, which diſtinguiſh *Cleopatra*, no character is very ſtrongly diſcriminated. *Upton*, who did not eaſily miſs what he deſired to find, has diſcovered that the language of *Antony* is, with great ſkill and learning, made pompous and ſuperb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not diſtinguiſhable from that of others: the moſt tumid ſpeech in the Play is that which *Cæſar* makes to *Octavia*.

The events, of which the principal are deſcribed according to hiſtory, are produced without any art of connection or care of diſpoſition.

CYMBE-

CYMBELINE:

A

TRAGEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CYMBELINE, *King of* Britain.
Cloten, *Son to the Queen by a former Huſband.*
Leonatus Poſthumus, *a Gentleman married to the Princeſs.*
Belarius, *a baniſh'd Lord, diſguiſed under the name of* Morgan.
Guiderius, } *Diſguis'd under the names of* Paladour *and*
Arviragus, } Cadwal, *ſuppoſed Sons to* Belarius.
Philario, *an* Italian, *Friend to* Poſthumus.
Iachimo, *Friend to* Philario.
Caius Lucius, *Ambaſſador from* Rome.
Piſanio, *Servant to* Poſthumus.
A French *Gentleman.*
Cornelius, *a Doctor.*
Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
Imogen, *Daughter to* Cymbeline *by a former Queen.*
Helen, *Woman to* Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman *Senators, Tribunes, Ghoſts, a Soothſayer, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Britain; *ſometimes in* Italy.

Story taken from *Boccace*'s Decameron, Day 2. Novel 9. little beſides the names being hiſtorical. POPE.

Of this Play there is no edition before that of 1623. Folio.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's *Palace in* Britain.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 GENTLEMAN.

YOU do not meet a man, but frowns: Our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers';
Still ſeem, as does the King's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.*

1 *You do not meet a man, but frowns; our* BLOODS
No more obey the heavens than our Courtiers;
But ſeem, as does the King's.] The thought is this, we are not now (as we were wont) influenced by the weather but by the King's looks. *We no more obey the heavens* [the ſky] *than our Courtiers* obey the heavens [God]. By which it appears, that the reading—*our bloods* is wrong. For though the *blood* may be affected with the weather, yet that affection is diſcovered not by change of *colour*, but by change of *countenance*. And it is the *outward* not the *inward* change that is here talked of, as appears from the word *ſeem*. We ſhould read therefore,

——*our* BROWS
No more obey the heavens, &c.

Which is evident from the preceding words,

You do not meet a man but frowns.

And from the following,

——*But not a Courtier,*
Altho' they wear their faces *to the* bent

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of 's Kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's ſole ſon, a widow
That late he married, hath referr'd herſelf
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman.
She's wedded;———
Her huſband baniſh'd; ſhe impriſon'd: All
Is outward ſorrow, though, I think, the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the King?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath loſt her, too: ſo is the Queen,
That moſt deſir'd the match. But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's look, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they ſcoul at.

2 *Gent.* And why ſo?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miſs'd the Princeſs, is a thing

Of the King's look, *but hath a heart that is*
Glad at the thing they ſcoul *at.*
The *Oxford Editor* improves upon this emendation, and reads,
———*our* looks
No more obey the heart *ev'n than our courtiers;*
But by venturing too far, at a ſecond emendation, he has ſtript it of all thought and ſentiment.

WARBURTON.

This paſſage is ſo difficult, that commentators may differ concerning it without animoſity or ſhame. Of the two emendations propoſed, *Hanmer*'s is the more licentious; but he makes the ſenſe clear, and leaves the reader an eaſy paſſage. Dr. *Warburton* has corrected with more caution, but leſs improvement: His reaſoning upon his own reading is ſo obſcure and perplexed, that I ſuſpect ſome injury of the preſs.

I am now to tell my opinion, which is, that the lines ſtand as they were originally written, and that a paraphraſe, ſuch as the licentious and abrupt expreſſion of our authour too frequently requiré, will make emendation unneceſſary. *We do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods*—our countenances, which, in popular ſpeech, are ſaid to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—*no more obey* the laws of *heav'n*,—which direct us to appear what we really are,—*than our Courtiers*;—that is, than the *bloods of our Courtiers*; but our bloods, like theirs,—*ſtill ſeem, as doth the King's.*

Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
I mean that marry'd her, alack good man!
And therefore baniſh'd, is a creature ſuch
As, to ſeek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be ſomething failing
In him that ſhould compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and ſuch ſtuff within
Endows a man but him.

2 *Gent.* You ſpeak him far.

1 *Gent.* [a] I do extend him, Sir, within himſelf,
Cruſh him together, rather than unfold
His meaſure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did join his honour
Againſt the *Romans*, with *Caſſibelan*;
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He ſerv'd with glory and admir'd ſucceſs;
So gain'd the ſur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had, beſides this gentleman in queſtion,

[a] *I* DO EXTEND *him, Sir, within himſelf;*

Cruſh him together, —] Thus the late editor, Mr. *Theobald*, has given the paſſage, and explained it in this manner, *I extend him within the liſts and compaſs of his merit:* Which is juſt as proper as to ſay, *I go out within doors.* To *extend* a thing *within* itſelf is the moſt inſufferable nonſenſe: becauſe the very etymology of the word ſhews, that it ſignifies the drawing out any thing BEYOND its *liſts and compaſs.* Beſides, a common attention was ſufficient to perceive that *Shakeſpeare* in this ſentence, uſed *extend and cruſh together*, as the direct oppoſites to one another; which, in this editor's ſenſe, they are not; but only different degrees of the ſame thing. We ſhould read and point the paſſage thus,

I DON'T EXTEND *him, Sir: within himſelf*

Cruſh him together———

i. e. I do not extend him; on the contrary I cruſh him together. WARBURTON.

I am not able to perceive that the old reading is *i ſuffi cible.* I extend him within himſelf: My praiſe, however *extenſi e.* is *within* his merit, What is there in this which common language and common ſenſe will not admit?

Two other ſons; who, in the wars o' th' time,
Dy'd with their ſwords in hand: For which, their father,
Then old and fond of iſſue, took ſuch ſorrow,
That he quit Being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theam, deceas'd,
As he was born. The King he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him *Poſthumus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber;
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, faſt as 'twas miniſtred,
And in 's ſpring became a harveſt: [3] liv'd in Court,
Which rare it is to do, moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd,
A ſample to the young'ſt; to th' more mature,
[4] A glaſs that feared them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards. To his miſtreſs,
For whom he now is baniſh'd, her own price
Proclaims, how ſhe eſteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

[3] ——*liv'd in Court,*
Which rare it is to do, moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd,] This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any great degree *loved* and *praiſed* is truly *rare*.

[4] *A glaſs that featur'd them*;] Such is the reading in all the modern editions, I know not by whom firſt ſubſtituted, for

A glaſs that feared *them*;—

I have diſplaced *featur'd*, though it can plead long preſcription, becauſe I am inclined to think that *feared* has the better title. *Mirrour* was a favourite word in that age, for an *example*, or a *pattern*, by noting which the manners were to be formed, as dreſs is regulated by looking in a glaſs. When Don *Bellianis* is ſtiled the mirrour of knighthood, the idea given is not that of a glaſs in which every knight may behold his own reſemblance, but an example to be viewed by knights as often as a glaſs is looked upon by girls, to be viewed, that they may know, not what they are, but what they ought to be. Such a glaſs may *fear the more nature*, as diſplaying excellencies which they have arrived at maturity without attaining.

To *fear*, is here, as in other places, to *frighten*.

2 *Gent.* I honour him,
Ev'n out of your report. But pray you tell me,
Is ſhe ſole child to the King?
1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two ſons, if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it; the eldeſt of them at three years old,
I' th' ſwathing clothes the other, from their nurſery
Were ſtol'n; and to this hour, no gueſs in knowledge
Which way they went.
2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?
1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.
2 *Gent.* That a King's children ſhould be ſo convey'd,
So ſlackly guarded, and the ſearch ſo ſlow
That could not trace them——
1 *Gent.* Howſoe'er 'tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.
2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.
1 *Gent.* We muſt forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,
The Queen, and Princeſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen, Poſthumus, Imogen, *and Attendants.*

Queen. No, be aſſur'd, you ſhall not find me, daughter,
After the ſlander of moſt ſtep-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you. You're my priſ'ner, but
Your gaoler ſhall deliver you the keys
That lock'd up your reſtraint. For you, *Poſthumus,*
So ſoon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your advocate; marry, yet,
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wiſdom may inform you.

Poſt. Pleaſe your Highneſs,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the King
Hath charg'd, you ſhould not ſpeak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. Diſſembling courteſy! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle, where ſhe wounds! My deareſt huſband,
I ſomething fear my father's wrath, but nothing,
[5] Always re'erv'd my holy duty, what
His rage can do on me. You muſt be gone,
And I ſhall here abide the hourly ſhot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may ſee again.

Poſt. My Queen! my Miſtreſs!
O lady, weep no more, leſt I give cauſe
To be ſuſpected of more tenderneſs
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyall'ſt huſband, that did e'er plight troth.
My reſidence in *Rome*, at one *Philario*'s;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter. Thither write, my Queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you ſend,
[6] Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I ſhall incur I know not
How much of his diſpleaſure. Yet I'll move him
[*Aſide.*

[5] *Always reſerv'd my holy duty,*——] I ſay I do not fear my father, ſo far as I may ſay it without breach of duty.

[6] *Though ink be made of gall.*] *Shakeſpeare*, even in this poor concert, has confounded the vegetable *galls* uſed in ink, with the animal *gall*, ſuppoſed to be bitter.

To

To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends
Pays dear for my offences [*Exit.*
Poſt. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothneſs to depart would grow.—Adieu!
Imo. Nay, ſtay a little——
Were you but riding forth to air yourſelf,
Such Parting were too petty. Look here, Love,
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart,
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.
Poſt. How, how, another!
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And ſear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*
While ſenſe can keep thee on! and Sweeteſt, Faireſt,
As I my poor ſelf did exchange for you,
To your ſo infinite loſs; ſo, in our trifles
I ſtill win of you. For my ſake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it
Putting a bracelet on her arm.
Upon this faireſt priſ'ner.
Imo. O, the Gods!
When ſhall we ſee again?

SCENE III.

Enter Cymbeline, *and Lords.*

Poſt. Alack, the King!——
Cym. Thou baſeſt thing, avoid! hence! from my ſight!
If, after this Command, thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthineſs, thou dy'ſt. Away!

Thou 'rt poiſon to my blood.

Poſt. The Gods protect you,
And bleſs the good remainders of the Court!
I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharp than this is.

Cym. O diſloyal thing,
That ſhouldſt repair my youth, thou heap'ſt
[7] A year's age on me.

Imo. I beſeech you, Sir,
Harm not yourſelf with your Vexation;
I'm ſenſeleſs of your wrath; [8] a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Paſt grace? obedience?

Imo. Paſt hope, and in deſpair; that way, paſt grace.

Cym. Thou might'ſt have had the ſole ſon of my Queen.

Imo. O, bleſt, that I might not! I choſe an eagle,
And did avoid [9] a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'ſt a beggar; wouldſt have made my Throne
A ſeat for Baſeneſs.

[7] *A year's age on me.*] Dr. *Warburton* reads,

A yare age on me.

It ſeems to me, even from *Skinner*, whom he cites, that *yare* is uſed only as a perſonal quality. Nor is the authority of *Skinner* ſufficient, without ſome example, to juſtify the alteration. *Hanmer*'s reading is better, but rather too far from the original copy,

—*Thou heapeſt* many
A year's age on me.

I read,

———*Thou heap'ſt*
Years, ages *on me.*

[8] ———*a touch more rare*
Subdues all pangs, all fears.] *Rare* is uſed often for *eminently good*; but I do not remember any paſſage in which it ſtands for *eminently bad*. May we read,

———*a touch more* near,
Cura Deam propior luctuſque domeſticus angit. OVID.

Shall we try again,

———*a touch more* rear.
Crudum vulnus. But of this I know not any example.

There is yet another interpretation, which perhaps will remove the difficulty. *A touch more rare*, may mean, *a nobler paſſion*.

[9] —*a puttock.*] A *kite.*

Imo.

Imo. No, I rather added
A luſtre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault, that I have lov'd *Poſthumus*:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almoſt the ſum he pays.
Cym. What!—art thou mad?
Imo. Almoſt, Sir; heav'n reſtore me! Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our neighbour-ſhepherd's ſon!

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou fooliſh Thing.
They were again together, you have done
[*To the Queen.*
Not after our Command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. Beſeech your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us t' ourſelves, and make yourſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt advice.
Cym. Nay, let her languiſh
A drop of blood a-day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly. [*Exit.*

Enter Piſanio.

Queen. Fy, you muſt give way.
Here is your ſervant. How now, Sir? What news?
Piſ. My Lord your ſon drew on my maſter.
Queen. Hah!
No harm, I truſt, is done?
Piſ. There might have been,
But that my maſter rather play'd, than fought,
And

And had no help of anger. They were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your ſon's my father's friend, he takes his part.

—To draw upon an exile! O brave Sir!——
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
Myſelf by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your maſter?

Piſ. On his command. He would not ſuffer me
To bring him to the haven; left theſe notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubject to,
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful ſervant; I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain ſo.

Piſ. I humbly thank your Highneſs.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About ſome half hour hence, pray you, ſpeak with me;
You ſhall, at leaſt, go ſee my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cloten, *and two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would adviſe you to ſhift a ſhirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a ſacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in, there's none abroad ſo wholeſome as that you vent.

Clot. If my ſhirt were bloody, then to ſhift it—— Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, faith: Not ſo much as his patience. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a paſſable carcaſs, if he

he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for ſteel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His ſteel was in debt, it went o' th' back-ſide the town. [*Aſide.*

Clot. The villain would not ſtand me.

2 *Lord* No, but he fled *forward* ſtill, toward your face, [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you? you have land enough of your own; but he added to your Having, gave you ſome ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans, puppies! [*Aſide.*

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, 'till you had meaſur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aſide.*

Clot. And that ſhe ſhould love this fellow, and refuſe me!———

2 *Lord.* If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe's damn'd. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, [1] her beauty and her brain go not together. [2] She's a good Sign, but I have ſeen ſmall reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She ſhines not upon fools, leſt the reflection ſhould hurt her. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber. 'Would there had been ſome hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wiſh not ſo; unleſs it had been the fall of an aſs, which is no great hurt. [*Aſide.*

[1] *her beauty and her brain, &c.*] I believe the Lord means to ſpeak a ſentence. *Sir, as I told you always, beauty and brain go not together.*

[2] *She's a good* Sign.] If *ſign* be the true reading, the poet means by it *conſtellation*, and by *reflection* is meant *influence*. But I rather think, from the anſwer, that he wrote *ſhine*. So in his *Venus and Adonis*,

As if, from thence, they borrowed all their ſhine.

WARBURTON.

There is acuteneſs enough in this note, yet I believe the poet meant nothing by *ſign*, but *fair outward* ſhew.

Clot.

Clot. You'll go with us?
1 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordſhip.
Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.
2 *Lord.* Well, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Imogen's *Apartments.*

Enter Imogen, *and* Piſanio.

Imo. I Would, thou grew'ſt unto the ſhores o' th' haven,
And queſtion'dſt every ſail: if he ſhould write,
And I not have it, [1] 'twere a paper loſt
As offer'd mercy is. What was the laſt
That he ſpake with thee?
Piſ. 'Twas, "His Queen, his Queen!"
Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?
Piſ. And kiſs'd it, Madam.
Imo. Senſeleſs linen, happier therein than I!
And that was all?
Piſ. No, Madam; [4] for ſo long

[1] ——'*twere a paper loſt*
As offer'd mercy is.——] i. e. *Should one of his letters miſcarry, the loſs would be as great as that of offer'd mercy.* But the *Oxford Editor* amends it thus,
——'*twere a paper loſt,*
With *offer'd mercy* in it.
WARBURTON.

[4] ——*for ſo long*
As he could make me with his *eye, or ear,*
Diſtinguiſh him from others.—] But how could *Poſthumus* make himſelf diſtinguiſh'd by his *ear* to *Piſanio?* By his tongue he might, to the other's ear: and this was certainly *Shakeſpeare's* intention. We muſt therefore read,
As he could make me with this *eye, or ear,*
Diſtinguiſh him from others.
The expreſſion is δικτικως, as the *Greeks* term it: the party ſpeaking points to that part ſpoken of. WARBURTON.
Sir *T. Hanmer* alters it thus,
——*for ſo long*
As he could mark *me with his eye, or* I
Diſtinguiſh——
The reaſon of *Hanmer's* reading was, that *Piſanio* deſcribes no addreſs made to the *ear.*

As

As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and ſtirs of 's mind
Could beſt expreſs how ſlow his ſoul ſail'd on,
How ſwift his ſhip.

Imo. Thou ſhouldſt have made him
As little as a crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.

Piſ. Madam, ſo I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings; crackt 'em, but
To look upon him; [5] 'till the diminution
Of ſpace had pointed him ſharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The ſmallneſs of a gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good *Piſanio*,
When ſhall we hear from him?

Piſ. Be aſſur'd, Madam,
With his [6] next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or, I could make him ſwear,
The She's of *Italy* ſhould not betray

[5] ——'till the diminution
OF SPACE *had pointed him ſharp as my needle*;] But the increaſe of diſtance is the augmentation, not the *diminution* of *ſpace* between the object and the beholder: which augmentation occaſions the diminution of the object. We ſhould read therefore,
——'till the diminution
OF 'S SPACE——
i. e. of his ſpace, or of that ſpace which his body occupied; and this is the *diminution* of the object by the augmentation of ſpace.
WARBURTON.
The diminution of ſpace, is *the diminution*, of which *ſpace* is the cauſe. Trees are killed by a blaſt of lightning, that is, by *blaſting*, not *blaſted* lightning.

[6] ——*next vantage.*] Next *opportunity*.

Mine

Mine intereſt, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with Oriſons; for then
I am in heaven for him; [7] or ere I could
Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, [8] comes in my Father;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter

7 ——*or ere I could*
Give him that parting kiſs, which
I had ſet
Between two charming words.] There is an inexpreſſible prettineſs in the whole of this idea. The image is taken from a gem ſet between two others of a different kind. But what were theſe two *charming words*, between which the *kiſs* was ſet? This may be thought too nice an inquiry. If we conſider *Shakeſpeare* as having only the vague idea of two fond words in general, the *douceurs*, with which lovers are uſed to entertain one another, the whole force and beauty of the paſſage will be loſt. Without queſtion by theſe *two charming words* ſhe would be underſtood to mean,

ADIEU, POSTHUMUS.

The one *Religion* made ſo: nnd the other, *Love.* WARB.

Edwards has juſtly remarked, that the word of religion here mentioned is ſeldom uſed with any religion, and often where no religious idea can be admitted.

8 ——*comes in my Father*;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from GROWING.] Had *Imogen* employed this image of the *North wind ſhaking the tender buds*, to expreſs her father's rage at the diſcovery of the marriage, it had been proper to have ſaid,

Shakes all our buds from growing;

becauſe by baniſhing *Poſthumus*, he quite cut off the fruits of their loves and alliance, which were things of duration; and in this caſe the *buds* of *fruit-trees* had been meant. But that was a thing paſſed, the diſcovery had been made, and his baniſhment denounced. She is here telling, how her father came in while *Poſthumus* was taking his laſt farewel of her; and while they were going to interchange ſome tender words to one another, which was a pleaſure, had it not been interrupted, but of a ſhort and momentary duration. In this caſe then it is plain, that not *buds* of *fruit-trees*, but *buds* of *flowers* are alluded to: and if ſo, the preſent reading, which refers to *buds* of *fruit-trees*, is corrupt, and we muſt conclude that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Shakes all our buds from BLOWING.

i. e. from opening, as full-blown flowers do. And I ſuppoſe that his

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Deſires your Highneſs' company.
Imo. Thoſe things I bid you do, get them diſpatch'd,
I will attend the Queen.
Piſ. Madam, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, *and a* French *man.*

Iach. BElieve it, Sir, I have ſeen him in *Britain*; he was then of a creſcent Note; expected to prove ſo worthy, as ſince he has been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by *Items.*

Phil. You ſpeak of him when he was leſs furniſh'd, than now he is, with that which [9] makes him both without and within.

his uſing the word *blowing* here, was the reaſon why in the foregoing line he ſays, BREATHING *of the North*, inſtead *of blowing* of the North; (tho' *breathing* be not very proper to expreſs the rage and bluſter of the North wind) the repetition of which word, as it had then been uſed in two different ſenſes, would have had an ill effect. WARB.

So many words to prove ſo little! A bud, without any diſtinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural repreſentation of any thing incipient or immature; and the buds of flowers, if flowers muſt be meant, *grow* to flowers, as the buds of fruits *grow* to fruits.

[9] *makes him*] In the ſenſe in which we ſay, This will *make* or *mar* you.

French.

French. I have ſeen him in *France*; we had very many there, could behold the ſun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter, wherein he muſt be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own, [1] words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his baniſhment——

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of thoſe, that weep this lamentable divorce [2] under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her Judgment, which elſe an eaſy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to ſojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were ſoldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no leſs than my life.

Enter Poſthumus.

Here comes the *Briton*. Let me be ſo entertained amongſt you, as ſuits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a ſtranger of his quality. I beſeech you all, be better known to this Gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than ſtory him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in *Orleans*.

Poſt. Since when I have been debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

[1] *words him—a great deal from the matter.*] Makes the deſcription of him very diſtant from the truth.

[2] *under her colours,*] Under her banner; by her influence.

French.

ach. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindneſs. I was
did attone my Countryman and you; it had
ity, you ſhould have been put together with ſo
a purpoſe, as then each bore, upon importance
light, and trivial a nature.
. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young tra-
; [3] rather ſhunn'd to go even with what I heard,
my every action to be guided by others' expe-
; but upon my mended judgment, if I offend
ſay, it is mended, my quarrel was not altoge-
ight.
ach. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of
; and by ſuch two, that would by all likeli-
ave confounded one the other, or have fall'n

. Can we with manners aſk, what was the dif-
?
ach. Safely, I think. 'Twas a contention in pub-
which may, without contradiction, ſuffer the re-
It was much like an argument that fell out laſt
where each of us fell in praiſe of our Country
ſſes: This Gentleman at that time vouching,
pon warrant of bloody affirmation, his to be
air, virtuous, wiſe, chaſte, conſtant, qualified,
ſs attemptible than any the rareſt of our ladies in

. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentle-
opinion by this worn out.
. She holds her virtue ſtill, and I my mind.
. You muſt not ſo far prefer her, 'fore ours of

. Being ſo far provok'd, as I was in *France*, I

her ſhun'd to go even with heard, &c.] This is ex- with a kind of fantaſtical ty. He means, I was ling to take for my direc- e experience of others, more than ſuch intelligence as I had gathered myſelf.

[4] *which may, without contradiction.*] Which, undoubtedly, may be publickly told.

would abate her nothing; [5] tho' I profeſs myſelf her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand compariſon, had been ſomething too fair and too good for any Lady in *Britain.* [6] If ſhe went before others I have ſeen, as that diamond of yours out-luſtres many I have beheld, I could believe, ſhe excelled many; but I have not ſeen the moſt precious diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Poſt. I prais'd her, as I rated her; ſo do I my ſtone.

Iach. What do you eſteem it at?

Poſt. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd Miſtreſs is dead, or ſhe's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Poſt. You are miſtaken; the one may be ſold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchaſe, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for ſale, and only the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you.——

Poſt. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, ſtrange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be ſtoll'n too; ſo, of your brace of unprizeable eſtimations, the one is but frail and the other caſual. A cunning thief, or a that-way accompliſh'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Poſt. Your *Italy* contains none ſo accompliſh'd a

[5] *tho' I profeſs*, &c.] Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his miſtreſs, and regard her not with the fondneſs of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer.

[6] *If ſhe went before others I have ſeen, as that diamond of yours out-luſtres many I have beheld, I could* NOT *believe ſhe excelled many*;] What? if the did really excel others, could he not believe ſhe did excel them? Nonſenſe. We muſt ſtrike out the negative, and the ſenſe will be this, *I can eaſily believe your miſtreſs excells many, tho' ſhe be not the moſt excellent; juſt as I ſee that diamond of yours is of more value than many I have beheld, tho' I know there are other diamonds of much greater value.* WARBURTON.

ter [7] to convince the honour of my miſtreſs; if holding or loſs of that, you term her frail. I hing doubt, you have ſtore of thieves, notwithg I fear not my ring.

. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior, k him, makes no ſtranger of me; we are famiſirſt.

. With five times ſo much converſation, I get ground of your fair Miſtreſs; make her go even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opity to friend.

. No, no.——

. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'er-values ething. But I make my wager rather againſt onfidence than her reputation, and to bar your herein too, I durſt attempt it againſt any Lady world.

. You are a great deal [8] abus'd in too bold a ion; and, I doubt not, you'd ſuſtain what worthy of, by your attempt.

. What's that?

. A repulſe; though your attempt, as you call rves more; a puniſhment too.

. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too ly, let it die as it was born; and I pray you, be acquainted.

. 'Would, I had put my eſtate and my neighon th' [9] approbation of what I have ſpoke.

. What Lady would you chuſe to aſſail?

. Yours; who in conſtancy, you think, ſtands I will lay you ten thouſand ducats to your

onvince *the honour of my* | *Convince*, for over- WARBURTON. *Macbeth*,

——*their malady* convinces *The great eſſay of art.*

[8] *abus'd*] *Deceived.*

[9] *approbation*] Proof.

ring, that, commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a ſecond conference, I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine ſo reſerv'd.

Poſt. I will wage againſt your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

[1] *Iach.* You are a friend, and therein the wiſer; if you buy ladies' fleſh at a million a dram, you cannot preſerve it from tainting. But, I ſee, you have ſome Religion in you, that you fear.

Poſt. This is but a cuſtom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpoſe, I hope.

Iach. I am the maſter of my Speeches, and would undergo what's ſpoken, I ſwear.

Poſt. Will you? I ſhall but lend my diamond 'till your Return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My Miſtreſs exceeds in goodneſs the hugeneſs of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no Lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one. [2] If I bring you no ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your miſtreſs, my ten thouſand ducats are yours, ſo is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave

[1] Iach. *You are a* friend, *and therein the wiſer*;] I correct it,

You are afraid, *and therein the wiſer.*

What *Iachimo* ſays, in the cloſe of his ſpeech, determines this to have been our Poet's reading.

But, I ſee, you have ſome Religion in you, that you fear.

WARBURTON.

Friend will bear a proper ſenſe. *You are a friend* to the Lady, *and therein the wiſer*, as you will not expoſe her to hazard; and that you *fear*, is a proof of your *religious* fidelity.

[2] Iach. —*If I bring you no ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your miſtreſs, my ten thouſand ducats are* YOURS; *ſo is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour as you have truſt in, ſhe your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are* yours, &c.

Poſt. *I embrace theſe conditions,* &c.] This was a wager between the two ſpeakers. *Iachimo* declares the conditions of it; and *Poſthumus embraces* them: as well he

leave her in ſuch honour as you have truſt in, ſhe your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Poſt. I embrace theſe conditions; let us have articles betwixt us; only, thus far you ſhall anſwer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to underſtand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, ſhe is not worth our debate; if ſhe remain unſeduc'd, you not making it appear otherwiſe, for your ill opinion, and th' aſſault you have made to her chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your ſword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant. We will have theſe things ſent down by lawful counſel, and ſtraight away for *Britain*; leſt the bargain ſhould catch cold, and ſtarve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Poſt. Agreed. [*Exeunt* Poſthumus *and* Iachimo.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it. Pray let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

ıe might; for *Iachimo* mentions ɔnly *that* of the two conditions, which was favourable to *Poſthumus*, namely, that if his wife preſerved her honour he ſhould win: concerning the other, in caſe ſhe preſerved it not, *Iachimo*, the accurate expounder of the wager, is ſilent. To make him talk more in character, for we find him ſharp enough in the proſecution of his bet, we ſhould ſtrike out the negative, and read the reſt thus, *If I bring you ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd*, &c. *my ten thouſand ducats are* MINE; *ſo is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour*, &c. *ſhe your jewel*, &c *and my gold are* yours. WARBURTON.

I once thought this emendation right, but am now of opinion, that *Shakeſpeare* intended that *Iachimo*, having gained his purpoſe, ſhould deſignedly drop the invidious and offenſive part of the wager, and to flatter *Poſthumus*, dwell long upon the more pleaſing part of the repreſentation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both.

SCENE VII.

Changes to Cymbeline's *Palace in* Britain.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius *with a Phial.*

Queen. WHILE yet the dew's on ground, gather thoſe flowers:
Make haſte—Who has the note of them?
1 *Lady.* I, Madam.
Queen. Diſpatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, maſter Doctor, you have brought thoſe drugs?
Cor. Pleaſeth your Highneſs, ay; here they are, Madam.
But I beſeech your Grace, without offence,
My conſcience bids me aſk, wherefore you have
Commanded of me theſe moſt pois'nous compounds
Which are the movers of a languiſhing death;
But, though ſlow, deadly.
Queen. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou aſk'ſt me ſuch a queſtion; have I not been
Thy pupil long? haſt thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? diſtil? preſerve? yea, ſo,
That our great King himſelf doth woo me oft
For my confections? having thus far proceeded,
Unleſs thou think'ſt me dev'liſh, is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
[3] Other concluſions? I will try the forces
Of theſe thy compounds on ſuch creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their ſev'ral virtues and effects.

[3] *Other concluſions?*—] Other experiments. *I commend,* ſays *Walton, an angler that tries* concluſions, and improves his art. *Cor.*

Cor. [4] Your Highneſs
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Beſides, the ſeeing theſe effects will be
Both noiſome and infectious.
Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Piſanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring raſcal, upon him [*Aſide.*
Will I firſt work; he's for his maſter,
And enemy to my ſon. How now, *Piſanio?*
—Doctor, your ſervice for this time is ended;
Take your own way.
Cor. I do ſuſpect you, Madam; [*Aſide.*
But you ſhall do no harm.
Queen. Hark thee, a word.—— [*To* Piſanio.
Cor. [*Solus*] [5] I do not like her. She doth think, ſhe has
Strange ling'ring poiſons; I do know her ſpirit,
And will not truſt one of her malice with
A drug of ſuch damn'd nature. Thoſe, ſhe has,
Will ſtupify and dull the ſenſe a while;
Which firſt, perchance, ſhe'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterwards up higher; but there is
No danger in what ſhew of death it makes,

[4] *Your Highneſs*
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;] There is in this paſſage nothing that much requires a note, yet I cannot forbear to puſh it forward into obſervation. The thought would probably have been more amplified, had our authour lived to be ſhocked with ſuch experiments as have been publiſhed in later times, by a race of men that have practiſed tortures without pity, and related them without ſhame, and are yet ſuffered to erect their heads among human beings.

Cape ſaxa manu, cape robora, paſtor.

[5] *I do not like her.*——] This ſoliloquy is very inartificial. The ſpeaker is under no ſtrong preſſure of thought; he is neither reſolving, repenting, ſuſpecting, nor deliberating, and yet makes a long ſpeech, to tell himſelf what himſelf knows.

More than the locking up the ſpirits a time,
To be more freſh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a moſt falſe effect; and I the truer,
So to be falſe with her.

Queen. No further ſervice, Doctor,
Until I ſend for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps ſhe ſtill, ſay'ſt thou? doſt thou think, in time
She will not quench, and let inſtructions enter
Where folly now poſſeſſes? do thou work;
When thou ſhalt bring me word ſhe loves my ſon,
I'll tell thee on the inſtant, thou art then
As great as is thy maſter; greater; for
His fortunes all lie ſpeechleſs, and his name
Is at laſt gaſp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: [6] to ſhift his being,
Is to exchange one miſery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What ſhalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing [7] that leans?
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'ſt up
[Piſanio *takes up the Phial.*
Thou know'ſt not what; but take it for thy labour;
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earneſt of a further Good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy miſtreſs how
The caſe ſtands with her; do 't, as from thyſelf:
Think, what a change thou chanceſt on; but think;—
Thou haſt thy miſtreſs ſtill; to boot, my ſon;
Who ſhall take notice of thee. I'il move the King

[6] ——*to ſhift his being,*] To change his abode.

[7] ——*that leans?*] That *inclines* towards its fall.

To

To any ſhape of thy preferment, ſuch
As thou'lt deſire; and then myſelf, I chiefly,
That ſet thee on to this deſert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women———
[*Exit* Piſanio.
Think on my words—A ſly and conſtant knave,
Not to be ſhak'd; the agent for his maſter;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand faſt to her Lord.—I've given him that,
Which, if he take, ſhall quite unpeople her
[a] Of leigers for her ſweet; and which ſhe, after,
Except ſhe bend her humour, ſhall be aſſur'd
To taſte of too.

Enter Piſanio, *and Ladies.*

So, ſo; well done, well done.
The violets, cowſlips, and the primroſes,
Bear to my cloſet. Fare thee well, *Piſanio*,
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Piſ. And ſhall do:
But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myſelf; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Imogen's *Apartments.*

Enter Imogen *alone.*

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame falſe,
A fooliſh ſuitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her huſband baniſh'd—O, that huſband!
My ſupreme crown of grief, and thoſe repeated

[a] *Of leigers for her ſweet*;—] A *leiger* ambaſſador, is one that reſides at a foreign court, to promote his maſter's intereſt.

Vexations

Vexations of it—Had I been thief-ſtoll'n,
As my two brothers, happy! [9] but moſt miſerable
Is the deſire, that's glorious. [1] Bleſs'd be thoſe,
How mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons comfort. Who may this be? fy!

Enter Piſanio, *and* Iachimo.

Piſ. Madam, a noble Gentleman of *Rome*
Comes from my Lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy *Leonatus* is in ſafety,
And greets your Highneſs dearly. [*Gives a Letter.*
Ima. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her, that is out of door, moſt rich!
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare, [*Aſide.*

[9] ——*but moſt miſerable*
Is the deſire, that's glorious.—] Her huſband, ſhe ſays, proves her ſupreme grief. She had been happy had ſhe been ſtoln as her brothers were, but now ſhe is miſerable, as all thoſe are who have a ſenſe of worth and honour ſuperior to the vulgar, which occaſions them infinite vexations from the envious and worthleſs part of mankind. Had ſhe not ſo refined a taſte as to be content only with the ſuperior merit of *Poſthumus*, but could have taken up with *Cloten*, ſhe might have eſcaped theſe perſecutions. This elegance of taſte, which always diſcovers an excellence and chuſes it, ſhe calls with great ſublimity of expreſſion, *The deſire that's glorious*; which the *Oxford Editor* not underſtanding alters to, *The* degree *that's glorious*. WARB.

[1] ——*Bleſs'd be thoſe,*
How mean ſoe'er, that have
their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons comfort.—] The laſt words are equivocal; but the meaning is this. Who are beholden only to the ſeaſons for their ſupport and nouriſhment; ſo that, if thoſe be kindly, ſuch have no more to care for or deſire. WARBURTON.

I am willing to comply with any meaning that can be extorted from the preſent text, rather than change it, yet will propoſe, but with great diffidence, a ſlight alteration:

——*Bleſs'd be thoſe,*
How mean ſoe'er, that have
their honeſt wills,
With reaſon's *comfort.*——
Who gratify their innocent wiſhes with reaſonable enjoyments.

She

alone th' *Arabian* bird; and I
loſt the wager. Boldneſs be my friend!
ne, Audacity, from head to foot:
e the *Parthian*, I ſhall flying fight,
: directly fly.

Imogen *reads.*

is one of the nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am finitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you our truſt.

Leonatus.

I read aloud:
'n the very middle of my heart
:m'd by th' reſt, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
words to bid you; and ſhall find it ſo,
hat I can do.
). Thanks, faireſt Lady.
What! are men mad? hath nature given them eyes [*Aſide.*
: this vaulted arch, * and the rich cope
a and land, which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
ery orbs above, [3] and the twinn'd ſtones
the number'd beach? and can we not

Partition

—*and the rich* CROP
'a and land, —] He is aking of the *covering* of l land, *Shakeſpear* there-ore,
—*and the rich* COPE.
WARBURTON.
and the twinn'd ſtones the number'd *beach?*—] no idea, in what ſenſe the or ſhore, ſhould be called d, I have ventured, againſt copies, to ſubſtitute,
th' unnumber'd beach?— e infinite extenſive beach, re to underſtand the epi- coupled to that word. But, I rather think, the poet intended an *hypallage*, like that in the beginning of OVID's *Metamorphoſes*;
(In nova *fert animus* mutatas *dicere formas*
Corpora.)
And then we are to underſtand the paſſage thus; *and the infinite number of twinn'd ſtones upon the beach.* THEOBALD.
*Upon th'*UNNUMBER'D *beach?*] Senſe and the antitheſis obliges us to read this nonſenſe thus,
Upon the HUMBL'D *beach?*— *i. e.* becauſe daily inſulted with the flow of the tide. WARB.
I know

Partition make with ſpectacles ſo precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two ſuch ſhe's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other: Nor i' th' judgment,
For Ideots, in this caſe of favour, would
Be wiſely definite: Nor i' th' appetite:
Sluttʼry, to ſuch neat excellence oppos'd,
[4] Should make deſire vomit emptineſs,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That ſatiate, yet unſatisfy'd deſire,
That tub, both fill'd and running; ravening firſt
The lamb, longs after for the garbage——

Imo. What,
Dear Sir, thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well——'Beſeech you, Sir,
[*To* Piſanio.
Deſire my man's abode, where I did leave him;
[5] He's ſtrange, and peeviſh.

I know not well how to regulate this paſſage. *Number'd* is perhaps *numerous*. *Twinn'd ſtones*, I do not underſtand. *Twinn'd ſhells*, or *pairs of ſhells*, are very common. For *twinn'd*, we might read, *twin'd*; that is, *twiſted, convolved:* But this ſenſe is more applicable to ſhells than to ſtones.

[4] *Should make deſire vomit emptineſs,*
Not ſo allur'd to feed.] *i. e.* that appetite, which is not allured to feed on ſuch excellence, can have no ſtomach at all; but, though empty, muſt nauſeate every thing. WARBURTON.

I explain this paſſage in a ſenſe almoſt contrary. *Iachimo*, in this counterfeited rapture, has ſhewn how the *eyes* and the *judgment* would determine in favour of *Imogen*, comparing her with the preſent miſtreſs of *Poſthumus*, and proceeds to ſay, that appetite too would give the ſame ſuffrage. *Deſire*, ſays he, when it approach'd *ſluttery*, and conſidered it in compariſon with *ſuch neat excellence*, would not only be *not ſo allur'd to feed*, but, ſeized with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptineſs*, would feel the convulſions of diſguſt, though, being unfed, it had nothing to eject.

[5] *He's ſtrange and peeviſh.*] He's a foreigner, and eaſily fretted.

Piſ.

Pif. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.
Imo. Continues well my Lord
His health, 'beſeech you?
Iach. Well, Madam.
Imo. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleaſant; none a ſtranger there
So merry, and ſo gameſome; he is call'd
The *Britain* Reveller.
Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to ſadneſs, and oft times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never ſaw him ſad.
There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one,
An eminent Monſieur, that, it ſeems much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home, he furnaces
The thick ſighs from him; whiles the jolly *Briton*,
Your Lord, I mean, laughs from 's free lungs, cries
Oh!
Can my ſides hold, to think, that man, who knows
By hiſtory, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chuſe
But muſt be,
Will 's free hours languiſh for aſſured bondage?
Imo. Will my Lord ſay ſo?
Iach. Ay, Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the *Frenchman:* but heav'n knows,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty tow'rds him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himſelf, 'tis much;
In you, whom I account his, beyond all talents;
Whilſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach.

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir?
You look on me; what wreck diſcern you in me,
Deſerves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! what!
To hide me from the radiant ſun, and ſolace
I' th' dungeon by a ſnuff?

Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openneſs your anſwers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to ſay, enjoy your——but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeak on't.

Imo. You do ſeem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me. Pray you,
Since doubting, things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be ſure they do; for certainties
Or are paſt remedies, or [6] timely knowing,
The remedy's then born; diſcover to me
[7] What both you ſpur and ſtop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whoſe touch,
Whoſe ev'ry touch would force the feeler's ſoul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes priſ'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; ſhould I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips, as common as the ſtairs
That mount the Capitol; [8] join gripes with hands

[6] ——*timely knowing,*] Rather timely *known.*

[7] *What both you ſpur and ſtop.*] What it is that at once incites you to ſpeak, and reſtrains you from it.

[8] —*join gripes with hand,* &c.] The old edition reads,

——*join gripes with hands*
Made hard with hourly falſhood,
(falſhood *as*
With labour) then by peeping in
an eye, &c.

I read,

—*then* lye *peeping*—

The authour of the preſent regulation of the text I do not know, but have ſuffered it to ſtand, tho' not right. *Hard with falſhood,* is, hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands.

Made

Made hard with hourly falſhood, as with labour;
Then glad myſelf by peeping in an eye,
Baſe and unluſtrous as the ſmoaky light
That's fed with ſtinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britain*.

Iach. And himſelf. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of this change; but 'tis your graces,
That from my moſteſt conſcience to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O deareſt ſoul! your cauſe doth ſtrike my heart
With pity, that doth make me ſick. A Lady
So fair, and faſten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'ſt King double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, [9] hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield!—with diſeas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenneſs lends nature! ſuch boyl'd ſtuff,
As well might poiſon Poiſon! Be reveng'd;
Or ſhe, that bore you, was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great ſtock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How ſhould I be reveng'd, if this be true?
As I have ſuch a heart, that both mine ears
Muſt not in haſte abuſe; if it be true,
How ſhall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana*'s Prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets?
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
In your deſpight, upon your purſe? Revenge it!
I dedicate myſelf to your ſweet pleaſure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed;

9 —*hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition*] *Groſs ſtrumpets*, hired with the *very penſion* which you allow your huſband.

And

And will continue faſt to your affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.

Imo. What ho, *Piſanio!* ——

Iach. Let me my ſervice tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldſt have told this tale for virtue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt; as baſe, as ſtrange:
Thou wrong'ſt a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'ſt here a Lady, that diſdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What ho, *Piſanio!*——
The King my father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy aſſault; if he ſhall think it fit,
A ſaucy ſtranger in his court to mart
[1] As in a *Romiſh* ſtew, and to expound
His beaſtly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not reſpects at all. What ho, *Piſanio!*

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may ſay;
The credit, that thy Lady hath of thee,
Deſerves thy truſt, and thy moſt perfect goodneſs
Her aſſur'd credit! Bleſſed live you long,
A Lady to the worthieſt Sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his miſtreſs, only
For the moſt worthieſt fit! Give me your pardon.
I have ſpoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and ſhall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The trueſt manner'd, ſuch a holy witch,
That he enchants ſocieties into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He ſits 'mong men, like a deſcended God;

[1] *As in a* Romiſh *ſtew,*——] The ſtews of *Rome* are deſervedly cenſured by the reformed. This is one of many inſtances in which *Shakeſpeare* has mingled the manners of diſtant ages in this play.

He

He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More than a mortal ſeeming. Be not angry,
Moſt mighty Princeſs, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a falſe report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the election of a Sir, ſo rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus; but the Gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffleſs. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir. Take my pow'r i' th' court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks; I had almoſt forgot
T' intreat your Grace but in a ſmall requeſt,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord; myſelf, and other noble friends
Are partners in the buſineſs.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
Beſt feather of our wing, have mingled ſums
To buy a preſent for the Emperor:
Which I, the factor for the reſt, have done
In *France*; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquiſite form, their values great;
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange,
To have them in ſafe ſtowage: may it pleaſe you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their ſafety. Since
My Lord hath int'reſt in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, only for this night;
I muſt a-board to-morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beſeech you: or I ſhall ſhort my word,
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*,

I croſt the ſeas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I muſt, Madam.
Therefore I ſhall beſech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have outſtood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our preſent.

Imo. I will write:
Send your trunk to me, it ſhall ſafe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[*Exeun.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Cloten, *and two Lords.*

CLOTEN.

WAS there ever man had ſuch luck! when kiſs'd the Jack upon an up-caſt, to be hi away! I had an hundred pound on't. And then whoreſon jack-an-apes muſt take me up for ſwearing as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might no ſpend them at my pleaſure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? you have broke hi pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it it would have run all out. [*Aſide*

Clot. When a gentleman is diſpoſed to ſwear, it i not for any ſtanders-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 *Lord.*

ord. [1]No, my Lord; nor crop the ears of them.
[*Aſide.*

. Whoreſon dog! I give him ſatisfaction? l, he had been one of my rank.

ord. To have ſmelt like a fool.—— [*Aſide.*

. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth, ıx on't! I had rather not be ſo noble as I am; are not fight with me, becauſe of the Queen my ·; every Jack-ſlave hath his belly full of fight- ıd I muſt go up and down like a cock that no an match.

ord. You are a cock and a capon too; and you cock, [3]with your comb on. [*Aſide.*

. Say'ſt thou?

ord. It is not fit your Lordſhip ſhould undertake companion, that you give offence to.

No, I know that; but it is fit I ſhould com- fence to my inferiors.

ord. It is fit for your Lordſhip only.

. Why, ſo I ſay.

ord. Did you hear of a ſtranger that's come to o-night?

. A ſtranger, and I not know on't?

ord. He's a ſtrange fellow himſelf, and knows
[*Aſide.*

rd. There's an *Italian* come, and, 'tis thought, *Leonatus*'s friends.

Leonatus! a baniſh'd raſcal; and he's another, ever he be. Who told you of this ſtranger?

ord. One of your Lordſhip's pages.

. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there ɔgation in 't?

my Lord, &c.] This, I ſhould ſtand thus:

1. *No, my Lord.*

d. *Nor crop the ears of* [Aſide.

h your comb on.] The alluſion is to a fool's cap, which had a *comb* like a cock's.

[4] *every* companion,] The uſe of *companion* was the ſame as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt.

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not eaſily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted, therefore your iſſues being fooliſh do not derogate. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Come, I'll go ſee this *Italian:* what I have loſt to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come; go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordſhip. [*Exit* Cloten.

That ſuch a crafty devil, as his mother,
Should yield the world this aſs!——a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her ſon
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen.—Alas, poor Princeſs,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'ſt!
Betwixt a father by thy ſtep-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulſion is
Of thy dear huſband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce [5] he'd make.—The heav'ns hold firm
The walls of thy dear Honour; keep unſhak'd
That Temple, thy fair Mind; that thou may'ſt ſtand
T' enjoy thy baniſh'd Lord, and this great land!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to a magnificent Bed-chamber; in one part of it, a large trunk.

Imogen *is diſcovered reading in her bed, a Lady attending.*

Imo. WHO's there? my woman *Helen?*

Lady. Pleaſe you, Madam——

[5] ——*he'd make.*—] In the old editions,
—he'ld *make.*——
Hanmer.
—hell made——
In which he is followed by Dr. *Warburton.*

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almoſt midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left. To bed.
Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canſt awake by four o' th' clock,
I pry'thee, call me. Sleep hath ſeiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, Gods;
From Fairies, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me, 'beſeech ye. [*Sleeps.*

[Iachimo *riſes from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets ſing, and man's o'er-labour'd ſenſe
Repairs itſelf by reſt: [6] our *Tarquin* thus
Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes, ere he waken'd
The chaſtity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'ſt thy bed! freſh lily,
And whiter than the ſheets! that I might touch,
But kiſs, one kiſs—rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'tis her breathing, that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' th' taper
Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her lids,
To ſee th' incloſed light, now canopy'd
Under theſe windows: [8] white and azure! lac'd
With blue of heav'n's own tinct.—But my deſign's
To note the chamber—I will write all down,
Such, and ſuch, pictures—there, the window,—ſuch
Th' adornment of her bed—the arras, figures——

[6] ——*our* Tarquin—] The ſpeaker is an *Italian*.

[7] *Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes,*—] 't was the cuſtom in the time of our authour, to ſtrew chambers with ruſhes, as we now cover them with carpets. The practice is mentioned in *Caius de Ephemera Britannica*.

[8] ——*white* AND *azure, lac'd* WITH *blue of heav'n's own tinct.*—] We ſhould read,
——*white with azure lac'd,*
THE *blue of heav'n's own tinct.*
i. e. the white ſkin laced with blue veins. WARBURTON.

Why, ſuch and ſuch—and the contents o' th' ſtory—
Ah, but ſome nat'ral notes about her body,
Above ten thouſand meaner moveables,
Would teſtify, t'enrich my inventory.
O Sleep, thou ape of Death, lie dull upon her;
And be her ſenſe but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!——Come off, come off.——
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As ſlipp'ry, as the *Gordian* knot was hard.——
'Tis mine; and this will witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the conſcience does within,
To th' madding of her Lord. On her left breaſt
A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon drops
I' th' bottom of a cowſlip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this ſecret
Will force him think, I've pick'd the lock; and ta'en
The treaſure of her honour. No more—to what end?
Why ſhould I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my mem'ry? She hath been reading, late,
The tale of *Tereus*; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where *Philomel* gave up——I have enough:——
To th' trunk again, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift, you Dragons of the night! that dawning

? ——*that dawning*
May bear *the raven's eye*:—] Some copies read, *bare*, or make bare; others, *ope*. But the true reading is *bear*, a term taken from heraldry, and very ſublimely applied. The meaning is, that morning may aſſume the colour of the raven's eye, which is *grey*. Hence it is ſo commonly called the *grey-ey'd morning*. And *Romeo* and *Juliet*.

I'll ſay yon grey is not the morning's eye.

Had *Shakeſpear* meant to *bare* or *open* the eye, that is, to awake, he had inſtanced rather in the lark than raven, as the earlieſt riſer. Beſides, whether the morning *bared* or *opened* the *raven's* eye was of no advantage to the ſpeaker, but it was of much advantage that it ſhould *bear* it, that is, become light. Yet the *Oxford Editor* judiciouſly alters it to,

May bare its raven-eye.

WARBURTON.

I have received *Hanmer's* emendation.

May

May bare its raven eye: I lodge in fear,
Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here.
[*Clock ſtrikes.*
One, two, three: time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk, the ſcene cloſes.*

SCENE III.

Changes to another part of the Palace, facing Imogen's *Apartments.*

Enter Cloten, *and Lords.*

1 *Lord.* YOUR Lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſs, the coldeſt that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loſe.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordſhip: you are moſt hot, and furious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this fooliſh *Imogen*, I ſhould have gold enough. It's almoſt morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would, this muſick would come: I am adviſ'd to give her muſick o' mornings; they ſay, it will penetrate.

Enter Muſicians.

Come on. Tune. If you can penetrate her with your fingering, ſo; we'll try with tongue too; if none will do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. Firſt, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful ſweet air with admirable rich words to it; and then let her conſider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heav'n's gate ſings,
And Phœbus *'gins ariſe,*
[1] *His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings*
On chalic'd flowers that lies:
And winking Mary-*buds begin*
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that [2] *pretty bin,*
My lady ſweet, ariſe:
Ariſe, ariſe.

So, get you gone——if this penetrate, I will conſider your muſick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horſe-hairs, and cat-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Muſicians.*

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up ſo late, for that's the reaſon I was up ſo early: he cannot chuſe but take this ſervice I have done, fatherly. Good-morrow to your Majeſty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our ſtern daughter?
Will ſhe not forth?

[1] *His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings*
On chalic'd flowers that lies:] *i. e.* the morning ſun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads,

Each *chalic'd* flower ſupplies:

To eſcape a falſe concord. But correctneſs muſt not be obtained by ſuch licentious alterations.

It may be noted, that the *cup* of a flower is called *calix*, whence *chalice*.

[2] ——*pretty bin*] is very properly reſtored by *Hanmer*, for *pretty is*; but he too grammatically reads,

With all the things *that pretty* bin.

Clot.

Clot. I have aſſail'd her with muſicks, but ſhe vouchſafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him; ſome more time
Muſt wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then ſhe's yours.

Queen. You are moſt bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourſelf
To orderly ſollicits; and be friended
With aptneſs of the ſeaſon; make denials
Encreaſe your ſervices; ſo ſeem, as if
You were inſpir'd to do thoſe duties, which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your diſmiſſion tends,
And therein you are ſenſeleſs.

Clot. Senſeleſs? not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. So like you, Sir, Ambaſſadors from *Rome*;
The one is *Caius Lucius.*

Cym. A worthy fellow.
Albeit he comes on angry purpoſe now;
But that's no fault of his: we muſt receive him
According to the honour of his ſender;
And towards himſelf, [3] his goodneſs foreſpent on us,
We muſt extend our notice.—Our dear ſon,
When you have giv'n good morning to your miſtreſs,
Attend the Queen and us; we ſhall have need
T' employ you towards this *Roman.* Come, our Queen. [*Exeunt.*

[3] ——*his goodneſs* fore-ſpent *on us.*] *i. e.* the good offices done by him to us heretofore. WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Clot. If ſhe be up, I'll ſpeak with her; if not,
Let her lie ſtill, and dream. By your leave, ho!
[*Knocks.*
I know, her women are about her. What,
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold,
Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, makes
Diana's rangers, falſe themſelves, yield up
Their deer to th' ſtand o' th' ſtealer: and 'tis gold,
Which makes the true man kill'd, and ſaves the thief;
Nay, ſometimes, hangs both thief and true-man.
What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not underſtand the caſe myſelf.
By your leave.——— [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?
Clot. A Gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's ſon.
Lady. That's more
Than ſome, whoſe taylors are as dear as yours,
Can juſtly boaſt of. What's your Lordſhip's pleaſure?
Clot. Your lady's perſon. Is ſhe ready?
Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.
Clot. There is gold for you; ſell me your good report.
Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I ſhall think is good? The princeſs———

Enter

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow, faireſt. Siſter, your ſweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, Sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchaſing but trouble; the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And ſcarce can ſpare them.

Clot. Still, I ſwear, I love you.

Imo. If you but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deep with me:
If you ſwear ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no anſwer.

Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay I yield, being ſilent,
I would not ſpeak. I pray you, ſpare me—'faith
I ſhall unfold equal diſcourteſy
To your beſt kindneſs: [4] one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot.

[4] ——— *one of your* great knowing
Should learn (being TAUGHT) *forbearance.*] But ſure, whoever is *taught*, neceſſarily *learns*. *Learning* is not the fit and reaſonable conſequence of being *taught*, but is the thing itſelf. As it is ſuperfluous in the expreſſion, ſo (which is the common condition of nonſenſe) it is deficient in the ſentiment. It is no mark of a *knowing* perſon that he has *learnt forbearance* ſimply. For forbearance becomes a virtue, or point of civil prudence, only as it reſpects a forbidden object. *Shakeſpear*, I am perſuaded, wrote,

——*one of your great knowing*
Should learn (being TORT) *forbearance.*

i. e. one of your wiſdom *ſhould learn* (from a ſenſe of your purſuing a forbidden object) *forbearance*; which gives us a good and pertinent meaning in a correct expreſſion. *Tort*, an old *French* word, ſignifying the *being in the wrong*, is much in uſe amongſt our old *Engliſh* writers, which thoſe who have not read them, may collect, from its being found in the *Etymologicon* of the judicious *Skinner*. WARB.

Edwards has ſufficiently ſported with

Clot. [5] To leave you in your madneſs, 'twere my ſin.
I will not.
Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.
Clot. Do you call me fool?
Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much ſorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being [6] ſo verbal: and learn now for all,
That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:
And am ſo near the lack of charity
T' accuſe myſelf, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make my boaſt.
Clot. You ſin againſt
Obedience, which you owe your father; for

with the emendation. The plain ſenſe is, That a man *who is taught forbearance ſhould learn it.*

[5] *To leave you in your Madneſs, 'twere my Sin;*
I will not.
Imo. *Fools* ARE *not mad folks.*
Clot. *Do you call me fool?*
Imo. *As I am mad, I do:*] But does ſhe really call him fool? The acuteſt critic would be puzzled to find it out, as the text ſtands. The reaſoning is perplexed by a ſlight corruption; and we muſt reſtore it thus,

Fools CURE *not mad folks.*

You are mad, ſays he, and it would be a crime in me to leave you to yourſelf. Nay, ſays ſhe, why ſhould you ſtay? A fool never cur'd madneſs. Do you call me fool? replies he, *&c.* All this is eaſy and natural. And that *cure* was certainly the poet's word, I think, is very evident from what *Imogen* immediately ſubjoins:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures *us both.*

i. e. if you'll ceaſe to torture me with your fooliſh ſolicitations, I'll ceaſe to ſhew towards you any thing like madneſs; ſo a double cure will be effected, of your folly, and my ſuppos'd frenzy.

WARBURTON.

[6] *—ſo verbal:*—] Is, ſo *verboſe*, ſo full of talk.

The

e contract you pretend with that baſe wretch,
bred of alms, and foſter'd with cold diſhes,
ı ſcraps o' th' court, it is no contract, none:
though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
who than he, more mean? to knit their ſouls
vhom there is no more dependency
ɔrats and beggary, [8] in ſelf-figur'd knot;
you are curb'd from that enlargement by
conſequence o' th' crown; and muſt not foil
precious note of it with a baſe ſlave,
lding for a livery, a ſquire's cloth;
ıntler; not ſo eminent.———
10. Prophane fellow!
t thou the ſon of *Jupiter*, and no more
what thou art beſides, thou wert too baſe
e his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
to the point of Envy, if 'twere made
parative for your virtues, to be ſtil'd
under-hangman of his realm; and hated
being preferr'd ſo well.
ɔt. The ſouth-fog rot him!
10. He never can meet more miſchance, than come
ɔe but nam'd of thee. His meaneſt garment,
: ever hath but clipt his body, 's dearer

he contract, &c.] Here *ſpeare* has not preſerved, his common nicety, the mity of character. The ı of *Cloten* is rough and , but certainly not the talk :,

o can't take two from twen-y, for his heart,
d leave eighteen.

rgument is juſt and well en-l, and its prevalence is al-l throughout all civil nations: As for rudeneſs, he ſeems not to be much undermatched.

[8] —*in* SELF-FIGUR'D *knot*;] This is nonſenſe. We ſhould read,

——SELF-FINGER'D *knot*;

i. e. a knot ſolely of their own tying, without any regard to parents, or other more publick conſiderations. WARBURTON.

But why nonſenſe? A *ſelf-figured knot* is a knot formed by yourſelves.

In

[3] To their approvers, they are people ſuch
That mend upon the world.

SCENE VI.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See, *Iachimo.*———

Poſt. Sure, the ſwift harts have poſted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiſs'd your ſails,
To make your veſſel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Poſt. I hope, the briefneſs of your anſwer made
The ſpeedineſs of your Return.

Iach. Your lady
Is of the faireſt I e'er look'd upon.

Poſt. And, therewithal, the beſt; or let her beauty
Look through a caſement to allure falſe hearts,
And be falſe with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Poſt. Their tenour good, I truſt.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Poſt. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Poſt. All is well yet.
Sparkles this ſtone as it was wont, or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I've loſt it,
I ſhould have loſt the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A ſecond night of ſuch ſweet ſhortneſs, which
Was mine in *Britain*; for the ring is won.

[3] *To their* approvers,—] *i. e.* to thoſe who try them. WARB.

Poſt.

?. The ſtone's too hard to come by.
). Not a whit,
lady being ſo eaſy.
?. Make not, Sir,
loſs your ſport. I hope, you know, that we
not continue friends.
). Good Sir, we muſt,
keep covenant. Had I not brought
nowledge of your miſtreſs home, I grant,
re to queſtion farther; but I now
myſelf the winner of her honour,
her with your ring, and not the wronger
, or you, having proceeded but
h your wills.
. If you can make 't apparent
ou have taſted her in bed, my hand
g is yours; if not, the foul opinion,
d of her pure honour, gains, or loſes
word or mine, or maſterleſs leaves both
o ſhall find them.
. Sir, my circumſtances
o near the truth, as I will make them,
rſt induce you to believe; whoſe ſtrength
onfirm with oath, which, I doubt not,
give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
ed it not.
Proceed.
Firſt, her bed-chamber,———
I confeſs, I ſlept not, but profeſs,
at was well worth watching, it was hang'd
peſtry of ſilk and ſilver; the ſtory
leopatra, when ſhe met her *Roman*,
ydnus ſwell'd above the banks, or for
ſs of boats, or pride.—A piece of work

So-

Cydnus *ſwell'd above anks*, or for VII.

The preſs of boats, or pride.] This is an agreeable ridicule on

So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
In workmanſhip, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be ſo rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was———

Poſt. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by ſome other.

Iach. More Particulars
Muſt juſtify my knowledge.

Poſt. So they muſt,
Or do your honour injury.

poetical exaggeration, which gives human paſſions to inanimate things: and particularly, upon what he himſelf writes in the foregoing play on this very ſubject.

——— *And made*
The water which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes.

But the ſatire is not only agreeably turned, but very artfully employed; as it is a plain indication, that the ſpeaker is ſecretly mocking the credulity of his hearer, while he is endeavouring to perſuade him of his wife's falſhood. The very ſame kind of ſatire we have again, on much the ſame occaſion, in *The two Gentlemen of* Verona, where the falſe *Proteus* ſays to his friend, of his friend's miſtreſs,

—*and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,*
Which unrevers'd ſtands in effectual force,
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears.

A certain gayety of heart, which the ſpeaker ſtrives to conceal breaking out under a ſatire, by which he would inſinuate to his friend the trifling worth of woman's tears. WARBURTON.

It is eaſy to ſit down, and give our authour meanings which he never had. *Shakeſpeare* has no great right to cenſure poetical exaggeration, of which no poet is more frequently guilty. That he intended to ridicule his own lines is very uncertain, when there are no means of knowing which of the two plays was written firſt. The commentator has contented himſelf to ſuppoſe, that the foregoing play in his book was the play of earlier compoſition. Nor is the reaſoning better than the aſſertion. If the language of *Iachimo* be ſuch as ſhews him to be mocking the credibility of his hearer, his language is very improper, when his buſineſs was to deceive. But the truth is, that his language in ſuch as a ſkilful villain would naturally uſe, a mixture of airy triumph and ſerious depoſition. His gayety ſhews his ſerioufneſs to be without anxiety, and his ſerioufneſs proves his gayety to be without art.

Iach.

Iach. The chimney
Is ſouth the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaſt *Dian*, bathing; never ſaw I figures
[5] So likely to report themſelves; the cutter
[6] Was as another nature dumb, out-went her;
Motion and breath left out.

Poſt. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewiſe reap;
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.

Iach. The roof o' th' chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: Th' andirons,
I had forgot them, were two winking *Cupids*
Of ſilver, each on one foot ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Poſt. [7] This is her honour?
Let it be granted you have ſeen all this,
Praiſe be to your remembrance, the deſcription

Of

[5] *So likely to report themſelves;*] So near to ſpeech. The *Italians* call a portrait, when the likeneſs is remarkable, a *ſpeaking picture.*

[6] WAS *as another nature,* DUMB;—] This nonſenſe ſhould without queſtion be read and pointed thus,

HAS *as another nature* DONE;
out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

i. e. has worked as exquiſitely, nay has exceeded her if you will put motion and breath out of the queſtion. WARBURTON.

This emendation I think needleſs. The meaning is this, The *Sculptor* was as *nature*, but as *nature dumb*; he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *ſpeech.*

[7] ——This is *her honour: Let it be granted you have ſeen all this,* &c.] *Iachimo* impudently pretends to have carried his point; and in confirmation, is very minute in deſcribing to the huſband all the furniture and adornments of his wife's bed-chamber. But how is fine furniture any ways a Princeſs's honour? It is an *apparatus* ſuitable to her dignity, but certainly makes no part of her character. It might have been call'd her father's honour, that her allotments were proportion'd to her rank and quality. I am perſuaded, the poet intended *Poſthumus* ſhould ſay; "This particular "deſcription, which you make, "can't convince me that I have "loſt my wager: Your memory "is good; and ſome of theſe "things you may have learned "from a third hand, or ſeen "yourſelf; yet I expect proofs "more direct and authentick." I think there is little queſtion but

Of what is in her chamber nothing ſaves
The wages you have laid.

Iach. Then, [8] if you can [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel. See!—
And now 'tis up again. It muſt be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.

Poſt. Jove!
Once more let me behold it. Is it that,
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that.
She ſtripp'd it from her arm. I ſee her yet,
Her pretty action did out-ſell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; ſhe gave it me,
And ſaid, ſhe priz'd it once.

Poſt. May be, ſhe pluck'd it off
To ſend it me.

Iach. She writes ſo to you? Doth ſhe?

Poſt. O, no, no, no. 'Tis true. Here take this too: [*Gives the Ring.*
It is a baſiliſk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't; let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where ſemblance; love,
Where there's another man. [9] The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above meaſure falſe!——

Phil. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;

we ought to reſtore the place as I have done.

—What's this t' *her honour?*

THEOBALD.

This emendation has been followed by both the ſucceeding editors, but I think it muſt be rejected. The expreſſion is ironical. *Iachimo* relates many particulars, to which *Poſthumus* anſwers with impatience,

——*This is her honour.*

That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to paſs for the corruption of her honour.

[8] ——*if you can*
Be pale,——] If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage.

[9]—*The vows of women,* &c.] The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue,

It

It may be probable, ſhe loſt it; or,
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath ſtol'n it from her.

Poſt. Very true.
And ſo, I hope, he came by 't;—back my ring;—
Render to me ſome corporal ſign about her,
More evident than this, for this was ſtole.

Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her arm.

Poſt. Hark you, he ſwears; by *Jupiter* he ſweats.
'Tis true—nay, keep the ring—'tis true; I'm ſure,
She could not loſe it; her attendants are
All ſworn and honourable. They induc'd to ſteal it!
And, by a ſtranger!—no, he hath enjoy'd her.
[a] The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this; ſhe hath bought the name of Whore thus dearly;
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themſelves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient;
This is not ſtrong enough to be believ'd,
Of one perſuaded well of——

Poſt. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you ſeek

[a] ——*I'm ſure*
She could not loſe it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induc'd to ſteal it!
And, by a ſtranger!—no,—] The abſurd concluſions of jealouſy are here admirably painted and expoſed. *Poſthumus*, on the credit of a bracelet, and an oath of the party concerned, judges againſt all appearances from the intimate knowledge of his wife's honour, that ſhe was falſe to his bed; and grounds that judgment, at laſt, upon much leſs appearances of the honour of her attendants. Now common ſenſe, from his belief of the honour of his wife's attendants, ſhould either have made him conclude in favour of hers; or if he rejected the much ſtronger appearances of honour in her, he ſhould, at the ſame time, have rejected thoſe much weaker in her attendants. But *Shakſpeare* knew at what diſtance *reaſon* and *love* are wont to be, and has, therefore, made them keep their diſtance here. WARBURTON.

[b] *The cognizance*——] The badge; the token; the viſible proof.

For further ſatisfying, under her breaſt,
[1] Worthy the preſſing, lies a mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate lodging. By my life,
I kiſt it; and it gave me preſent hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This ſtain upon her?

Poſt. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another ſtain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Poſt. Spare your arithmetick.
Count not the turns: once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be ſworn——

Poſt. No ſwearing:
If you will ſwear you have not done't, you lye.
And I will kill thee, if thou doſt deny
Thou'ſt made me cuckold.

Iach. Ill deny nothing.

Poſt. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't i' th' Court, before
Her father——I'll do ſomething—— [*Exit.*

Phil. Quite beſides
The government of patience! You have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelf.

Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Re-enter Poſthumus.

Poſt. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Muſt be half-workers? we are baſtards all;

[1] *Worthy the preſſing,*—] Thus folio reads, the modern editions. The old *Worthy* her *preſſing,*——

And

And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where,
When I was ſtampt. Some coyner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother ſeem'd
The *Dian* of that time; ſo doth my wife
The non-pareil of this—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
A pudency ſo roſy, the ſweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*——that I thought her
As chaſte, as unſunn'd ſnow. Oh, all the Devils!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour——was 't not?——
Or leſs—at firſt? Perchance, he ſpoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd Boar, a *German* one,
Cry'd, oh! and mounted; found no oppoſition
But what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but, I affirm,
It is the woman's part; be't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Luſt, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, diſdain,
Nice longings, ſlanders, mutability:
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all.——For even to vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half ſo old as that. I'll write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them;——yet 'tis greater ſkill,
In a true hate, to pray, they have their Will;
The very Devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's *Palace*.

Enter, in State, Cymbeline, *Queen,* Cloten, *and Lords at one door; and at another* Caius Lucius *and attendants.*

CYMBELINE.

NOW ſay, what would *Auguſtus Cæſar* with us?

Luc. When *Julius Cæſar*, whoſe remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme, and hearing ever, was in this *Britain*,
And conquer'd it, *Caſſibelan*, thine uncle,
Famous in *Cæſar*'s praiſes, no whit leſs
Than in his feats deſerving it, for him,
And his ſucceſſion, granted *Rome* a Tribute,
Yearly three thouſand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be ſo ever.

Clot. There be many *Cæſars*,
Ere ſuch another *Julius*: *Britain* is
A world by 't ſelf; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noſes.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from 's, to reſume
We have again. Remember, Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your anceſtors: together with
The nat'ral Brav'ry of your iſle; which ſtands,
As *Neptune*'s Park, ribbed and paled in
[4] With rocks unſcalable, and roaring waters;

[4] *With rocks unſcalable,——*] old editions have, *With* oaks *unſcalable,——* This reading is *Hanmer*'s. The

ith Sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
t ſuck them up to th' top-maſt. A kind of Conqueſt
ſar made here, but made not here his brag
, *came*, and *ſaw*, and *overcame*. With ſhame,
ıe firſt, that ever touch'd him, he was carried
ım off our coaſt, 'twice beaten; and his ſhipping,
oor ignorant baubles, on our terrible ſeas,
ke egg-ſhells mov'd upon their ſurges, crack'd
eaſily 'gainſt our rocks. For joy whereof,
ıe fam'd *Caſſibelan*, who was once at point,
ı, giglet fortune! to maſter *Cæſar*'s ſword,
ade *Lud*'s town with rejoicing fires bright,
ıd *Britons* ſtrut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid. ır Kingdom is ſtronger than it was at that time; d, as I ſaid, there is no more ſuch *Cæſars*; other of :m may have crook'd noſes, but, to own ſuch ſtrait ns, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as rd as *Caſſibelan*; I do not ſay, I am one; but I ve a hand.—Why, Tribute? Why ſhould we pay ·ibute? if *Cæſar* can hide the Sun from us with a ınket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay n Tribute for light; elſe, Sir, no more Tribute, ay you now.

Cym. You muſt know,
'ill the injurious *Roman* did extort
his tribute from us, we were free. *Cæſar*'s ambition,
'hich ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
he ſides o' th' world, * againſt all colour, here
id put the yoke upon's; which to ſhake off,

5 Poor *ignorant* baubles,] *Ignorant*, for of no uſe. WARB. Rather *unacquainted* with the nature of our boiſterous ſeas.

* ——*againſt all colour*,—] Without any pretence of right.

Becomes

Becomes a warlike people, which we reckon
Ourſelves to be. We do. Say then to *Cæſar*,
Our anceſtor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our Laws, whoſe uſe the ſword of *Cæſar*
Hath too much mangled; whoſe repair and franchiſe
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though *Rome* be therefore angry: *Mulmutius* made our laws,
Who was the firſt of *Britain* which did put
His brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
Himſelf a King.

Luc. I'm ſorry, *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Auguſtus Cæſar*,
Cæſar, that hath more Kings his ſervants, than
Thyſelf domeſtick Officers, thine enemy.
Receive it from me then.——War and Confuſion
In *Cæſar*'s name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: look
For Fury, not to be reſiſted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myſelf.

Cym. Thou 'rt welcome, *Caius*;
Thy *Cæſar* knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
Which he to ſeek of me again, perforce
Behoves me [6] keep at utterance. [7] I am perfect,
That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
Their Liberties, are now in arms: a Precedent
Which, not to read, would ſhew the *Britons* cold:
So *Cæſar* ſhall not find them.

Luc. Let proof ſpeak.

Clot. His Majeſty bids you welcome. Make paſtime with us a day or two, or longer: If you ſeek us afterwards on other terms, you ſhall find us in our ſalt-water girdle; if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows ſhall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

[6] —*keep at* utterance.—] *i. e.* at extreme diſtance. WARB. More properly, in a ſtate of hoſtile defiance, and deadly oppoſition.

[7] ——*I am perfect*,] I am well informed.

Luc.

Luc. So, Sir.——

Cym. I know your maſter's pleaſure, and he mine:
All the Remain is, Welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Piſanio, *reading a Letter.*

Piſ. How? of adultery? wherefore write you not
What monſters her accuſe? *Leonatus!*
Oh maſter, what a ſtrange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear? [8] what falſe *Italian*,
As pois'nous-tongu'd, as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready Hearing!—Diſloyal? no,
She's puniſh'd for her truth; and undergoes
More Goddeſs-like, than wife-like, ſuch aſſaults
As would [9] take in ſome virtue. Oh, my maſter!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes. How? that I ſhould murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows, which I
Have made to thy Command!—I, her!—her blood!
If it be ſo to do good ſervice, never
Let me be counted ſerviceable.——How look I,
That I ſhould ſeem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't——the letter,*
[Reading.
That I have ſent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.——Damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee: ſenſeleſs bauble!
Art thou a fœdarie for this act, and look'ſt
So virgin-like without? Lo, here ſhe comes.

[8] ——*what falſe* Italian,
As pois'nous-tongu'd, as handed,] About *Shakeſpeare's* time, the practice of poiſoning was very common in *Italy*, and the ſuſpicion of *Italian* poiſons yet more common.

[9] —*take in ſome virtue.*——] To *take in* a town, is to *conquer* it.

Enter

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Piſanio?*

Piſ. Madam, here is a letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord *Leonatus.*

[1] Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that aſtrologer,
That knew the ſtars, as I his characters:
He'd lay the Future open.——You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd reliſh of love,
Of my Lord's health, of his content:——yet not,
That we two are aſunder;—let that grieve him!
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
[2] For it doth phyſick love;—of his content,
All but in that. Good wax, thy leave. [3] Bleſt be
You bees, that make theſe locks of counſel! Lovers,
And men in dang'rous bonds, pray not alike.
Though forfeitures you caſt in priſon, yet
You claſp young *Cupid's* tables. Good news, Gods!

[1] *Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that aſtrologer, &c.*] This was a very natural thought. She muſt needs be ſuppoſed, in her circumſtances, to be extremely ſolicitous about the *future*; and deſirous of coming to it by the aſſiſtance of that ſuperſtition.

WARBURTON.

[2] *For it doth phyſick love;*—] That is, grief for abſence, *keeps love* in health and vigour.

[3] ——*Bleſt be*
You bees, that make theſe locks of counſel! Lovers,
And men in dang'rous bonds, pray not alike.
Though forfeitures you caſt in priſon, yet
You claſp young Cupid's *tables.*] Here ſeems to be ſome corruption. Opening the letter ſhe gives a benediction to the bees, with whoſe wax it was ſealed, then makes a reflection, the bees have no ſuch grateful remembrance from men who have ſealed bonds which put their liberty in danger, and are ſent to priſon if they forfeit; but wax is not made terrible to lovers, by its effect on debtors. I read therefore,

Though forfeitures them *caſt in priſon, yet*
We *claſp young* Cupid's *tables.*
You and *you.* ate, in the old angular hand, much alike.

[*Read.*

[*Reading.*

JUSTICE, and your father's wrath, ſhould he take me in his Dominion, could not be ſo cruel to me; as you, oh the deareſt of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, *at* Milford-Haven: *what your own love will out of this adviſe you, follow. So, he wiſhes you all happineſs, that remains* [4] *loyal to his vow, and your increaſing in love;*

Leonatus Poſthumus.

Oh, for a horſe with wings! Hear'ſt thou, *Piſanio?*
He is at *Milford-Haven.* Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true *Piſanio,*
Who long'ſt like me to ſee thy Lord; who long'ſt,—
O let me 'bate—but not like me—yet long'ſt——
But in a fainter kind——oh, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond—Say, and ſpeak thick;
Love's counſellor ſhould fill the bores of Hearing
To th' ſmoth'ring of the Senſe——how far it is
To this ſame bleſſed *Milford:* and, by th' way,
Tell me how *Wales* was made ſo happy, as
T' inherit ſuch a haven. But, firſt of all,
How may we ſteal from hence? and for the gap
That we ſhall make in time, from our hence going
'Till our return, t'excuſe—but firſt, how get hence?
Why ſhould excuſe be born, or ere begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, ſpeak,
How many ſcore of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Piſ. One ſcore 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Madam, 's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go ſo ſlow. I've heard of riding wagers,

[4] *loyal to his vow, and your to his vow and you; increaſing in increaſing in love;*] I read, *Loyal love.*

Where

But being ſo allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:
And often, to our comfort, ſhall we find
The ſharded beetle in a ſafer hold,
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer, [1] than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder, than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd. No life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you ſpeak; we, poor, unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' th' neſt; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is beſt,
If quiet life is beſt; ſweeter to you,
That have a ſharper known; well correſponding
With your ſtiff age; but unto us, it is
A cell of ign'rance; travelling a-bed;
A priſon, for a debtor that not dares
[2] To ſtride a limit.

Arv. [3] What ſhould we ſpeak of,
When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
The rain and wind beat dark *December*? how,
In this our pinching Cave, ſhall we diſcourſe
The freezing hours away? We have ſeen nothing;
We're beaſtly; ſubtle as the fox for prey,

[1] ——*than doing nothing for a* bauble;] *i. e.* vain titles of honour gained by an idle attendance at court. But the *Oxford Editor* reads, *for a bribe.* WARBURTON.

The *Oxford Editor* knew the reaſon of the alteration, though his cenſurer knew it not. The old edition reads,

Richer, than doing nothing for a babe.

Of *babe*, ſome corrector made *bauble*; and *Hanmer* thought himſelf equally authoriſed to make *bribe*. I think *babe* cannot be right.

[2] *To ſtride a limit.*] To overpaſs his bound.

[3] *What ſhould we ſpeak of,*] This dread of an old age, unſupplied with matter for diſcourſe and meditation, is a ſentiment natural and noble. No ſtate can be more deſtitute than that of him who, when the delights of ſenſe forſake him, has no pleaſures of the mind.

Like

Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat;
Our valour is to chaſe what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the priſon'd bird,
And ſing our bondage freely.
Bel. How you ſpeak!
Did you but know the city's uſuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' Court,
As hard to leave, as keep, whoſe top to climb,
Is certain falling, or ſo ſlipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war,
A pain, that only ſeems to ſeek out danger
I' th' name of fame and honour, which dies i' th' ſearch,
And hath ſo oft a ſland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many time,
Doth ill deſerve, by doing well: what's worſe,
Muſt curt'ſy at the cenſure. Oh, boys, this ſtory
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With *Roman* ſwords; and my Report was once
Firſt with the beſt of note; *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
And when a ſoldier was the theam, my name
Was not far off; then was I as a tree,
Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit, but in one night,
A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.
Guid. Uncertain favour!
Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains, whoſe falſe oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, ſwore to *Cymbeline*,
I was confed'rate with the *Romans*; ſo,
Follow'd my baniſhment; and, theſe twenty years,
This rock and theſe demeſnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all

The fore-end of my time.—But, up to th' mountains!
This is not hunters' language; he, that ſtrikes
The veniſon firſt, ſhall be the lord o' th' feaſt;
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will fear no poiſon, which attends
In place of greater State.
I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt* Guid. *and* Arvir.
How hard it is to hide the ſparks of nature!
Theſe boys know little they are Sons to th' King;
Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive.
They think, they're mine: and tho' train'd up thus meanly
[4] I' th' Cave, whereon the Bow their thoughts do hit
The roof of Palaces; and nature prompts them,
In

[4] *I' th' Cave*, &c.] Mr. *Pope* reads,

Here *in the Cave*, wherein *their thoughts do hit*
The roof of Palaces; ——

but the ſentence breaks off imperfectly. The old editions read,

I' th' Cave, whereon the Bow *their thoughts do bit*, &c.

Mr. *Rowe* ſaw this likewiſe was faulty; and therefore mended it thus:

I' th' Cave, where, on *th' Bow their thoughts do hit*, &c.

I think, it ſhould be, only with the alteration of one letter, and the addition of another;

I th' Cave, there, *on the* Brow,

And ſo the grammar and ſyntax of the ſentence is compleat. We call the *arching* of a *cavern*, or *overhanging* of a *hill*, metaphorically, the *Brow*; and in like manner the *Greeks* and *Latins* uſed ὀφρὺς, and *Supercilium*. THEOB.

—*tho' trained up thus meanly*,
I th' Cave, THERE ON THE BROW,—] The old editions read, *I' th' Cave* WHEREON THE BOW; which, tho' very corrupt, will direct us to the true reading, which, when rightly pointed, is thus,

—*tho' trained up thus meanly*,
I' th' Cave WHEREIN THEY BOW——

i. e. thus meanly brought up. Yet in this very Cave, which is ſo low that they muſt bow or bend in entering it, yet are their thoughts ſo exalted, *&c.* This is the antitheſis. *Belarius* had ſpoken before of the lowneſs of this cave.

A goodly day! not to keep houſe with ſuch
Whoſe roof's as low as ours! ſee, boys! this gate
Inſtructs you how t' adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office. WARB.

Hanmer reads,

I' th' Cave, here in this brow.

I think the reading is this,

I' th'

In ſimple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*,
The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom
The King his father call'd *Guiderius*, *Jove!*
When on my three-foot ſtool I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his ſpirits fly out
Into my ſtory: ſay, "thus mine enemy fell,
"And thus I ſet my foot on 's neck"——even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he ſweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himſelf in poſture
That acts my words. The younger brother *Cadwal*,
Once, *Arviragus*, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd.—
Oh *Cymbeline!* heav'n and my conſcience know,
Thou didſt unjuſtly baniſh me; whereon,
At three and two years old [5] I ſtole theſe babes;
Thinking to bar thee of ſucceſſion, as
Thou reft'ſt me of my lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou waſt their nurſe; they take thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her Grave;
Myſelf *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd,
They take for natural father. The game's up. [*Exit.*

I th' Cave, where in *the Bow*, &c.

That is, they are trained up in the *cave*, *where their thoughts* in hitting the *bow*, or arch of their habitation, hit *the roofs of palaces*. In other words, though their condition is low, their thoughts are high. The ſentence is at laſt, as *Theobald* remarks, abrupt, but perhaps not leſs ſuitable to *Shakeſpeare*. I know not whether Dr. *Warburton*'s conjecture be not better than mine.

[5] —*I ſtole theſe babes*;] *Shakeſpeare* ſeems to intend *Belarius* for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs.

The latter part of this ſoliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reaſon why *Belarius* ſhould now tell to himſelf what he could not know better by telling it.

SCENE IV.

Enter Piſanio, *and* Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me, when we came from horſe, the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother ſo
To ſee me firſt, as I have now. *Piſanio*, Man,
Where is *Poſthumus?* What is in thy mind,
That makes thee ſtare thus? wherefore breaks that ſigh
From th' inward of thee? one, put painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond ſelf-explication. Put thyſelf
Into a 'haviour of leſs fear, ere wildneſs
Vanquiſh my ſtaider ſenſes. What's the matter?
Why tender'ſt thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? if't be ſummer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'ſt
But keep that count'nance ſtill. My huſband's hand?
That [6] drug-damn'd *Italy* hath out craftied him,
And he's at ſome hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off ſome extremity, which to read
Would be e'en mortal to me.

Piſ. Pleaſe you, read;
And you ſhall find me, wretched man, a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of fortune.

Imogen *reads.*

THY miſtreſs, Piſanio, hath play'd the ſtrumpet in my bed: the teſtimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I ſpeak not out of weak ſurmiſes, but from proof as ſtrong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That

[6] —*drug-damn'd*—] This is another alluſion to *Italian* poiſons.

part

part thou, Piſanio, *muſt act for me. If thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers, let thine hands take away her life: I ſhall give thee opportunity at* Milford-Haven. *She hath my letter for the purpoſe; where, if thou fear to ſtrike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her diſhonour, and equally to me diſloyal.*

Piſ. What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.——No, 'tis ſlander;
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of *Nile*; whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and [7] ſtates,
Maids, matrons, nay, the ſecrets of the Grave
This viperous ſlander enters. What chear, Madam?
Imo. Falſe to his bed! what is it to be falſe?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if ſleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myſelf awake? That's falſe to's bed! is't?
Piſ. Alas, good lady!
Imo. I falſe? thy conſcience witneſs, *Iachimo*,——
Thou didſt accuſe him of incontinency,
Thou then look'dſt like a villain: now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. [8] Some Jay of *Italy*,
[9] Whoſe mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am ſtale, a garment out of faſhion;
And, for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,
I muſt

[7] ——————*ſtates*,] Perſons of higheſt rank.

[8] —*Some* Jay *of* Italy] There is a prettineſs in this expreſſion, *Putta*, in *Italian*, ſignifying both a *Jay* and a *Whore*. I ſuppoſe from the gay feathers of that bird. WARBURTON.

[9] *Whoſe* MOTHER *was her painting*,—] This puzzles Mr. *Theobald* much: he thinks it may ſignify *whoſe mother was a bird of the ſame feather*; or that it ſhould be read, *whoſe mother was her planting*. What all this means I know not. In Mr. *Rowe's*

I muſt be ript. To pieces with me. Oh,
Men's vows are women's traitors. All good Seeming
By thy revolt, oh huſband, ſhall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where 't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Piſ. Good Madam, hear me——

Imo. True honeſt men being heard, like falſe *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought falſe: and *Sinon*'s Weeping
Did ſcandal many a holy tear; took pity
From moſt true wretchedneſs. [1] So thou, *Poſthumus*,
Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, ſhall be falſe and perjur'd,
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy maſter's bidding: when thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſs my obedience. Look!
I draw the ſword myſelf, take it, and hit
The innocent manſion of my love, my heart;

edition the *M* in mother happening to be reverſed at the preſs, it came out *Wether*. And what was very ridiculous, *Gildon* employed himſelf (properly enough indeed) in finding a meaning for it. In ſhort, the true word is MEETHER, a north country word, ſignifying *beauty*. So that the ſenſe of, *her meether was her painting*, is, that ſhe had only an appearance of beauty, for which ſhe was beholden to her paint. WARBURTON.

The word *meether* I never read nor heard. The preſent reading, I think, may ſtand; *ſome jay of* Italy, made by art the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this ſenſe *painting* may be not improperly termed her *mother*.

[1] ——*So thou*, Poſthumus, *Wilt lay the leven to all proper men*;] When *Poſthumus* thought his wife falſe, he unjuſtly ſcandalized the whole ſex. His wife here, under the ſame impreſſions of his infidelity, attended with mere provoking circumſtances, acquits his ſex, and lays the fault where it was due. The poet paints from nature. This is life and manners. The man thinks it a diſhonour to the ſuperiority of his underſtanding to be jilted, and therefore flatters his vanity into a conceit that the diſgrace was inevitable from the general infidelity of the ſex. The woman, on the contrary, not imagining her credit to be at all affected in the matter, never ſeeks out for ſo extravagant a conſolation; but at once eaſes her *malice* and her *grief*, by laying the crime and damage at the door of ſome obnoxious coquet. WARB.

Hanmer reads,

lay the level——

without any neceſſity.

Fear

Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;
Thy maſter is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his Bidding, ſtrike;
Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe,
But now thou ſeem'ſt a coward.
Piſ. Hence, vile inſtrument!
Thou ſhalt not damn my hand.
Imo. Why, I muſt die;
And, if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No ſervant of thy maſter's. 'Gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter
There is a prohibition ſo divine,
That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart—
[a] Something 's afore 't—ſoft, ſoft, we'll no defence;
[*Opening her breaſt.*
Obedient as the ſcabbard!——What is here?
The Scriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*
All turn'd to Hereſy? away, away,
[*Pulling his letters out of her boſom.*
Corrupters of my faith! you ſhall no more
Be ſtomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
Believe falſe teachers: tho' thoſe, that are betray'd,
Do feel the treaſon ſharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe. And thou, *Poſthumus*,
That ſet'ſt my diſobedience 'gainſt the King,
And mad'ſt me put into contempt the ſuits
Of princely fellows, ſhalt hereafter find,
It is no act of common paſſage, but
A ſtrain of rareneſs: and I grieve myſelf,
To think, when thou ſhalt be diſedg'd by her
[b] Whom now thou tir'ſt on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.——Pr'ythee, diſpatch;
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too ſlow to do thy maſter's bidding,
When I deſire it too.
Piſ. O gracious Lady!

[a] *Something's afore 't*—] The old copy reads, *Something's afoot.*
[b] *Whom now thou tir'ſt on,*—] A hawk is ſaid to *tire* upon that which he pecks; from *tirer*, French.

Since I receiv'd command to do this buſineſs,
I have not ſlept one wink.
Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.
Piſ. [4] I'll wake mine eye-balls firſt.
Imo. Wherefore then
Didſt undertake it? why haſt thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action? and thine own? our horſes' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court,
For my being abſent? whereunto I never
Purpoſe Return. Why haſt thou gone ſo far,
[5] To be unbent, when thou haſt ta'en thy ſtand,
Th' elected deer before thee?
Piſ. But to win time
To loſe ſo bad employment, in the which,
I have conſider'd of a courſe. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.
Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, ſpeak,
I've heard, I am a ſtrumpet; and mine ear,
Therein falſe ſtruck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But, ſpeak.
Piſ. Then, Madam,
I thought, you would not back again.
Imo. Moſt like,
Bringing me here to kill me.
Piſ. Not ſo, neither;
But if I were as wiſe as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my maſter is abus'd; ſome villain,
And ſingular in his art, hath done you both
This curſed injury.
Imo. Some *Roman* Courtezan———
Piſ. No, on my life.

[4] *I'll wake mine eye balls firſt.*] Imo. *Wherefore then.*] This is the old reading. The modern editions for *wake* read *break*, and ſupply the deficient ſyllable by *ab*, wherefore. I read,

I'll wake mine eye-balls out *firſt*, or, *blind* firſt.

[5] *To be unbent,*—] To have thy bow unbent, alluding to a hunter,

I'll

I'll give him notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſign of it: for 'tis commanded,
I ſhould do ſo. You ſhall be miſs'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? where 'bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my huſband?

Piſ. If you'll back to th' Court———

Imo. No Court, no Father; nor no more ado
With that harſh, noble, ſimple, Nothing,
That *Cloten*, whoſe love-ſuit hath been to me
As fearful as a ſiege.

Piſ. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britain* muſt you 'bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath *Britain* all the Sun that ſhines? Day, night,
Are they not but in *Britain?* I' th' world's volume
Our *Britain* ſeems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a ſwan's neſt. Pr'ythee, think,
There's livers out of *Britain.*

Piſ. I'm moſt glad,
You think of other place: th' Ambaſſador,
Lucius the *Roman*, comes to *Miſford-Haven*
To-morrow. [6] Now, if you could wear a mind

[6] —*Now, if you could wear a* MIND
Dark as your fortune is,——] What had the *darkneſs* of her *mind* to do with the concealment of perſon, which is here adviſed? On the contrary, her *mind* was to continue unchanged, in order to ſupport her change of fortune. *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Now, if you could wear a MIEN.

Or according to the *French* orthography, from whence I preſume aroſe the corruption; *Now, if you could wear a* MINE. WARB.

I believe that, when this paſſage is conſidered, there will be found no need of emendation. To wear a dark mind, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the ſearch of others *Darkneſs* applied to the *mind* is *ſecrecy*, applied to the *fortune* is *obſcurity*. The next lines are obſcure. *You muſt*, ſays *Piſanio*, *diſguiſe that* greatneſs, *which, to appear* hereafter *in its proper form*, cannot yet appear without great *danger to itſelf.*

Dark

Dark as your fortune is, and but diſguiſe
That, which, t' appear itſelf, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelf danger; you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, and [7] full of view; yea, haply, near
The reſidence of *Poſthumus*; ſo nigh, at leaſt,
That though his actions were not viſible,
Report ſhould render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh! for ſuch means,
[8] Though peril to my modeſty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.

Piſ. Well then, here's the point:
You muſt forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceneſs,
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty ſelf, to waggiſh courage;
Ready in gybes, quick-anſwer'd, ſaucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: [9] nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt treaſure of your cheek;
Expoſing it (but, oh, the harder Heart!
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kiſſing *Titan*; and forget
Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein

[7] —*full of view*;—] With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes.

[8] *Though peril to my modeſty*,—] I read,

Through *peril*———
I would for ſuch mean adventure

through *peril of my modeſty*; I would riſque every thing but real diſhonour.

[9] —— *nay, you muſt*
Forget that rareſt treaſure of your cheek;
Expoſing it (but oh the harder Heart,
Alack, no remedy)——] Who does this *harder Heart* relate to? *Poſthumus* is not here talk'd of; beſides, he knew nothing of her being thus expos'd to the inclemencies of weather: he had enjoin'd a courſe, which would have ſecur'd her from theſe incidental hardſhips. I think, common ſenſe obliges us to read,

But, oh, the harder Hap!

i. e. the more cruel your fortune, that you muſt be oblig'd to ſuch ſhifts. WARBURTON.

I think it very natural to reflect in this diſtreſs on the cruelty of *Poſthumus*.

You

You made great *Juno* angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.

Piſ. Firſt, make yourſelf but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
'Tis in my cloak-bag, doublet, hat, hoſe, all
That anſwer to them. Would you in their ſerving,
And with what Imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon, 'fore noble *Lucius*
Preſent yourſelf, deſire his ſervice, tell him
Wherein you're happy; [1] which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in muſick; doubtleſs,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, moſt holy. Your means abroad?
You have me rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor ſupply.

Imo. Thou 'rt all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away.
There's more to be conſider'd; but [2] we'll even
All that good time will give us. [3] This attempt
I'm ſoldier to, and will abide it with
A Prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Piſ. Well, Madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewel;
Leſt, being miſs'd, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the Court. My noble Miſtreſs,
Here is a box; I had it from the Queen,

[1] ——*which you'll make him know,*] This is *Hanmer*'s reading. The common books have it,

——*which* will *make him know.*

Mr. *Theobald*, in one of his long notes, endeavours to prove, that it ſhould be,

——*which will make him* ſo.

He is followed by Dr. *Warburton.*

[2] ——*we'll even*
All that good time will give us.——] We'll make our work *even* with our *time*; we'll do what time will allow.

[3] ——*This attempt*
I'm ſoldier to,——] *i. e.* I have inliſted and bound myſelf to it. WARBURTON.

What's

What 's in 't is precious: if you're ſick at ſea,
Or ſtomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away diſtemper——To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your manhood; may the Gods
Direct you to the beſt!
Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Palace of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, *Queen*, Cloten, Lucius, *and Lords.*

Cym. THUS far, and ſo farewel.
Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.
My Emperor hath wrote; I muſt from hence,
And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My maſter's enemy.
Cym. Our Subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourſelf
To ſhew leſs Sovereignty than they, muſt needs
Appear un-kinglike.
Luc. So, Sir: I deſire of you
A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven.*
Madam, all joy befal your Grace, and you!
Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of Honour in no point omit:
So farewel, noble *Lucius.*
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Th' event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
'Till he have croſt the *Severn.* Happineſs!
[*Exit* Lucius, &c.
Queen.

ueen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
t we have giv'n him cauſe.
lot. 'Tis all the better;
r valiant *Britons* have their wiſhes in it.
ym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor,
v it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
chariots and our horſemen be in readineſs;
Powers, that he already hath in *Gallia*,
l ſoon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
war for *Britain*.
ueen. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſs;
muſt be look'd to ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.
ym. Our expectation, that it ſhould be thus,
h made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
ere is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
›re the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
duty of the day. She looks us like
ıing more made of malice, than of duty;
ve noted it. Call her before us, for
ve been too light in ſufferance. [*Exit a Servant.*
ueen. Royal Sir,
e the exile of *Poſthumus*, moſt retir'd
h her life been; the cure whereof, my Lord,
time muſt do. 'Beſeech your Majeſty,
›ear ſharp ſpeeches to her. She's a lady
ender of rebukes, that words are ſtrokes,
l ſtrokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

ym. Where is ſhe, Sir? how
her contempt be anſwer'd?
erv. Pleaſe you, Sir,
chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anſwer
t will be given to th' loudeſt noiſe we make.
ueen. My Lord, when laſt I went to viſit her,
pray'd me to excuſe her keeping cloſe;

Whereto conſtrain'd by her infirmity,
She ſhould that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily ſhe was bound to proffer; this
She wiſh'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in mem'ry.
Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not ſeen of late? grant heav'ns, that, which I fear,
Prove falſe! [*Exit.*
Queen. Son, I ſay, follow the King.
Clot. That man of hers, *Piſanio*, her old ſervant,
I have not ſeen theſe two days. [*Exit.*
Queen. Go, look after.
Piſanio, that ſtands ſo for *Poſthumus*,
He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his abſence
Proceed by ſwallowing that; for he believes,
It is a thing moſt precious. But for her,
Where is ſhe gone? haply, deſpair hath ſeiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, ſhe's flown
To her deſir'd *Poſthumus*; gone ſhe is
To death, or to diſhonour; and my end
Can make good uſe of either. She being down,
I having the placing of the *Britiſh* crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my ſon?
Clot. 'Tis certain, ſhe is fled.
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.
Queen. All the better; may
This night fore-ſtall him of the coming day!
[*Exit Queen.*
Clot. I love, and hate her; —— for ſhe's fair and royal,
And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite
Than

[a] *And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite* *Than lady Ladies woman; from each one*

The

Than lady, ladies, woman; from each one
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe of all compounded
Outſells them all: I love her therefore;—but,
Diſdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low *Poſthumus*, ſlanders ſo her judgment,
That what's elſe rare, is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
Shall———

SCENE VI.

Enter Piſanio.

Who is here? what! are you packing, ſirrah?
Come hither. Ah! you precious pander, villain,
Where is thy lady? in a word or elſe
Thou'rt ſtraightway with the fiends.

[*Drawing his ſword.*

Piſ. Oh, my good Lord!

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not aſk again. Cloſe villain,
I'll have this ſecret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is ſhe with *Poſthumus?*
From whoſe ſo many weights of baſeneſs cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Piſ. Alas, my Lord,
How can ſhe be with him? when was ſhe miſs'd?

The beſt ſhe hath,—] The ſecond line is intolerable nonſenſe. It ſhould be read and pointed thus,

Than lady Ladies; WINNING
from each one———

The ſenſe of the whole is this, I love her becauſe ſhe has, in a more exquiſite degree, all thoſe courtly parts that ennoble [*lady*] women of quality [*ladies,*] *winning* from each of them the beſt of their good qualities, &c. *Lady* is a plural verb, and *Ladies* a noun governed of it; a quaint expreſſion in *Shakeſpeare*'s way, and ſuiting the folly of the character. WARBURTON.

I cannot perceive the ſecond line to be intolerable, or to be nonſenſe. The ſpeaker only riſes in his ideas. *She has all courtly parts*, ſays he, *more exquiſite than* any *lady*, than all *ladies*, than all *womankind*. Is this nonſenſe?

He is in *Rome*.

Clot. Where is ſhe, Sir? Come nearer;
No further halting. Satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Piſ. Oh, my all-worthy Lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Diſcover where thy miſtreſs is,—at once,——
—At the next word. No more of *worthy Lord*.
Speak, or thy ſilence on the inſtant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Piſ. Then, Sir,
This paper is the hiſtory of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's ſee 't; I will purſue her
Even to *Auguſtus'* throne.

Piſ. [5] Or this, or periſh.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger. } [*Aſide.*

Clot. Humph.

Piſ. I'll write to my Lord, ſhe's dead. Oh
Imogen,
Safe may'ſt thou wander, ſafe return again! } [*Aſide.*

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Piſ. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Poſthumus*'s hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou wouldſt not be a villain, but do me true ſervice; undergo thoſe employments, wherein I ſhould have cauſe to uſe thee, with a ſerious induſtry; that is, what villany ſoe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honeſt man; thou ſhouldſt neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Piſ. Well, my good Lord.

[5] *Or this, or periſh*—] Theſe words, I think, belong to *Cloten*, who requiring the paper, ſays,

Let's ſee 't; I will purſue her
Even to Auguſtus' *throne. Or*
this, or periſh.

Then *Piſanio* giving the paper, ſays to himſelf,

She's far enough, &c.

Clot.

. Wilt thou ſerve me? for ſince patiently and
ntly thou haſt ſtuck to the bare fortune of that
r *Poſthumus*, thou can'ſt not in the courſe of
ıde but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt
erve me?

Sir, I will.

. Give me thy hand, here's my purſe. Haſt
thy late maſter's garments in thy poſſeſſion?

I have, my Lord, at my lodging, the ſame
wore when he took leave of my lady and miſ-

. The firſt ſervice thou doſt me, fetch that ſuit
. Let it be thy firſt ſervice, Go.

I ſhall, my Lord. [*Exit.*

. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven?*——I forgot to
m one thing, I'll remember 't anon—Even there,
illain *Poſthumus*, will I kill thee. I would, theſe
nts were come. She ſaid upon a time, the bit-
s of it I now belch from my heart, that ſhe held
ry garment of *Poſthumus* in more reſpect than my
and natural perſon, together with the adornment
qualities. With that ſuit upon my back will I
her; firſt kill him, and in her eyes. There ſhall
e my valour, which will then be a torment to her
npt. He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſult-
ended on his dead body; and when my luſt
lined, which, as I ſay, to vex her, I will exe-
the clothes that ſhe ſo prais'd, to the court I'll
her back, foot her home again. She hath de-
me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Piſanio, *with a ſuit of clothes.*

oſe the garments?

Ay, my noble Lord.

. How long is't ſince ſhe went to *Milford-*
?

Piſ. She can ſcarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the ſecond thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my deſign. Be but duteous, and true preferment ſhall tender itſelf to thee. My revenge is now at *Milford*, 'would I had wings to follow it! Come and be true. [*Exit.*

Piſ. Thou bidd'ſt me to my loſs: for true to thee,
Were to prove falſe, which I will never be,
To him that is moſt true. To *Milford* go,
And find not her, whom thou purſu'ſt. Flow, flow,
You heav'nly Bleſſings on her! This fool's ſpeed
Be croſt with ſlowneſs. Labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Foreſt and Cave.

Enter Imogen, *in boy's clothes.*

Imo. I See, a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd myſelf; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I ſhould be ſick,
But that my reſolution helps me. *Milford*,
When from the mountain top *Piſanio* ſhew'd thee,
Thou waſt within a ken. O *Jove*, I think,
Foundations fly the wretched; ſuch, I mean,
Where they ſhould be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miſs my way. Will poor folks lye,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or trial? yes; no wonder,
When rich ones ſcarce tell true. To lapſe in fullneſs
[a] Is ſorer, than to lye for need; and falſhood
Is worſe in Kings, than Beggars. My dear Lord!
Thou 'rt one o' th' falſe ones; now I think on thee,

[a] *Is ſorer,*——] Is a *greater*, or *heavier* crime.

My

My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was
At point to ſink for food. But what is this?
[*Seeing the Cave.*
Here is a path to it——'tis ſome ſavage hold;
It were beſt, not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere clean it o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant,
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardneſs ever
Of hardineſs is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,
Take, or lend Ho!——No anſwer? Then I'll enter.
Beſt draw my ſword; and if mine enemy
But fear the ſword like me, he'll ſcarcely look on't.
Grant ſuch a foe, good heav'ns!
[*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. You, *Paladour*, have prov'd beſt woodman, and
Are maſter of the feaſt. *Cadwal* and I

7 *If any thing that's* civil,—] *civil*, for human creature.
WARBURTON.

If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,
Take OR LEND.—] She is in doubt, whether this cave be the habitation of a man or beaſt. If it be the former, ſhe bids him *ſpeak*; if the latter, that is, the den of a ſavage beaſt, what then? *take or lend*—We ſhould read,
Take OR 'T END.——
e. take my life ere famine end
. *Or* was commonly uſed for *'e*; this agrees to all that went efore. But the *Oxford Editor* uts the knot;
Take, or yield food.
ys he. As if it was poſſible ſo lain a ſentence ſhould ever have been blundered into *Take or lend.*
WARBURTON.

I ſuppoſe the emendation propoſed will not eaſily be received: it is ſtrained and obſcure, and the objection againſt *Hanmer's* reading is likewiſe very ſtrong. I queſtion whether, after the words, *if ſavage*, a line be not loſt, I can offer nothing better than to read,
——*Ho! who's here?*
If any thing that's civil, take
or lend,
If ſavage, ſpeak.
If you are *civiliſed* and *peaceable*, *take* a price for what I want, or *lend* it for a future recompence; if you are *rough inhoſpitable* inhabitants of the mountain, *ſpeak*, that I may know my ſtate.

Will play the cook, and ſervant; 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come, our ſtomachs
Will make what's homely ſavoury; wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſty ſloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor houſe, that keep'ſt thyſelf!
Guid. I'm thoroughly weary.
Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet ſtrong in appetite.
Guid. There is cold meat i' the cave, we'll brouze on that,
Whilſt what, we've kill'd, be cook'd.
Bel. Stay, come not in——— [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals, I ſhould think,
Here were a Fairy.
Guid. What's the matter, Sir?
Bel. By *Jupiter*, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly Paragon. Behold divineneſs
No elder than a boy.———

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good maſters, harm me not.
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took; good troth,
I have ſtoll'n nought, nor would not, though I'd found
Gold ſtrew'd i' th' floor. Here's money for my meat;
I would have left it on the board, ſo ſoon
As I had made my meal; and parted hence
With prayers for the provider.
Guid. Money, youth?
Arv. All gold and ſilver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip dirty Gods.
Imo. I ſee, you're angry:

Know,

if you kill me for my fault, I ſhould
ly'd, had I not made it.
Whither bound?
To *Milford-Haven.*
What's your name?
Fidele, Sir. I have a kinſman, who
id for *Italy*, he embark'd at *Milford*;
om being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
'n in this offence.
Pry'thee, fair youth,
us no churls, nor meaſure our good minds
rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
noſt night, you ſhall have better cheer
ı depart, and thanks to ſtay and eat it.
, bid him welcome.
. Were you a woman, youth,
d woe hard, but be your groom in honeſty;
d for you, as I'd buy.
I'll make 't my comfort
man, I'll love him as my brother,
ch a welcome as I'd give to him,
ng abſence, ſuch is yours. Moſt welcome!
ghtly, for you fall 'mongſt friends?
'Mong'ſt friends?
hers, would it had been ſo, that they
n my father's ſons! [9] then had my prize } [*Aſide.*
ſs, and ſo more equal ballaſting
, *Poſthumus.*
He wrings at ſome diſtreſs.
. 'Would I could free 't!
Or I, whate'er it be,

id for you, as I'd buy.] *Hanmer*'s reading. The ies,
r you, as I do buy.
-then had my prize leſs, and ſo more equal yſting] *Hanmer* reads

plauſibly, but without neceſſity, *price*, for *prize*, and *balancing*, for *b llaſting*. He is followed by Dr. *W rburton*. The meaning is, Had I been a leſs prize, I ſhould not have been too heavy for *Poſthumus*.

What pain it coſt, what danger. Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whiſpering.*

Imo. Great men,

That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themſelves, and had the virtue
Which their own conſcience ſeal'd them, laying by
[1] That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,
Could not out-peer theſe twain. Pardon me, Gods!
I'd change my ſex to be companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* is falſe.

Bel. It ſhall be ſo.

Boys, we'll go dreſs our Hunt. Fair youth, come in;
Diſcourſe is heavy, faſting; when we've ſupp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy ſtory,
So far as thou wilt ſpeak it.

Guid. I pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark, leſs welcome!

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *That nothing-gift of* differing *multitudes.*] The poet muſt mean, that court, that obſequious adoration which the ſhifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. I am perſuaded, therefore, our poet coined this participle from the *French* verb, and wrote,

That nothing-gift of defering *multitudes,*

i. e. obſequious, paying deference.—Deferer, *Ceder par reſpect a quelcun, obeir, condeſcendre,* &c. Deferent, *civil, reſpectueux,* &c. RICHELET. THEOB.

He is followed by Sir *T. Hanmer* and Dr. *Warburton*; but I do not ſee why *differing* may not be a general epithet, and the expreſſion equivalent to the *many-headed* rabble.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Rome.

Enter two Roman *Senators, and Tribunes.*

THIS is the tenor of the Emperor's Writ;
That ſince the common men are now in action
ſt the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*,
that the legions now in *Gallia* are
weak to undertake our wars againſt
all'n-off *Britons*; that we do incite
gentry to this buſineſs. He creates
s Pro-conſul; [a] and to you, the tribunes,
his immediate levy, he commands
bſolute commiſſion. Long live *Cæſar!*
. Is *Lucius* Gen'ral of the Forces?
en. Ay.
. Remaining now in *Gallia?*
en. With thoſe legions
h I have ſpoke of, whereunto your Levy
be ſuppliant: The words of your commiſſion
ie you to the numbers and the time
eir diſpatch.
. We will diſcharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

[a] —*and to you, the tribunes, his immediate levy, he* commands *abſolute commiſſion.*——] nds *his commiſſion* is ſuch : as *Shakeſpear* would ave uſed. I have ven- ſubſtitute; ——*he* commends *His abſolute commiſſion.*—— i. e. he recommends the care of making this levy to you; and gives you an abſolute commiſſion for ſo doing. WARBURTON.

The plain meaning is, he *commands* the commiſſion to be given to you. So we ſay, I *ordered* the materials to the workmen.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Foreſt in Wales.

Enter Cloten *alone.*

I Am near to th' place where they ſhould meet, if *Piſanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments ſerve me! why ſhould his miſtreſs, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, ſaving reverence of the word, becauſe, 'tis ſaid, a woman's fitneſs comes by fits. Therein I muſt play the workman. I dare ſpeak it to myſelf, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glaſs to confer; in his own chamber I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no leſs young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike converſant in general ſervices, and more remarkable in ſingle oppoſitions? yet this [3] ill-perſeverant thing loves him in my deſpight. What mortality is! *Poſthumus*, thy head, which is now growing upon thy ſhoulders, ſhall within this hour be off, thy miſtreſs enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces [4] before her face; and all this done, ſpurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my ſo rough uſage; but my mother, having power of his teſtineſs, ſhall turn all into my

[3] *ill-perſeverant*] *Hanmer.* The former editions have *imperſeverant.*

[4] *before* THY *face,*] *Poſthumus* was to have his head ſtruck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face; we ſhould read,—HER *face*, i. e. *Imogen's*, done to deſpite her, who had ſaid, ſhe eſteem'd *Poſthumus's* garment above the perſon of *Cloten.* WARBURTON.

commendations,

commendations. My horſe is ty'd up ſafe. Out, ſword, and to a ſore purpoſe! Fortune, put them into my hand. This is the very deſcription of their meeting place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Front of the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, *and* Imogen, *from the Cave.*

Bel. YOU are not well; remain here in the cave:
We'll come t' you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, ſtay here. [*To* Imogen.
Are we not brothers?——
Imo. So man and man ſhould be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I'm very ſick.
Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imo. So ſick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not ſo citizen a wanton, as
To ſeem to die ere ſick: ſo pleaſe you, leave me;
[5] Stick to your journal courſe; the breach of cuſtom
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not ſociable. I'm not very ſick,
Since I can reaſon of it. Pray you, truſt me here,
I'll rob none but myſelf; and let me die,
Stealing ſo poorly.
Guid. I love thee, I have ſpoke it;
[6] How much the quantity, the weight as much,

[5] *Stick to your journal courſe; the breach of cuſtom Is breach of all.*——] Keep your *daily* courſe uninterrupted; if the ſtated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confuſion.

[6] *How much the quantity,*—] I read,
As *much the quantity,*——

As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be ſin to ſay ſo, Sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault;—I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you ſay,
Love's reaſon's without reaſon. The bier at door,
And a demand who is 't ſhall die, I'd ſay,
" My father, not this youth."

Bel. O noble ſtrain!
O worthineſs of nature, breed of greatneſs!
Cowards father cowards, and baſe things ſire the baſe:
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this ſhould be,
Doth miracle itſelf, lov'd before me!
—'Tis the ninth hour o' th' morn.

Arv. Brother, farewel.

Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.

Arv. You health——So pleaſe you, Sir.

Imo. [*Aſide.*] Theſe are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I've heard!
Our courtiers ſay, all 's ſavage, but at court:
Experience, oh, thou diſprov'ſt report.
Th' imperious ſeas breed monſters; for the diſh
Poor tributary rivers as ſweet fiſh.
I am ſick ſtill, heart-ſick——*Piſanio*,
I'll now taſte of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the phial.*

Guid. [7] I could not ſtir him.
He ſaid, he was [8] gentle, but unfortunate;
Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.

Arv. Thus did he anſwer me; yet ſaid, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field.
—We'll leave you for this time; go in and reſt.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not ſick,

[7] *I could not ſtir him.*] Not *move* him to tell his ſtory.

[8] —*gentle, but unfortunate;*] *Gentle*, is *well born*, of birth above the vulgar.

For

)u muſt be our houſewife.
. Well or ill,
ound to you. [*Exit* Imogen, *to the Cave.*
And ſhalt be ever.
outh, howe'er diſtreſs'd, appears to have had
anceſtors.
. How angel-like he ſings!
d. But his neat cookery!
. He cut our roots in characters;
au 'd our broth, as *Juno* had been ſick,
e her dieter.
. N bly he yokes.
ling with a ſigh, as if the ſigh
:hat it was, for not being ſuch a ſmile,
mile mocking the ſigh, that it would fly
ſo divine a temple, to commix
winds that ſailors rail at.
d. I do note,
grief and patience, rooted in him both,
gle their ſpurs together.
. Grow, patience!
let the [1] ſtinking Elder, Grief, untwine
eriſhing root, with the encreaſing vine!
. It is great morning. Come; away. Who's
there?

SCENE III.

Enter Cloten.

. I cannot find theſe runagates: that villain
mock'd me.——I am faint.
. Thoſe runagates!
is he not us? I partly know him; 'tis

[1] *ſtinking Elder,*—] *Shake-* had only ſeen *Engliſh vines* which grow againſt walls, and therefore may be ſometimes entangled with the *Elder*. Perhaps we ſhould read *untwine from the vine.*

ſingle their ſpurs together.] an old word for the fibres e. POPE.

Cloten,

Cloten, the ſon o' th' Queen. I fear ſome ambuſh.
I ſaw him not theſe many years, and yet
I know, 'tis he. We're held as Out-laws. Hence.
Guid. He is but one; you and my brother ſearch
What companies are near. Pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.
[*Exeunt* Belarius *and* Arviragus.
Clot. Soft! what are you,
That fly me thus? ſome villain-mountaineer.
I've heard of ſuch. What ſlave art thou?
Guid. A thing
More ſlaviſh did I ne'er, than anſwering
A ſlave without a knock.
Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.
Guid. To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I ſhould yield to thee?
Clot. Thou villain baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my clothes?
Guid. No, nor thy tailor, raſcal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made thoſe clothes,
Which, as it ſeems, make thee.
Clot. Thou precious varlet!
My tailor made them not.
Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art ſome fool;
I'm loth to beat thee.
Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Guid. What's thy name?
Clot. *Cloten*, thou villain.
Guid. *Cloten*, then, double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, ſpider,
'Twould

'Twould move me ſooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer confuſion thou ſhalt know
I'm ſon to th' Queen.

Guid. I'm ſorry for 't; not ſeeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid?

Guid. Thoſe that I rev'rence, thoſe I fear, the wiſe;
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death!——
When I have ſlain thee with my proper hand,
'll follow thoſe that even now fled hence,
nd on the gates of *Lud*'s town ſet your heads.
ield, ruſtick mountaineer. [*Fight, and exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Belarius *and* Arviragus.

el. No company's abroad.

rv. None in the world; you did miſtake him,
ſure.

l. I cannot tell: long is it ſince I ſaw him,
me hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of favour
h then he wore; [a] the ſnatches in his voice,
urſt of ſpeaking, were as his: I'm abſolute
very *Cloten*.

In this place we left them;
my brother make good time with him,
. he is ſo fell.

[a] *ſnatches in his voice, ſt of ſpeaking,*—] This ur author's ſtrokes of An abrupt and tu-multuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confuſed and cloudy underſtanding.

Bel.

Bel. [3] Being ſcarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cauſe of fear. But ſee, thy brother.

Enter Guiderius, *with* Cloten's *Head.*

Guid. This *Cloten* was a fool; an empty purſe,
There was no money in 't; not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What haſt thou done?

Guid. [4] I'm perfect, what; cut off one *Cloten's* head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report;

[3] In the old editions,
Being ſcarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors; for defect *of judgment*
Is oft the cauſe of fear.—] If I underſtand this paſſage, it is mock reaſoning as it ſtands, and the text muſt have been ſlightly corrupted. *Belarius* is giving a deſcription of what *Cloten* formerly was; and in anſwer to what *Arviragus* ſays of *his being ſo fell*, "Ay, ſays *Belarius*, he "was ſo fell, and being ſcarce "then at man's eſtate, he had no "apprehenſion of roaring ter"rors, *i. e.* of any thing that "could check him with fears." But then, how does the inference come in, built upon this? *For* defect *of* judgment *is oft the cauſe of fear.* I think, the poet meant to have ſaid the mere contrary. *Cloten* was defective in judgment, and therefore did not fear. Apprehenſions of fear grow from a judgment in weighing dangers. And a very eaſy change, from the traces of the letters, gives us this ſenſe, and reconciles the reaſoning of the whole paſſage.

——*for* th' effect *of judgment*
Is oft the cauſe of fear.

THEOBALD.

Hanmer reads, with equal juſtneſs of ſentiment,

——*for defect of judgment*
Is oft the cure *of fear.*——

But, I think, the pl[illegible] of *effect* and *cauſe* more reſembling the manner of our authour.

[4] *I'm perfect, what;*——] I am *well informed*, what. So in this play,

I'm perfect, *the* Pannonians *are in arms.*

Who

:all'd me traitor, mountaineer, and ſwore
his own ſingle hand he'd [5] take us in;
ce our heads, where, thanks ye Gods, they grow,
:t them on *Lud*'s town.

We're all undone!

d. Why, worthy father, what have we to loſe
hat he ſwore to take, our lives? The law
ts not us; then why ſhould we be tender,
an arrogant piece of fleſh threat us
udge, and executioner, all himſelf
: do fear the law? What company
'er you abroad?

No ſingle ſoul
e ſet eye on; but, in all ſafe reaſon,
ıſt have ſome attendants. [6] Though his humour
othing but mutation, ay, and that
one bad thing to worſe; not Frenzy,
bſolute madneſs, could ſo far have rav'd,
ing him here alone; although, perhaps,
/ be heard at court, that ſuch as we
ıere, hunt here, are Out-laws, and in time
ıake ſome ſtronger head: the which he hearing,
s like him, might break out, and ſwear,
fetch us in; yet is 't not probable

ake us in;] To *take in*, phraſe in uſe for to *ap-* an out-law, or, to make mable to publick juſtice.

——*Though his* honour *nothing but mutation*, &c.] as his *honour* to do here, ıeing changeable in this his acting as a madman, I have ventur'd to ſubſti- *ıour*, againſt the authori- : printed copies: and the ; ſeems plainly this. ıgh he was always fickle ıe laſt degree, and go- d by *humour*, not ſound ; yet not madneſs itſelf " could make him ſo hardy to " attempt an enterpriſe of this " nature alone, and unſeconded." THEOBALD.

——*Though his honour Was nothing but mutation*,—] Mr. *Theobald*, as uſual, not underſtanding this, turns *honour* to *humour*. But the text is right, and means, that the only notion he had of honour, was the faſhion, which was perpetually changing. A fine ſtroke of ſatire, well expreſſed: yet the *Oxford Editor* follows Mr. *Theobald*. WARBURTON.

To

To come alone, nor he ſo undertaking,
Nor they ſo ſuffering; then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come, as the Gods foreſay it; howſoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day; the boy *Fidele*'s ſickneſs
[7] Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own ſword,
Which he did wave againſt my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock, and let it to the ſea,
And tell the fiſhes, he's the Queen's ſon, *Cloten*.
That 's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd.
'Would, *Paladour*, thou hadſt not done 't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone purſu'd me! *Paladour*,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
Thou'ſt robb'd me of this deed; I would, [8] revenges
That poſſible ſtrength might meet would ſeek us thro',
And put us to our anſwer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor ſeek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock.
You and *Fidele* play the cooks: I'll ſtay
'Till haſty *Paladour* return, and bring him
To dinner preſently.

Arv. Poor ſick *Fidele!*
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,

[7] *Did make my way long forth.*] *Fidele*'s ſickneſs made my *walk forth* from the cave *tedious*.

[8] ——*revenges* *That poſſible ſtrength might meet*] Such purſuit of vengeance as fell within any poſſibility of oppoſition.

I'd let a pariſh of ſuch *Clotens* blood,
And praiſe myſelf for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou Goddeſs,
Thou divine Nature, how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two princely boys! they are as gentle,
As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as th' rudeſt wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him ſtoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful.
That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not ſeen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been ſow'd. Yet ſtill it 's ſtrange
What *Cloten*'s being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?
I have ſent *Cloten*'s clot-pole down the ſtream,
In embaſſy to his mother. His body's hoſtage
For his return. [*Solemn muſick.*

Bel. My ingenious inſtrument!
Hark, *Paladour!* it ſounds: but what occaſion
Hath *Cadwal* now to give it motion? hark!

* *I'd let a* PARISH *of ſuch* Clotens *blood,*] This nonſe ſhould be corrected thus, *I'd let a* MARISH *of ſuch* Clotens *blood,*
a marſh or lake. So *Smith*, his account of *Virginia*, *Yea* nice, *at this time the admira* of *the earth, was at firſt but* marſh, *inhabited by poor fiſher*. In the firſt book of *Mac-cabees*, chap. ix. ver. 42. the Tranſlators uſe the word in the ſame ſenſe. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has dealt the reproach of nonſenſe very liberally through this play. Why this is nonſenſe, I cannot diſcover. I would, ſays the young Prince, to recover *Fidele*, kill as many *Clotens* as would fill a *pariſh*.

Guid. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Guid. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'ſt Mother,
It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
Should anſwer ſolemn accidents. The matter?——
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is *Cadwal* mad?

SCENE V.

Enter Arviragus, *with* Imogen *dead, bearing her in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes!
And brings the dire occaſion, in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.
Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made ſo much on! I had rather
Have ſkipt from ſixteen years of age to ſixty;
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have ſeen this.
Guid. Oh ſweeteſt, faireſt lily!
My brother wears thee not one half ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thyſelf.
Bel. [1] O melancholy!
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh carrack

[1] *Oh, melancholy!*
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh care
Might eaſ'lieſt harbour in?—] But as plauſible as this at firſt ſight may ſeem, all thoſe, who know any thing of good writing, will agree, that our author muſt have wrote,

——*to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh* carrack
Might eaſ'lieſt harb ur in?—
Carrack is a ſlow, heavy built veſſel of burden. This reſtores the uniformity of the metaphor, compleats the ſenſe, and is a word of great propriety and beauty to deſign a melancholic perſon.
WARBURTON.

t eas'lieſt harbour in?—thou bleſſed thing!
knows, what man thou might'ſt have made; but I
dy'dſt, a moſt rare boy, of melancholy!
found you him?
v. Stark, as you ſee,
ſmiling, as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber
s Death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
ſing on a cuſhion.
d. Where?
v. O' th' floor.
rms thus leagu'd. I thought, he ſlept; and put
outed brogues from off my feet, whoſe rudeneſs
er'd my ſteps too loud.
d. Why, he but ſleeps;
be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
female Fairies will his tomb be haunted,
worms will not come to thee.
v. With faireſt flow'rs,
t ſummer laſts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
eeten thy ſad grave. Thou ſhalt not lack
low'r that's like thy face, pale *Primroſe*; nor
zur'd *Hare-bell*, like thy veins; no, nor
af of *Eglantine*, which not to ſlander,
weeten'd not thy breath. [a] The Ruddock would,
charitable bill, oh bill, ſore-ſhaming
rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
ut a Monument! bring thee all this;

[a] *——The Ruddock would, charitable bill, bring thee this; and furr'd moſs beſides. When flow'rs are none, winter-*ground *thy courſe.*] again, the metaphor is ly mangled. What ſenſe e in *winter-grounding* a with *moſs?* A coarſe might indeed be ſaid to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay. But the epithet *furr'd* to *moſs* directs us plainly to another reading,

*To winter-*gown *thy coarſe.*—

i. e. the ſummer habit ſhall be a light *gown* of *flowers*, thy winter habit a good warm *furr'd gown* of *moſs*. WARBURTON.

The *Ruddock* is the *Red-breaſt*.

Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flow'rs are none,
To winterground thy coarſe.———
Guid. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To th' grave.
Arv. Say, where ſhall 's lay him?
Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our mother.
Arv. Be't ſo:
And let us, *Paladour*, though now our voices
Have got the manniſh crack, ſing him to th' ground,
As, once, our mother; uſe like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* muſt be *Fidele*.
Guid. Cadwal,
I cannot ſing; I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Than Prieſts and Fanes that lye.
Arv. We'll ſpeak it then.
Bel. Great griefs, I ſee, med'cine the leſs. For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's ſon, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember,
[3] He was paid for that: tho' mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one duſt, yet [4] reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make diſtinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.
Guid. Pray, fetch him hither.

[3] *He was paid for that:*——] *Hanmer* reads,

He has paid for that:

rather plauſibly than rightly. *Paid* is for *puniſhed*. So *Johnſon*,

Twenty things more, my friend, which you know due,
For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay *you.*

[4] ———*reverence*,
That angel of the world,——] *Reverence*, or due regard to ſubordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world.

Therſites'

Therſites' body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neither are alive.
Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll ſay our ſong the whilſt. Brother, begin.
Guid. Nay, *Cadwal*, we muſt lay his head to th' Eaſt;
My father hath a reaſon for 't.
Arv. 'Tis true.
Guid. Come on then, and remove him.
Arv. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. *Fear no more the heat o' th' Sun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly taſk haſt done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Both golden lads and girls all muſt
As chimney ſweepers, come to duſt.

Arv. [5] *Fear no more the frown o' th' Great,*
Thou art paſt the tyrant's ſtroke;
Care no more to cloath and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
Both the ſcepter, learning, phyſick, muſt
All follow this, and come to duſt.

Guid. *Fear no more the lightning-flaſh.*
Arv. *Nor th' all dreaded thunder-ſtone.*
Guid. [6] *Fear not ſlander, cenſure raſh.*
Arv. *Thou haſt finiſh'd joy and moan.*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers muſt*
[7] *Conſign to thee, and come to duſt.*

[5] *Fear no more*, &c.] This is the topic of conſolation that nature dictates to all men on theſe occaſions. The ſame farewel we have over the dead body in *Lucian*. Τὸν ἄθλιον ἐκεῖνε διδάσκεις, ὦ ἑταῖρε παιδίον, &c.
WARBURTON.

[6] *Fear not ſlander*, &c.] Perhaps,
Fear not ſlander's *cenſure raſh.*

[7] *Conſign to thee*,—] Perhaps,
Conſign to this.——
And in the former ſtanza, for *all follow this*, we might read, *all follow* thee.

Guid. *No exorciſer harm thee!*
Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Guid. *Ghoſt, unlaid, forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee?*
Both. *Quiet conſummation have,*
And renowned be thy Grave! [8].

SCENE VI.

Enter Belarius, *with the Body of* Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obſequies: come, lay him down.
Bel. Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more;
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' th' night,
Are ſtrewings fitt'ſt for Graves.—Upon their faces—
You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even ſo
Theſe herbelets ſhall, which we upon you ſtrow.
Come on, away. Apart upon our knees.
—The ground, that gave them firſt, has them again:
Their pleaſure here is paſt, ſo is their pain. [*Exeunt.*

Imogen, *awaking.*

Imo. Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way?——
I thank you——by yond buſh?——pray, how far thither?——
'Ods pittikins——can it be ſix miles yet!——
I've gone all night——'faith, I'll lie down and ſleep.
But, ſoft! no bedfellow,——Oh Gods, and Goddeſſes! [*Seeing the body.*
Theſe flowers are like the pleaſures of the world;
This bloody man the care on't.——I hope, I dream;

[8] For the obſequies of *Fidele*, a ſong was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. *William Collins* of *Chicheſter*, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I ſhall give it a place at the end in honour of his memory.

For

ſo I thought, I was a cave-keeper,
l cook to honeſt creatures. But 'tis not ſo:
'as but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing,
ich the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes,
ſometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
:mble ſtill with fear; but if there be
left in heav'n as ſmall a drop of pity
a wren's eye, fear'd Gods! a part of it!
: dream's here ſtill; ev'n when I wake, it is
:hout me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
eadleſs man!———the garments of *Poſthumus?*
ıow the ſhape of 's leg, this is his hand,
foot *mercurial*, his *martial* thigh,
: brawns of *Hercules:* but his *jovial* face———
rder in heaven?——how!——'tis gone!——*Pi-*
ſanio!———
curſes madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
l mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
'was thou, conſpiring with that devil *Cloten*,
t here cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
henceforth treach'rous!———Damn'd *Piſanio*
h with his forged letters—damn'd *Piſanio!*——
m this the braveſt veſſel of the world
ck the main-top! oh *Poſthumus*, alas,
ere is thy head? where's that? ah me, where 's
that?
nio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
l left this head on. How ſhould this be? *Piſa-*
nio?———
; he and *Cloten*. Malice and lucre in them
/e laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
: drug he gave me, which, he ſaid, was precious
l cordial to me, have I not found it

'Twas thou, &c.] The old reads thus,
——*Thou*
nſpir'd with that irregulus
devel Cloten.
I ſuppoſe it ſhould be,
Conſpir'd with th' [illegible]
devil Cloten.

Murd'rous to th' ſenſes? that confirms it home:
This is *Piſanio*'s deed, and *Cloten*'s. Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may ſeem to thoſe
Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucius, *Captains, and a Soothſayer.*

Cap. To them, the legions garriſon'd in *Gallia*,
After your will, have croſs'd the ſea, attending
You here at *Milford-Haven*; with your Ships,
They are in readineſs.

Luc. But what from *Rome?*

Cap. The Senate hath ſtirr'd up the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of *Italy*, moſt willing ſpirits,
That promiſe noble ſervice; and they come
Under the conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' th' wind.

Luc. This forwardneſs
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our preſent numbers
Be muſter'd; bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir,
What have you dream'd of late, of this war's purpoſe?

Sooth. [1] Laſt night, the very Gods ſhew'd me a viſion.

(I faſt,

[1] *Laſt night, the* VERY *Gods ſhew'd me a viſion.*] The *very Gods* may, indeed, ſignify the Gods themſelves immediately, and not by the intervention of other agents or inſtruments; yet I am perſuaded the reading is corrupt, and that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Laſt night, the WARRY *Gods—*
Warry

(I faſt, and pray'd for their intelligence)
I ſaw *Jove*'s bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing'd
From the ſpungy ſouth, to this part of the Weſt,
There vaniſh'd in the ſun-beams; which portends,
Unleſs my ſins abuſe my divination,
Succeſs to th' *Roman* Hoſt.

Luc. Dream often ſo,
And never falſe!——Soft, ho, what Trunk is here
Without his top? the ruin ſpeaks, that ſometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!——
Or dead, or ſleeping on him? but dead, rather:
For Nature doth abhor to make his couch
With the defunct, or ſleep upon the dead.
Let's ſee the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my Lord.

Luc. He'll then inſtruct us of this body: Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for, it ſeems,
They crave to be demanded: who is this.
Thou mak'ſt thy bloody pillow? [a] who was he,
That, otherwiſe than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy intereſt

In

Warey here ſignifying, *animadverting, forewarning, ready to give notice*; not, as in its more uſual meaning, *cautious, reſerved.* WARBURTON.

Of this meaning I know not any example, nor do I ſee any need of alteration. It was no common dream, but ſent from *the* very *Gods*, or the Gods themſelves.

[a] ——*who was he,*
That, otherwiſe than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture?] The editor, Mr. *Theobald*, cavils at this paſſage. He ſays, *it is far from being ſtrictly grammatical:* and yet, what is ſtrange, he ſubjoins a paraphraſe of his own, which ſhews it to be *ſtrictly grammatical. For*, ſays he, *the conſtruction of theſe words is this, who hath alter'd that good picture otherwiſe than nature alter'd it.* I ſuppoſe then this editor's meaning was, that the grammatical conſtruction would not conform to the ſenſe; for a bad writer, like a bad man, generally ſays one thing, and means another. He ſubjoining, Shakeſpeare *defigned*

In this ſad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better. This was my maſter,
A very valiant *Britan*, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies ſlain: alas!
There are no more ſuch maſters: I may wander
From Eaſt to Occident, cry out for ſervice,
Try many, and all good, ſerve truly, never
Find ſuch another maſter.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'ſt no leſs with thy complaining, than
Thy maſter in bleeding: ſay his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope, [*Aſide.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Luc. Thou doſt approve thyſelf the very ſame;
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.

ſigned to ſay, If the text be genuine, who hath alter'd that good picture from what noble nature at firſt made it. Here again he is miſtaken; *Shakeſpear* meant, like a plain man, juſt as he *ſpoke*; and as our editor firſt paraphraſed him, who hath *alter*'d that good picture otherwiſe than nature *alter'd* it? And the ſolution of the difficulty in this ſentiment, which ſo much perplexed him, is this: The ſpeaker ſees a young man without a head, and conſequently much *ſhorten'd* in ſtature; on which he breaks out into this exclamation, who hath *alter'd* this good form, by making it ſhorter; ſo contrary to the practice of nature which by yearly acceſſion of growth *alters* it by making it taller. No occaſion then for the editor to change DID into BID with an alluſion to the command againſt murder; which then ſhould have been *forbid* inſtead of *bid*. WARBURTON.

Here are many words upon a very ſlight debate. The ſenſe is not much cleared by either critick. The queſtion is aſked, not about a *body*, but a *picture*, which is not very apt to grow ſhorter or longer. To *do* a picture, and a picture is well *done*, are ſtanding phraſes; the queſtion therefore is, who has altered this picture, ſo as to make it otherwiſe than nature *did* it.

Wilt

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not ſay
Thou ſhalt be ſo well maſter'd, but, be ſure,
No leſs belov'd. The *Roman* Emperor's letters,
Sent by a Conſul to me, ſhould not ſooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But firſt, an't pleaſe the Gods,
I'll hide my maſter from the flies as deep
As [3] theſe poor pickaxes can dig; when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' ſtrew'd his Grave,
And on it ſaid a century of pray'rs,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and ſigh;
And, leaving ſo his ſervice, follow you,
So pleaſe you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than maſter thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties. Let us
Find out the prettieſt dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A Grave. Come, [4] arm him. Boy, he is prefer'd
By thee to us, and he ſhall be interr'd
As ſoldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes:
Some Falls are means the happier to ariſe. [*Exeunt.*

[3] —*theſe poor pickaxes*—] Meaning her fingers.

[4] ———*arm him.*—] That is, *Take him up in your arms.* HANMER.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

[5] *Changes to* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, *Lords, and* Piſanio.

Cym. AGain, and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the abſence of her ſon;
Madneſs, of which her life 's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*
The great part of my comfort, gone! My Queen
Upon a deſperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! Her ſon gone,
So needful for this preſent. It ſtrikes me, paſt
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs muſt know of her departure, and
Doſt ſeem ſo ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a ſharp torture.
Piſ. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly ſet it at your will; but, for my miſtreſs,
I nothing know where ſhe remains; why, gone;
Nor when ſhe purpoſes Return. 'Beſeech your Highneſs,
Hold me your loyal ſervant.
Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that ſhe was miſſing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and ſhall perform
All parts of his ſubjection loyally. For *Cloten,*
There wants no diligence in ſeeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

[5] *Changes to* Cymbeline's *Palace.*] This ſcene is omitted againſt all authority by Sir *T. Hanmer.* It is indeed of no great uſe in the progreſs of the fable, yet it makes a regular preparation for the next act.

Cym.

Cym. The time is troubleſome,
We'll ſlip you for a ſeaſon, but [6] our jealouſy [*To Piſ.*
Does yet depend.

Lord. So pleaſe your Majeſty,
The *Roman* Legions, all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your coaſt, with a ſupply
Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by the Senate ſent.

Cym. Now for the counſel of my Son and Queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
[7] Your preparation can affront no leſs
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're ready;
The want is, but to put theſe Powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it ſeeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.——Away. [*Exeunt.*

Piſ. I heard no letter from my maſter, ſince
I wrote him, *Imogen* was ſlain. 'Tis ſtrange;
Nor hear I from my miſtreſs, who did promiſe
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I,
What is betid to *Cloten*; but remain
Perplext in all. The heavens ſtill muſt work.
Wherein I'm falſe, I'm honeſt; not true, to be true.
Theſe preſent wars ſhall find, I love my Country,
Ev'n [8] to the note o' th' King, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in ſome boats, that are not ſteer'd.
[*Exit.*

[6] ——*our jealouſy Does not depend.*] My ſuſpicion is yet undetermined; if I do not condemn you, I likewiſe have not acquitted you. We now ſay, the *cauſe* is *depending*.

[7] *Your preparation*, &c.] Your forces are able to *face* ſuch an army as we hear the enemy will bring againſt us.

[8] —*to the note o' th' King*,—] I will ſo diſtinguiſh myſelf, that the King ſhall remark my valour.

SCENE IX.

Changes to the Foreſt.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Guid. THE noiſe is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleaſure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Muſt or for *Britons* ſlay us, or receive us
For barb'rous and unnatural Revolts
During their uſe, and ſlay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there ſecure us.
To the King's Party there's no going; newneſs
Of *Cloten*'s death, we being not known, nor muſter'd
Among the bands, may drive us to [9] a Render
Where we have liv'd, and ſo extort from us
That which we've done, [1] whoſe anſwer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt,
In ſuch a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor ſatisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* horſes nigh,
Behold [2] their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears ſo cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waſte their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.

[9] ——*a Render*
Where we have liv'd;—] An account of our place of abode.

This dialogue is a juſt repreſentation of the ſuperfluous caution of an old man.

[1] ——*whoſe anſwer*—] The *retaliation* of the death of *Cloten* would be *death*, &c.

[2] ——*their quarter'd fires*,—] Their fires regularly diſpoſed.

Bel.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though *Cloten* then but young, you ſee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, beſides, the King
Hath not deſerv'd my ſervice, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeleſs
To have the courteſy your cradle promis'd;
But to be ſtill hot ſummer's tanlings, and
The ſhrinking ſlaves of winter.
Guid. Than be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be. Pray, Sir, to th' army;
I and my brother are not known; yourſelf
So out of thought, and thereto ſo o'er-grown,
Cannot be queſtion'd.
Arv. By this Sun that ſhines,
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did ſee man die, ſcarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and veniſon,
Never beſtrid a horſe ſave one, that had
A rider like myſelf who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel? I am aſham'd
To look upon the holy Sun, to have
The benefit of his beſt beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Guid. By heav'ns, I'll go;
If you will bleſs me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of *Romans!*
Arv. So ſay I, *Amen.*
Bel. No reaſon I, ſince of your lives you ſet
So ſlight a valuation, ſhould reſerve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys;
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads; and there I'll lie.

Lead, lead. The time ſeems long: their blood thinks ſcorn [*Aſide.*
'Till it fly out, and ſhew them Princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the Britiſh *and* Roman *Camps.*

Enter Poſthumus, *with a* [3] *bloody handkerchief.*

POSTHUMUS.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wiſht,
Thou ſhouldſt be colour'd thus. You married Ones,
If each of you would take this courſe, how many
Muſt murder wives much better than themſelves.
For wrying but a little?—Oh, *Piſanio!*
Every good ſervant does not all Commands;
No bond, but to do juſt ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I ne'er

[3] *bloody handkerchief.*] The bloody token of *Imogen*'s death, which *Piſanio* in the foregoing act determined to ſend.

[4] *Yea, bloody cloth,* &c.] This is a ſoliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed ſpontaneouſly and inadvertently diſcharges itſelf in words. The ſpeech throughout all its tenour, if the laſt conceit be excepted, ſeems to iſſue warm from the heart. He firſt condemns his own violence; then tries to diſburden himſelf, by imputing part of the crime to *Piſanio*; he next ſooths his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an inſtrument of the gods for the happineſs of *Imogen*. He is now grown reaſonable enough to determine, that having done ſo much evil he will do no more; that he will not fight againſt the country which he has already injured; but as life is not longer ſupportable, he will die in a juſt cauſe, and die with the obſcurity of a man who does not think himſelf worthy to be remembered.

Had

Had liv'd [5] to put on this; ſo had you ſav'd
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and ſtruck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
You ſnatch ſome hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more; you ſome permit
To ſecond ills with ills, [6] each elder worſe,
And make them dread it to the doers' thrift. [7]

[5] —*to put on,*—] Is to *incite*, to *inſtigate*.

[6] ——*each elder worſe,*] For this reading all the later editors have contentedly taken,

——*each worſe than other,*

without enquiries whence they have received it. Yet they know, or might know, that it has no authority. The original copy reads,

——*each elder worſe,*

The laſt deed is certainly not the oldeſt, but *Shakeſpeare* calls the *deed* of an *elder* man an *elder deed*.

[7] *And make them* dread it, *to the* doers' *thrift.*] The Divinity-ſchools have not furniſh'd juſter obſervations on the conduct of providence, than *Poſthumus* gives us here in his private reflections. You Gods, ſays he, act in a different manner with your different creatures;

You ſnatch ſome hence for little faults; that's love;
To have them fall no more.

Others, ſays our poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increaſe in crimes,

And make them dread it, *to the* doers' *thrift.*

Here's a relative without an antecedent ſubſtantive; which is a breach of grammar. We muſt certainly read,

And make them dreaded, *to the* doers' *thrift.*

i. e. others you permit to aggravate one crime with more; which enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their advantage. Dignity, reſpect, and profit, accrue to them from crimes committed with impunity. THEOB.

This emendation is followed by *Hanmer*. Dr. *Warburton* reads, I know not whether by the printer's negligence,

And make them dread, *to the doer's thrift.*

There ſeems to be no very ſatisfactory ſenſe yet offered. I read, but with heſitation,

And make them deeded, *to the doers' thrift.*

The word *deeded* I know not indeed where to find; but *Shakeſpeare* has, in another ſenſe, *undeeded*, in *Macbeth*:

——*My ſword*
I ſheath again undeeded.

I will try again, and read thus,

——*others you permit*
To ſecond ills with ills, each other worſe,
And make them trade it *to the doer's thrift.*

Trade and *thrift* correſpond. Our authour plays with *trade*, as it ſignifies a lucrative vocation, or a frequent practice. So *Iſabella* ſays,

Thy ſins not accidental, but a trade.

But *Imogen*'s your own. [8] Do your beſt wills,
And make me bleſt t' obey!——I am brought hither
Among th' *Italian* Gentry, and to fight
Againſt my lady's Kingdom. 'Tis enough,
That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy miſtreſs. Peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
Hear patiently my purpoſe. I'll diſrobe me
Of theſe *Italian* weeds, and ſuit myſelf
As does a *Britain* pleaſant; ſo I'll fight
Againſt the part I come with; ſo I'll die
For thee, O *Imogen*, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death; and thus unknown,
Pitied, not hated, to the face of peril
Myſelf I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my Habits ſhow;
Gods, puts the ſtrength o' th' *Leonati* in me!
To ſhame the guiſe o' th' world, I will begin
The faſhion. Leſs without, and more within. [*Exit.*

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and the* Roman *army at one door; and the* Britain *army at another;* Leonatus Poſthumus *following the* Britiſh *like a poor ſoldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in ſkirmiſh* Iachimo, *and* Poſthumus; *he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth* Iachimo, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heavineſs, and guilt, within my boſom,
Takes off my manhood. I've bely'd a lady,
The Princeſs of this country; and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me, or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature, have ſubdu'd me
In my profeſſion? Knighthoods and Honours born
As I wear mine are titles but of ſcorn.
If that thy gentry, *Britain*, go before

[8] —*Do your leſt wills,*
And make me bleſt t' obey!—] So the copies. It was more in the manner of our authour to have written,
—*Do your* bleſt *wills,*
And make me bleſt t' obey.

This

This lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
Is, that we ſcarce are men, and you are Gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons *fly,* Cymbeline *is taken; then enters to his reſcue,* Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, ſtand. We have th' advantage of the ground;
That lane is guarded; nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.
Guid. Arv. Stand; ſtand and fight.

Enter Poſthumus, *and ſeconds the* Britons. *They reſcue* Cymbeline, *and exeunt.*
Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and* Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and ſave thyſelf;
For friends kill friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As war were hood-wink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely. Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Enter Poſthumus, *and a* Britiſh *Lord.*

Lord. CAm'ſt thou from where they made the Stand?
Poſt. I did.
Though you, it ſeems, came from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Poſt. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was loſt;
But that the heavens fought. The King himſelf

Of his wings deſtitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of *Britain* ſeen; all flying
Through a ſtrait lane, the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with ſlaught'ring, having work
More plentiful, than tools to do't, ſtruck down
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Meerly through fear, that the ſtrait Paſs was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd ſhame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Poſt. Cloſe by the battle; ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient ſoldier,
An honeſt one, I warrant, who deſerv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's Country. 'Thwart the lane,
He, with two ſtriplings, lads, more like to run
The country Baſe, than to commit ſuch ſlaughter;
With faces fit for maſks, or rather fairer
Than thoſe [9] for preſervation cas'd, or ſhame,
Made good the paſſage; cry'd to thoſe that fled,
"*Our* Britain's *Harts die flying, not our men;*
"*To darkneſs fleet ſouls, that fly backwards! Stand;*
"*Or we are* Romans, *and will give you That*
"*Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly, and may ſave*
"*But to look back in frown. Stand, ſtand.*"—Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, (in act as many;
For three performers are the file, when all
The reſt do nothing) with this word, "*Stand, ſtand,*"

[9] —*for preſervation cas'd, or* ſhame,] *Shame*, for modeſty. WARBURTON.

Sir *T. Hanmer* reads the paſſage thus:

Than ſome for preſervation cas'd.
For ſhame,
Make good the paſſage, *cry'd to thoſe that fled,*
Our Britain's Harts die flying, *&c.*

The old reading is right.

Accom-

Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own Nobleneſs which could have turn'd
A diſtaff to a lance, gilded pale looks;
Part ſhame, part ſpirit renew'd; that ſome, turn'd coward
But by example, (oh, a ſin in war,
Damn'd in the firſt beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
A ſtop i' th' chaſer, a retire; anon,
[1] A rout, confuſion thick. Forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they ſtoop'd eagles; ſlaves,
The ſtrides they victors made: and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' th' need; having found the back door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound
Some ſlain before, ſome dying; ſome their friends
O'er-borne i' th' former wave; ten, chac'd by one,
Are now each one the ſlaughter man of twenty;
Thoſe, that would die or ere reſiſt, are grown
The mortal [2] bugs o' th' field.

Lord. This was ſtrange chance.
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Poſt. [3] Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made

[1] *A rout, confuſion thick.* —] This is read as if it was a *thick confuſion*, and only another term for *rout*: whereas *confuſion thick* ſhould be read thus with an hyphen, and is a very beautiful compound epithet to *rout*. But *Shakeſpear*'s fine diction is not a little obſcured throughout by thus disfiguring his compound adjectives. WARBURTON.

I do not ſee what great addition is made to *fine diction* by this compound. Is it not as natural to enforce the principal event in a ſtory by repetition, as to enlarge the principal figure in a picture?

[2] ———*bugs*—] Terrors.

[3] *Nay, do* not *wonder at it*;] Sure, this is mock reaſoning with a vengeance. What! becauſe he was made fitter to wonder at great actions, than to perform any, is he therefore forbid to wonder? *Not* and *but* are perpetually miſtaken for one another in the old editions. THEOBALD.

There is no need of alteration. *Poſthumus* firſt bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach, that wonder is all that he was made for.

Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhime upon 't?
And vent it for a mockery? here is one:
" *Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,*
" *Preſerv'd the* Britons, *was the* Roman' *bane.*"
Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.
Poſt. 'Lack! to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendſhip too.
You have put me into rhimes.
Lord. Farewel, you are angry. [*Exit.*
Poſt. Still going? This is a Lord! oh noble miſery,
To be i' th' field, and aſk what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To've ſav'd their carcaſſes? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? [4] I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he ſtruck. Being an ugly monſter,
'Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh cups, ſoft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more miniſters than we,
That draw his knives i' th' war—Well, I will find him:
For being now a [5] favourer to the *Roman*,
No more a *Briton*, I've reſum'd again

[4] ——*I, in mine own woe charm'd*] Alluding to the common ſuperſtition of *Charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our *Saxon* anceſtors, and ſo is common to us with the *Germans*, who are above all other people given to this ſuperſtition, which made *Eraſmus*, where, in his *Moriæ Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteriſtic, ſay, *Germani corporum proceritate & magiæ* cognitione ſibi placent: and *Prior*, in his *Alma*,

North Britons *hence have learnd fight:*
And Germans free from gunſhot fight. WARB.

[5] ——*favourer to the* Roman.] The editions before *Hanmer's* for *Roman* read *Briton*; and Dr. *Warburton* reads *Briton* ſtill.

The

The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Here made by th' *Roman*; [6]great the anſwer be
Britons muſt take. For me, my ranſom's death;
On either ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by ſome means for *Imogen*.

Enter two Britiſh *Captains, and Soldiers.*

1 *Cap.* Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken.
'Tis thought, the old man, and his ſons, were angels.
2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,
[7]That gave th' affront with them.
1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found. Stand, who's there?
Poſt. A *Roman*———
Who had not now been drooping here, if Seconds
Had anſwer'd him.
2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of *Rome* ſhall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his ſervice,
As if he were of note; bring him to th' King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, *and* Roman *captives. The captains preſent* Poſthumus *to* Cymbeline, *who delivers him over to a Gaoler. After which, all go out.*

[6] *—great the anſwer be*] *Anſwer*, as once in this play before, is *retaliation*.

[7] *That gave th' affront with them.*] That is, that turned their faces to the enemy.

SCENE III.

Changes to a Priſon.

Enter Poſthumus, *and two Gaolers.*

1 *Gaol.* [8] YOU ſhall not now be ſtoll'n, you've locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find paſture.

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or ſtomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Poſt. Moſt welcome, bondage! for thou art a way.
I think, to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that's ſick o' th' gout, ſince he had rather
Groan ſo in perpetuity than be cur'd
By th' ſure phyſician, death; who is the key
T' unbar theſe locks. My conſcience! thou art fetter'd
More than my ſhanks and wriſts; you good Gods, give me
The penitent inſtrument to pick that bolt;
Then, free for ever. Is 't enough, I'm ſorry?
So children temp'ral fathers do appeaſe;
Gods are more full of mercy. Muſt I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Deſir'd, more than conſtrain'd; [9] to ſatisfy,
I doff my freedom; 'tis the main part; take
No ſtricter Render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A ſixth,

[8] *You ſhall not now be ſtoll'n,*] This wit of the Gaoler alludes to the cuſtom of putting a lock on a horſe's leg, when he is turned to paſture.

[9] ——*to ſatisfy,*
If of *my freedom 'tis the main part, take*
No ſtricter render of me, than my all.] What we can diſcover from the nonſenſe of theſe lines is, that the ſpeaker, in a fit of penitency, compares his circumſtances with a debtor's, who is willing to ſurrender up all to appeaſe his creditor. This being the ſenſe in general, I may venture to ſay, the true reading muſt have

A ſixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my deſire;
For *Imogen*'s dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not ſo dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it.
'Tween man and man they weigh not every ſtamp,
Though light, take pieces for the figure's ſake;
You rather, mine, being yours: and ſo, great Powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel thoſe [1] cold bonds. Oh *Imogen!*
I'll ſpeak to thee in ſilence.—— [*He ſleeps.*

[2] *Solemn muſick: Enter, as in an apparition,* Sicilius Leonatus, *father to* Poſthumus, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* Poſthumus, *with muſick before them. Then, after other muſick, follow the two young* Leonati, *brothers to* Poſthumus, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* Poſthumus *round as he lies ſleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-maſter, ſhew
Thy ſpite on mortal flies:
With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide,
That thy Adulteries
Rates and revenges.——

have been this,
——*to ſatisfy,*
I d'off *my freedom*; *'tis the main part*; *take*
No ſtricter Render of me than my all.
The verb *d'off* is too frequently uſed by our author to need any inſtances; and is here employed with peculiar elegance, *i. e.* To give all the ſatisfaction I am able to your offended Godheads, I voluntarily diveſt myſelf of my freedom: 'tis the only thing I have to atone with,
——*take*
No ſtricter Render of me, than my all. WARBURTON.

[1] —*cold bonds.*—] This equivocal uſe of *bonds* is another inſtance of our author's infelicity in pathetick ſpeeches.

[2] *Solemn muſick:* &c.] Here follow a *viſion*, a *maſque*, and a *prophecy*, which interrupt the fable without the leaſt neceſſity, and unmeaſurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foiſted in afterwards for meer ſhow, and apparently not of *Shakeſpear.* POPE.

Hath

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whoſe face I never ſaw?
I dy'd, whilſt in the womb he ſtay'd,
Attending Nature's Law.
Whoſe father, *Jove!* (as men report
Thou orphans' father art)
Thou ſhouldſt have been, and ſhielded him
From his earth-vexing ſmart.
Moth. *Lucina* lent not me her aid,
But took not me in my throes;
[3] That from me my *Poſthumus* ript,
Came crying 'mongſt his foes,
A thing of pity!——
Sici. Great Nature, like his anceſtry,
Moulded the ſtuff ſo fair;
That he deſerv'd the praiſe o' th' world,
As great *Sicilius'* heir.
1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In *Britain* where was he,
That could ſtand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of *Imogen*, that beſt
Could deem his dignity?
Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mockt,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonatus'* ſeat, and caſt
From her his deareſt one?
Sweet *Imogen!*——
Sici. Why did you ſuffer *Iachimo*,
Slight thing of *Italy*,
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needleſs jealouſy,

[3] *That from me my* Poſthumus *ript*] The old copy reads, *That from me* was Poſthumus *ript*. Perhaps we ſhould read, *That from* my womb Poſthumus *ript*, *Came crying 'mongſt his foes.*

And

And to become the geek and ſcorn
O' th' other's villany?
2 *Bro.* From this, from ſtiller ſeats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, ſtriking in our country's cauſe
Fell bravely and were ſlain;
Our fealty, and *Tenantius'* right,
With honour to maintain.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Poſthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd;
Then, *Jupiter*, thou King of Gods,
Why haſt thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici. Thy cryſtal window ope; look out;
No longer exerciſe,
Upon a valiant race thy harſh
And potent injuries.
Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our ſon is good,
Take off his miſeries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble manſion, help!
Or we poor ghoſts will cry
To th' ſhining ſynod of the reſt
Againſt thy Deity.
2 *Breth.* Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,
And from thy juſtice fly.

Jupiter *deſcends in thunder and lightning, ſitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghoſts fall on their knees.*

Jupit. No more, you petty ſpirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; huſh!—How dare you, Ghoſts,
Accuſe the Thunderer, whoſe bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coaſts?
Poor ſhadows of *Elyſium*, hence and reſt
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.

Be

Be not with mortal accidents oppreſt,
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom beſt I love, I croſs; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid ſon our godhead will uplift;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are ſpent;
Our *Jovial* ſtar reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Riſe, and fade!
He ſhall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breaſt, wherein
[Jupiter *drops a tablet.*
Our pleaſure his full fortune doth confine;
And ſo, away. No farther with your din
Expreſs impatience, leſt you ſtir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace cryſtalline. [*Aſcends.*
Sici. He came in thunder, his cœleſtial breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us; his aſcenſion is
More ſweet than our bleſt fields, his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his God is pleas'd.
All. Thanks, *Jupiter!*
Sici. The marble pavement cloſes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof. Away! and to be bleſt
Let us with care perform his great beheſt. [*Vaniſh.*
Poſt. [*waking*] Sleep, thou haſt been a grandſire, and begot
A father to me, and thou haſt created
A mother and two brothers. But, oh ſcorn!
Gone—they went hence as ſoon as they were born.
And ſo I am awake——Poor wretches, that depend
On Greatneſs' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.——But, alas, I ſwerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deſerve,
And yet are ſteep'd in favours; ſo am I
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? a book! oh rare one!

Be

Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt unlike our Courtiers;
As good as promiſe.

[Reads.]

WHEN as the lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be join'd to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

'Tis ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff, as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing;
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot untie, be what it is;
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep if but for ſympathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gaol. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Poſt. Over-roaſted rather; ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

4 *'Tis ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff, as madmen*
Tongue, and brain not—do *either both, or nothing*——
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch.

As ſenſe cannot untie.—] The obſcurity of this paſſage ariſes from part of it being ſpoke *of* the propheſy, and part *to* it. This writing on the Tablet (ſays he) is ſtill a dream, or elſe the raving of madneſs. *Do* thou, O Tablet, *either both, or nothing*; either let thy words and ſenſe go together, or be thy boſom a *raſa tabula*. As the words now ſtand they are nonſenſe, or at leaſt involve in them a ſenſe which I cannot develope. WARBURTON.

The meaning, which is too thin to be eaſily caught, I take to be this: *This is a dream or madneſs, or both—or nothing—but whether it be a ſpeech without conſciouſneſs*, as in a dream, *or a ſpeech unintelligible*, as in madneſs, be it as it is, *it is like my courſe of life.* We might perhaps read,

Whether *both, or nothing*—

Poſt.

Poſt. So if I prove a good repaſt to the ſpectators; the diſh pays the ſhot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir; but the comfort is, you ſhall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the ſadneſs of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; ſorry that you have paid too much, [5] and ſorry that you are paid too much; purſe and brain, both empty, the brain the heavier, for being too light: the purſe too light, being drawn of heavineſs. Oh, of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit: oh, the charity of a penny cord, it ſums up thouſands in a trice; you have no true [6] debtor, and creditor, but it; of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge; your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; ſo the acquittance follows.

Poſt. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, Sir, he that ſleeps, feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to ſleep your ſleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer; for look you, Sir, you know not which way you ſhall go.

Poſt. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not ſeen him ſo pictur'd. You muſt either be directed by ſome who take upon them to know; or to take upon yourſelf that, which, I am ſure, you do not know; or [7] jump the after-enquiry on your own peril:

[5] *and ſorry that you are paid too much;*] *Tavern bills,* ſays the *Gaoler, are the ſadneſs of parting, as the procuring of mirth— you depart reeling with too much drink; ſorry that you have paid too much, and*—what? *ſorry that you are paid too much.* Where is the oppoſition? I read, *And* merry *that you are paid* ſo *much.* I take the ſecond *paid* to be *'paid, for appaid, filled, ſatiated.*

[6] *debtor, and creditor,*] For an *accounting book.*

[7] *jump the after enquiry*] That is, *venture* at it without thought. So *Macbeth,*

I'd jump *the life to come.*

ril: and how you ſhall ſpeed in your journey's-end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Poſt. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as wink, and will not uſe them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man ſhould have the beſt uſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſs! I am ſure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Knock off his manacles. Bring your priſoner to the King.

Poſt. Thou bring'ſt good news; I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Poſt. Thou ſhalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt* Poſthumus *and Meſſenger.*

Gaol. Unleſs a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never ſaw one ſo prone. Yet, on my conſcience, there are verier knaves deſire to live, for all he be a *Roman:* and there be ſome of them too, that die againſt their wills; ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would, we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were deſolation of gaolers and gallowſes; I ſpeak againſt my preſent profit, but my wiſh hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Cymbeline's *Tent.*

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, *and Lords.*

Cym. STAND by my ſide, you, whom the Gods have made
Preſervers of my Throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor Soldier, that ſo richly fought,
Whoſe rags ſham'd gilded arms, whoſe naked breaſt
Stept before targes of proof, cannot be found;
He ſhall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him ſo.
Bel. I never ſaw
Such noble fury in ſo poor a thing:
Such precious deeds in [8] one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor Looks.
Cym. No tydings of him?
Piſ. He hath been ſearch'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.
Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of *Britain*;
[*To* Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

[8] —*one that's promis'd nought*
But begg'ry and poor Looks.] But how can it be ſaid, that one, whoſe *poor Looks* promiſe *beggary*, promiſed *poor Looks* too? it was not the poor look which was promiſed: that was viſible. We muſt read,
But begg'ry and poor Luck.
This ſets the matter right, and makes *Belarius* ſpeak ſenſe and to the purpoſe. For there was the extraordinary thing; he promis'd nothing but *poor Luck*, and yet perform'd all theſe wonders.
WARBURTON.
To promiſe *nothing but* poor *looks*, may be, to give no promiſe of courageous behaviour.

by

By whom, I grant, ſhe lives. 'Tis now the Time
To aſk of whence you are. Report it.
Bel. Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and Gentlemen;
Farther to boaſt, were neither true nor modeſt,
Unleſs I add, we're honeſt.
Cym. Bow your knees. [*They kneel.*
Ariſe my Knights o' th' battle; I create you
Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your eſtates.

Enter Cornelius, *and Ladies.*

There's buſineſs in theſe faces. Why ſo ſadly
Greet you our victory? you look like *Romans*,
And not o' th' Court of *Britain.*
Cor. Hail, great King!
To four your happineſs, I muſt report
The Queen is dead.
Cym. Whom worſe than a phyſician
Would this report become? But I conſider,
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the Doctor too. How ended ſhe?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like herſelf,
Who, being cruel to the world, concluded
Moſt cruel to herſelf. What ſhe confeſt,
I will report, ſo pleaſe you: Theſe her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.
Cym. Pr'ythee, ſay.
Cor. Firſt, ſhe confeſs'd, ſhe never lov'd you, only
Affected Greatneſs got by you, not you.
Married your Royalty, was wife to your Place,
Abhorr'd your perſon.
Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I could not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your Daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to love
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſs,
Was as a ſcorpion to her ſight, whoſe life,
But that her flight prevented it, ſhe had
Ta'en off by poiſon.
Cym. O moſt delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman? is there more?
Cor. More, Sir, and worſe. She did confeſs, ſhe had
For you a mortal mineral, which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring
By inches waſte you. In which time ſhe purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
O'ercome you with her ſhew, yes, and in time,
When ſhe had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her ſon into th' adoption of the Crown;
But failing of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſs, deſperate, open'd, in deſpight
Of heav'n and men, her purpoſes, repented,
The ills ſhe hatch'd were not effected, ſo,
Deſpairing, dy'd.
Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?
Lady. We did, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.
Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her Seeming. It had been vicious
To have miſtruſted her. Yet, oh my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'ſt ſay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all!

SCENE

SCENE V.

ter Lucius, Iachimo, *and other* Roman *priſoners*; Leonatus *behind, and* Imogen.

ou com'ſt not, *Caius*, now for Tribute; That
e *Britons* have raz'd out, though with the loſs
many a bold one, whoſe kinſmen have made ſuit,
hat their good ſouls may be appeas'd with ſlaughter
you their Captives, which ourſelf have granted.
think of your eſtate.
Luc. Conſider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
as yours by accident; had it gone with us,
e ſhould not, when the blood was cold, have threatned
ir Priſoners with the ſword. But, ſince the Gods
ill have it thus, that nothing but our lives
ay be call'd ranſom, let it come. Sufficeth,
Roman with a *Roman*'s heart can ſuffer.
guſtus lives to think on't. And ſo much
or my peculiar care. This one thing only
vill intreat: my boy, a *Briton* born,
t him be ranſom'd; never maſter had
page ſo kind, ſo duteous, diligent,
tender over his occaſions, true,
o feat, ſo nurſe-like. Let his virtue join
ith my requeſt, which, I'll make bold, your Highneſs
nnot deny; he hath done no *Briton* harm,
ough he hath ſerv'd a *Roman*. Save him, Sir,
d ſpare no blood beſide.
Cym. I've ſurely ſeen him;
s [1] favour is familiar to me.
y, thou haſt look'd thyſelf into my grace,

[1] *So frat,*——] So ready; ſo terous in waiting.

[1]*—favour is familiar—*] I am acquainted with his countenance.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand; I ſee a thing
Bitter to me, as death; your life, good maſt
Muſt ſhuffle for itſelf.
Luc. The boy diſdains me,
He leaves me, ſcorns me; briefly die their j
That place them on the truth of girls and bo
Why ſtands he ſo perplext?
Cym. What wouldſt thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and
What's beſt to aſk. Know'ſt him thou lo
ſpeak,
Wilt have him live? is he thy kin? thy frie
Imo. He is a *Roman*; no more kin to me
Than I to your Highneſs; who, being b
vaſſal,
Am ſomething nearer.
Cym. Wherefore eye'ſt him ſo?
Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you p
To give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my beſt attention. What's thy na
Imo. Fidele, Sir.
Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page

Arv. [a] One ſand another
Not more reſembles. That ſweet roſy lad,
Who dy'd and was *Fidele*. What think you?
Guid. The ſame dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace, ſee more; he eyes us not; forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I'm ſure,
He would have ſpoke t' us.
Guid. But we ſaw him dead.
Bel. Be ſilent: let's ſee further.
Piſ. 'Tis my miſtreſs. [*Aſide.*
Since ſhe is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [Cymb. *and* Imog. *come forward.*
Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide,
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, ſtep you forth,
[*To* Iachimo.
Give anſwer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our Greatneſs and the Grace of it,
Which is our Honour, bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood.——One ſpeak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Poſt. What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, ſay,
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken that,
Which to be ſpoke would torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I'm glad to be conſtrain'd to utter what

[a] *One ſand another*
Not more reſembles THAT *ſweet roſy lad,*] A ſlight corruption has made nonſenſe of this paſſage. One grain might reſemble another, but none a human form. We ſhould read,
Not more reſembles, THAN HE TH' *ſweet roſy lad.* WARB.
There was no great difficulty in the line, which, when properly pointed, needs no alteration.

Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas *Leonatus'* jewel,
Whom thou didſt baniſh, and, which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me, a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt ſky and ground. Will you hear more, my Lords?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quail to remember—give me leave, I faint.——

Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy ſtrength;
I'd rather thou ſhouldſt live, while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and ſpeak.

Iach. Upon a time, unhappy was the clock,
That ſtruck the hour; it was in *Rome*, accurs'd
The manſion where; 'twas at a feaſt, oh, 'would
Our viands had been poiſon'd, or at leaſt,
Thoſe which I heav'd to head; the good *Poſthumus*—
What ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the beſt of all
Amongſt the rar'ſt of good ones—ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our Loves of *Italy*
For Beauty, that made barren the ſwell'd Boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeak, [3] for Feature, laming
The ſhrine of *Venus*, or ſtraight-pight *Minerva*,
Poſtures,

[3] —*for* feature, *laming*] *Feature*, for proportion of parts, which Mr. *Theob.'d* not underſtanding, would alter to *ſtature*.

——*for feature, laming*
The ſhrine of Venus, *or ſtraight-pight* Minerva,

Poſtures beyond brief *nature*;—] i. e. The ancient ſtatues of *Venus* and *Minerva*, which exceeded, in beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of *brief nature*, i. e. of haſty, unelaborate nature. He gives the ſame character of the beauty of the Antique in *Antony* and *Cleopatra*:

O'erpicturing that Venus *where we ſee*
The fancy out-work nature.

It

beyond brief nature; for condition,
f all the qualities, that man
man for; beſides that hook of wiving,
which ſtrikes the eye——
ſtand on fire.
the matter.
ıll too ſoon I ſhall,
ɔu wouldſt grieve quickly.—This *Poſthumus*,
a noble Lord in love, and one
a royal lover, took his hint;
diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, therein
ı calm as virtue, he began

from a number of
s as theſe, that our
not ignorant of the
paſſage in *De Piles'*
inture par principes
at light to the beauty
-Peu de ſentimens ont
ſur la beauté de l' an-
gens d'eſprit qui
:aux arts ont eſtimé
:s tems ces merveil-
:s. *Nous voyons dans*
ıteurs quantité de paſ-
loüer les beautez vi-
s comparoit aux ſta-
ɔous imaginez (dit
Tyr) *de pouvoir ja-*
une beauté naturelle,
aux ſtatuë. Ovid,
deſcription de Cyiare,
de Centaures, *dit*
ne ſi grande vivacité
ge, que le col, les
mains, & l' eſtomac
ɔeaux qu' on pouvoit
ı tout ce qu' il avoit
e c' etoit la meme
' on remarque dans
ı plus parfaites. Et
parlant de la beauté
de *Neoptoleme*, & de la reſſemblance qu' il avoit avec ſon pere *Achille*, dit, Qu' en beauté ſon pere avoit autant d' avantage ſur lui que les ſtatuës en ont ſur les beaux hommes. Les auteurs modernes ont ſuivi ces mêmes ſentimens ſur la *beauté de l' Antique*. *Je reporterai ſeulement celui de* Scaliger. Le Moyen, *dit il*, que nous puiſſions rien voir qui aproche de la perfection des belles ſtatuës, puiſqu' il eſt permis à l' art de choiſir, de retrancher, d' adjoûter, de diriger, & qu' au contraire, la nature s' eſt toujours alterée depuis la creation du premier homme en qui Dieu joignit la beauté de la forme à celle de l' innocence. This laſt quotation from *Scaliger* well explains what *Shakeſpear* meant by

Brief *Nature*;

i. e. inelaborate, haſty, and careleſs as to the elegance of form, in reſpect of *art*, which uſes the peculiar addreſs, above explained, to arrive at perfection.

WARBURTON.

His miſtreſs' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd-of kitchen-trulls, or his deſcription
Prov'd us unſpeaking ſots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpoſe.

Iach. Your daughter's chaſtity—there it begins—
He ſpake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
And ſhe alone were cold; whereat, I, wretch!
Made ſcruple of his praiſe: and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainſt this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In ſuit the place of's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true Knight,
No leſſer of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, ſtakes this ring;
And would ſo, had it been a carbuncle
Of *Phœbus'* wheel; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Been all the worth of's Car. Away to *Britain*
Poſt I in this deſign. Well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
By your chaſte daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of Hope, not Longing, mine *Italian* brain
'Gan in your duller *Britain* operate
Moſt vilely, for my vantage excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice ſo prevail'd,
That I return'd with ſimular proof enough
To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; [4] averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
Oh, cunning! how I got it; nay, ſome marks
Of ſecret on her perſon; that he could not
But think her bond of chaſtity quite crack'd,

[4] —*averring notes*] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as *averred* or confirmed my report.

I having

I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon——
Methinks, I ſee him now———
Poſt. Ay, ſo thou do'ſt, [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend!—ah me, moſt credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains paſt, in Being,
To come—Oh, give me cord, or knife, or poiſon,
Some upright juſticer! Thou, King, ſend out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th' abhorred things o' th' earth amend,
By being worſe than they. I am *Poſthumus*
That kill'd thy daughter;—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a leſſer villain than myſelf,
A ſacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
Of Virtue was ſhe, yea, [5] and She herſelf.
Spit, and throw ſtones, caſt mire upon me, ſet
The dogs o' th' ſtreet to bay me; every villain
Be call'd *Poſthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villainy leſs than 'twas!—Oh *Imogen!*
My Queen, my life, my wife! oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen!
Imo. Peace, my lord, hear, hear———
Poſt. Shall 's have a Play of this?
Thou ſcornful page, there lie thy part.
[*Striking her, ſhe falls.*
Piſ. Oh, gentlemen, help,
Mine, and your miſtreſs—Oh, my lord *Poſthumus!*
You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now——Help, help,
Mine honour'd lady———
Cym. Does the world go round?
Poſt. How come [6] theſe ſtaggers on me?
Piſ. Wake, my miſtreſs!
Cym. If this be ſo, the Gods do mean to ſtrike me
To death with mortal joy.
Piſ. How fares my miſtreſs?

[5] —*and She herſelf.*] That is, She was not only *the temple of Virtue*, but *Virtue herſelf.*

[6] —*theſe ſtaggers*—] This wild and delirious perturbation. *Staggers* is the horſe's apoplexy.

Imo.

Imo. O, get thee from my ſight;
Thou gav'ſt me poiſon: dang'rous fellow, hence!
Breathe not, where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen!*

Piſ. Lady, the Gods throw ſtones of ſulphur on me,
If what I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter ſtill?

Imo. It poiſon'd me.

Cor. Oh Gods!
I left out one thing which the Queen confeſs'd,
Which muſt approve thee honeſt. If *Piſanio*
Have, ſaid ſhe, giv'n his miſtreſs that confection,
Which I gave him for cordial, ſhe is ſerv'd
As I would ſerve a rat.

Cym. What 's this, *Cornelius?*

Cor. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poiſons for her; ſtill pretending
The ſatisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no eſteem; I, dreading that her purpoſe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain ſtuff, which, being ta'en would ceaſe
The preſent power of life; but, in ſhort time,
All offices of nature ſhould again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Moſt like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys, there was our error.———

Guid. This is, ſure, *Fidele.*

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
[7] Think, that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again.

[7] *Think, that you are upon a rock,—*] In this ſpeech, or in the anſwer, there is little meaning. I ſuppoſe, ſhe would ſay, Conſider ſuch another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me ſee whether you will repeat it.

Poſt.

Poſt. Hang there like fruit, my ſoul,
'Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my fleſh? my child?
What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not ſpeak to me?
Imo. Your Bleſſing, Sir. [*Kneeling.*
Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for 't. [*To* Guiderius, Arviragus.
Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy-water on thee! *Imogen*,
Thy mother's dead.
Imo. I'm ſorry for 't, my Lord.
Cym. Oh, ſhe was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely; but her ſon
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Piſ. My Lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll ſpeak truth. Lord *Cloten*,
Upon my lady's miſſing, came to me
With his ſword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore,
If I diſcover'd not which way ſhe went,
It was my inſtant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my maſter's
Then in my pocket; which directed her
To ſeek him on the mountains near to *Milford*;
Where, in a frenſy, in my maſter's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he poſts
With unchaſte purpoſe, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour. What became of him,
I further know not.
Guid. Let me end the ſtory;
I ſlew him there.
Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend!
I would not, thy good deeds ſhould from my lips
Pluck a hard ſentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.
Guid. I've ſpoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a Prince.

Guid.

Guid. A moſt incivil one. The wrongs, he did me,
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me ſpurn the ſea,
If it could ſo roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not ſtanding here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I'm ſorry for thee;
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and muſt
Endure our law: thou 'rt dead.

Imo. That headleſs man
I thought had been my Lord.

Cym. Bind the offender
And take him from our preſence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better than the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thyſelf; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of *Clotens*
Had ever ſcar for.——Let his arms alone;
[*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old Soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
[a] By taſting of our wrath? how of deſcent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he ſpake too far.

Cym. And thou ſhalt die for 't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove, that two on 's are as good
As I've giv'n out of him. My ſons, I muſt,

[a] *By* TASTING *of our wrath?*] But how did *Belarius undo* or forfeit his merit by *taſting* or feeling the King's wrath? We ſhould read,

By HASTING *of our wrath? i. e.* by haſtening, provoking; and as ſuch a provocation is undutiful, the demerit, conſequently, undoes or makes void his former worth, and all pretenſions to reward. WARBURTON.

There is no need of change; the conſequence is taken for the whole action; *by taſting* is *by forcing us to make that taſte.*

For my own part unfold a dangerous ſpeech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger's ours.
Guid. And our good, his.
Bel. Have at it then, by leave:
Thou haſt, great King, a Subject, who was call'd *Belarius.*
Cym. What of him? a baniſh'd traitor.
Bel. He it is, that hath
Aſſum'd this age; indeed, a baniſh'd man;
I know not how a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world ſhall not ſave him.
Bel. Not too hot.
Firſt, pay me for the nurſing of thy ſons;
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoon
As I've receiv'd it.
Cym. Nurſing of my ſons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and ſaucy; here's my knee.
Ere I ariſe, I will prefer my ſons,
Then ſpare not the old father. Mighty Sir,
Theſe two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my ſons, are none of mine;
They are the iſſue of your loins, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How? my iſſue?
Bel. So ſure as you, your father's. I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Belarius* whom you ſometime baniſh'd;
[9] Your pleaſure was my near offence, my puniſhment
Itſelf, and all my treaſon; that I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. Theſe gentle Princes,
For ſuch and ſo they are, theſe twenty years

[9] *Your pleaſure was my near offence.*—] I think this paſſage may better be read thus,
Your pleaſure was my dear offence, my puniſhment
Itſelf was *all my treaſon; that I ſuffer'd,*
Was all the harm I did.——
The offence which coſt me ſo *dear* was only your caprice. My ſufferings have been all my crime.

Have

Have I train'd up; ſuch arts they have, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was, Sir, as
Your Highneſs knows. Their nurſe, *Euriphile*,
Whom for the theft I wedded, ſtole theſe children.
Upon my baniſhment I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the puniſhment before,
For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treaſon. Their dear loſs,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Unto my end of ſtealing them. But, Sir,
Here are your ſons again; and I muſt loſe
Two of the ſweet'ſt companions in the world.
The benediction of theſe covering heav'ns
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To in-lay heav'n with ſtars.

Cym. [1] Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt.
The ſervice that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'ſt. I loſt my children—
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A pair of worthier ſons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while——
This gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
Moſt worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius:*
This gentleman, my *Cadwal*, *Arviragus*,
Your younger princely ſon; he, Sir, was lapt
In a moſt curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with eaſe produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a ſanguine ſtar;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;

[1] *Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt.*] *Thy tears give teſtimony to the ſincerity of thy relation, and I have the leſs reaſon to be incredulous, becauſe the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the ſtory which you relate.* The King reaſons very juſtly.

Who

Who hath upon him ſtill that nat'ral ſtamp:
It was wiſe Nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cym. Oh, what am I
A mother to the birth of three! ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; bleſt may you be,
That, after this ſtrange ſtarting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now. Oh *Imogen*,
Thou 'ſt loſt by this a kingdom.
Imo. No, my Lord:
I've got two worlds by 't. Oh, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? oh, never ſay hereafter,
But I am trueſt ſpeaker. You call'd me brother,
When I was but your ſiſter: I, you brothers;
[2] When ye were ſo, indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good Lord.
Guid. And at firſt meeting lov'd;
Continued ſo, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the Queen's dram ſhe ſwallow'd.
Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I hear all through? this [3] fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumſtantial branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to ſerve our *Roman* captive?
How parted with your brothers? how firſt met them?
[4] Why fled you from the court? and whither?——
These,
And your three motives to the battle, with

[2] *When ye were ſo, indeed.*] The folio gives,
When we *were ſo, indeed.*
If this be right, we muſt read,
Imo. *I, you brothers.*
Arv. *When we were ſo, indeed.*

[3] ——*fierce abridgment*] *Fierce* is *vehement, rapid.*

[4] *Why fled you from the court, and* whether *theſe?*] It muſt be rectified thus;
Why fled you from the court? and whither? *Theſe*, &c.
The King is aſking his daughter, how ſhe has lived; why ſhe fled from the court, and to what place: And having enumerated ſo many particulars, he ſtops ſhort. THEOBALD.

I know not how much more, ſhould be demanded;
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance: but not the time, nor place,
Will ſerve long interrogatories. See,
Poſthumus anchors upon *Imogen*;
And ſhe, like harmleſs lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her maſter; hitting
Each object with a joy. The counter-change
Is ſev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And ſmoke the temple with our ſacrifices.
Thou art my brother; ſo we'll hold thee ever.
[*To* Belarius.

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To ſee this gracious ſeaſon!

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save theſe in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they ſhall taſte our comfort.

Imo. My good maſter,
I will yet do you ſervice.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn ſoldier, that ſo nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

Poſt. I am, Sir,
The ſoldier, that did company theſe three,
In poor Beſeeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpoſe I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made you finiſh.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy conſcience ſinks my knee, [*Kneels.*
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beſeech you,
Which I ſo often owe; but, your ring firſt;
And here the bracelet of the trueſt Princeſs,
That ever ſwore her faith.

Poſt. Kneel not to me:
The pow'r, that I have on you, is to ſpare you,

The

The malice tow'rds you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better!

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeneſs of a ſon in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help'd us, Sir,
As you did mean, indeed, to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Poſt. Your ſervant, Princes. Good my Lord of *Rome*,
Call forth your *Soothſayer*. As I ſlept, methought
Great *Jupiter*, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other ſprightly ſhews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my boſom; whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſs, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him ſhew
His ſkill in the conſtruction.

Luc. Philarmonus,———

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

[Reads.]

WHEN as a lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow; then ſhall Poſthumus *end his miſeries*, Britain *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt conſtruction of thy name,
Being *Leonatus*, doth import ſo much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To* Cymbeline.
Which we call *Mollis Aer*; and *Mollis Aer*

We term it *Mulier*, which *Mulier*, I divine,
Is this moſt conſtant wife; who, even now,
Anſwering the letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you, unſought, were clipt about
With this moſt tender air.

Cym. This has ſome ſeeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal *Cymbeline*,
Perſonates thee; and thy lopt branches point
Thy two ſons forth, who, by *Belarius* ſtoll'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majeſtic cedar join'd; whoſe Iſſue
Promiſes *Britain* peace and plenty.

Cym. [5] My peace we will begin; and, *Caius Lucius*,
Although the victor, we ſubmit to *Cæſar*,
And to the *Roman* Empire, promiſing,
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were diſſuaded by our wicked Queen;
On whom heav'n's juſtice both on her, and hers,
Hath laid moſt heavy hand.

Sooth. The ſingers of the Powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the viſion,
Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the ſtroke
Of this yet ſcarce cold battle, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd. For the *Roman* eagle,
From ſouth to weſt on wing ſoaring aloft,
Leſſen'd herſelf, and in the beams o' th' ſun
So vaniſh'd; which fore-ſhew'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial *Cæſar*, ſhould again unite
His favour with the radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which ſhines here in the weſt.

Cym. Laud we the Gods!
And let the crooked ſmokes climb to their Noſtrils
From our bleſt altars! Publiſh we this Peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward. Let

[5] *My peace we will begin*—] I think it better to read,
By peace we will begin.——

A *Roma*

A *Roman* and a *Britiſh* Enſign wave
Friendly together; ſo through *Lud*'s town march,
And in the Temple of great *Jupiter*
Our Peace we'll ratify. Seal it with feaſts.
Set on, there. Never was a war did ceaſe,
Ere bloody hands were waſh'd, with ſuch a Peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THIS Play has many juſt ſentiments, ſome natural dialogues, and ſome pleaſing ſcenes, that they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity.

To remark the folly of the fiction, the abſurdity of the conduct, the confuſion of the names and manners of different times, and the impoſſibility of the events in any ſyſtem of life, were to waſte criticiſm upon unreſiſting imbecillity, upon faults too evident for detection, and too groſs for aggravation.

A SONG, *ſung by* Guiderus *and* Arviragus *over* Fidele, *ſuppoſed to be dead.*

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

1.

To fair Fidele's *graſſy tomb*
Soft maids, and village hinds ſhall bring
Each op'ning ſweet, of earlieſt bloom,
And riſe all the breathing ſpring.

2.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove:
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

3.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female Fays ſhall haunt the green,
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew.

4.

The red-breaſt oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly bend his little aid,
With hoary moſs, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

5.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempeſts ſhake the Sylvan *cell:*
Or midſt the chace on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

6.

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed:
Belov'd, 'till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd 'till pity's ſelf be dead.

TROILUS

AND

CRESSIDA.

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, *there lies the ſcene: from Iſles of* Greece
The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the Port of Athens *ſent their ſhips,*
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian *bay*
Put forth toward Phrygia, *and their vow is made*
To ranſack Troy; *within whoſe ſtrong Immures,*
The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus' *Queen,*
With wanton Paris *ſleeps; and That's the Quarrel.*
To Tenedos *they come*——
And the deep-drawing Barks do there diſgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan *plains,*
The freſh, and yet unbruiſed, Greeks *do pitch*
Their brave Pavillions. Priam's *ſix Gates, th' City,*
Dardan, *and* Thymbria; Ilia, Scæa, Troian,
And Antenorides, *with maſſy ſtaples*
And correſponſive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperre up the ſons of Troy.——

Now

* —Priam's *ſix-gated city*
Dardan and Timbria, Helias,
Chetas, *Trojan,*
And Antenonidus, *with maſſy*
ſtaples
And correſponſive and fulfilling
bolts

Stir *up the ſons of* Troy.] This has been a moſt miſerably mangled paſſage, through all the editions; corrupted at once into falſe concord and falſe reaſoning. *Priam*'s ſix-gated *City ſtirre* up the ſons of *Troy?*—Here's a verb *plural* governed of a Nominative *ſingular*. But that is eaſily remedied. The next queſtion to be aſk'd, is, in what ſenſe a city having ſix ſtrong gates, and thoſe well barr'd and bolted, can be ſaid to *ſtir up* its inhabitants? unleſs they may be ſuppoſed to derive ſome ſpirit from the ſtrength of their fortifications.

But

PROLOGUE.

Now expectation tickling ſkittiſh ſpirits
On one and other ſide, Trojan *and* Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
† *A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence*
Of Author's pen, or Actor's voice; but ſuited
In like conditions as our Argument;
To tell you, fair Beholders, that our Play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broils,
'Ginning i' th' middle: ſtarting thence away,
To what may be digeſted in a Play.
Like, or find fault,—do, as your pleaſures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

But this could not be the poet's thought. He muſt mean, I take it, that the *Greeks* had pitched their tents upon the plains before *Troy*; and that the *Trojans* were ſecurely barricaded within the walls and gates of their city. This ſenſe my correction reſtores. To *ſperre*, or *ſpar*, from the old *Teutonic* word, *(SPERREN)* ſignifies, to *ſhut up*, *defend* by *barrs*, &c. THEOBALD.

† *A prologue arm'd,*—] I come here to ſpeak the prologue, and come in armour; not defying the audience, in confidence of either the authour's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character ſuited to the ſubject, in a dreſs of war, before a warlike play.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

PRIAM,
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Æneas,
Pandarus,
Antenor,
} TROJANS.

A baſtard Son of Priam.

Agamemnon,
Achilles,
Ajax,
Menelaus,
Ulyſſes,
Neſtor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Therſites,
Calchas,
} GREEKS.

Helen, *Wife to* Menelaus.
Andromache, *Wife to* Hector.
Caſſandra, *Daughter to* Priam, *a Prophetess.*
Creſſida, *Daughter to* Calchas.

Alexander, Creſſida's *Servant.*
Boy, *Page to* Troilus.

Trojan *and* Greek *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

SCENE, Troy; *and the* Grecian *Camp, before it.*

The Editions of this Play are,
1. Quarto. 1609. G. Eld. for R. Boniand and H. Whalley.
2. Quarto. No date. G. Eld. for R. Boniand and H. Whalley

*** I have the Folio and firſt Quarto. The Folio is the corrected and complete copy.

[1] TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace in Troy.

Enter Pandarus *and* Troilus.

TROILUS.

CALL here my varlet. I'll unarm again.
Why ſhould I war without the walls of *Troy*,
That find ſuch cruel battle here within?
Each *Trojan*, that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field; *Troilus*, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

[1] The ſtory was originally written by *Lollius*, an old *Lombard* authour, and ſince by *Chaucer*. POPE.

It is alſo found in an old ſtory-book of the three deſtructions of *Troy*, from which many of the circumſtances of this play are borrowed, they being to be found no where elſe. THEOBALD.

Troilus and Creſſida.] Before this play of *Troilus and Creſſida*, printed in 1609, is a bookſeller's preface, ſhewing that firſt impreſſion to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was publiſhed without *Shakeſpear*'s knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the bookſeller's hands. Mr. *Dryden* thinks this one of the firſt of our author's plays: but on the contrary, it may be judged from the fore-mentioned preface that it was one of his laſt; and the great number of obſervations both moral and politic, (with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his) ſeems to confirm my opinion. POPE.

Troi. The *Greeks* are ſtrong, and ſkilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their ſkill, and to their fierceneſs valiant.
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than ſleep, [a] fonder than ignorance;
Leſs valiant than the virgin in the night,
[b] And ſkill-leſs as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this. For my part, I'll not meddle or make any further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, muſt needs tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning; but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herſelf, what Goddeſs ere ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance than I do.
At *Priam*'s royal table do I ſit,
And when fair *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,
So, traitor!—when ſhe comes! When is ſhe thence?

Pan. Well, ſhe look'd yeſternight fairer than ever I ſaw her look, or any woman elſe.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would rive in twain,

[a] —fonder *than ignorance*;] *Fonder*, for more childiſh. WARBURTON.

[b] *And ſkill-leſs*, &c.] Mr. *Dryden*, in his alteration of this play, has taken this ſpeech as it ſtands, except that he has changed *Skill-leſs* to *artleſs*, not for the better, becauſe *ſkill-leſs* refers to *ſkill* and *ſkilful*.

Leſt

Leſt *Hector* or my father ſhould perceive me,
I have, as when the ſun doth light a ſtorm,
Buried the ſigh in wrinkle of a ſmile;
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth Fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

Pan. An her hair were not ſomewhat darker than *Helen*'s—well, go to, there were no more compariſon between the women.——But, for my part, ſhe is my kinſwoman; I would not, as they term it, praiſe her. But I would, ſomebody had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did. I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandra*'s wit, but,———

Troi. O *Pandarus!* I tell thee, *Pandarus!*
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſid*'s love. Thou anſwer'ſt, ſhe is fair;
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair; her cheek, her gait, her voice
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe——O that! her hand!
In whoſe compariſon, all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach, to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The cignet's down is harſh, [4] and ſpirit of ſenſe

[4] ——*and* SPIRIT *of ſenſe*
Hard as the palm of ploughman.—] Read, and (SPITE *of ſenſe*) in a parentheſis. The meaning is, though our ſenſes contradict it never ſo much, yet the *cignet's down* is not only harſh, when compar'd to the ſoftneſs of *Creſſid*'s hand, *but hard as the hand of ploughman. Spite*, I ſuppoſe, was firſt corrupted to *ſprite*, and from thence aroſe *ſpirit*.

WARBURTON.

I think this paſſage more forcible and elegant without an alteration, *In compariſon with Creſſid's hand*: ſays he, *the ſpirit of ſenſe*, the utmoſt degree, the moſt exquiſite power of ſenſibility, which implies a ſoft hand, ſince the ſenſe of touching, as *Scaliger* ſays in his *Exercitations*, reſides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the tallous and inſenſible palm of the ploughman. *Theobald* reads,

——to th' *ſpirit of ſenſe*.

It is not proper to make a lover profeſs to praiſe his miſtreſs *in ſpite of ſenſe*, for tho' he often does it in *ſpite of the ſenſe* of others, his own ſenſes are ſubdued to his deſires.

Hard

Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'ſt me,
As true thou tell'ſt me, when I ſay, I love her;
But ſaying thus, inſtead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ſt, in every gaſh that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is, if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not, [5] ſhe has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus?*

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you; gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Troi. What art thou angry, *Pandarus?* what, with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe is kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as *Helen*; and ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I care not, an ſhe were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no, ſhe's a fool to ſtay behind her father. Let her to the *Greeks*. And ſo I'll tell her the next time I ſee her. For my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' th' matter.

Troi. Pandarus———

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus*———

Pan. Pray you, ſpeak no more to me. I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit* Pandarus.

[*Sound Alarm.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude ſounds!

[5] *She has the mends.*] She may mend her complexion by the aſſiſtance of coſmeticks.

Fools

Fools on both ſides.——*Helen* muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument,
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my ſword.
But *Pandarus*——O Gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Creſſid*, but by *Pandar*;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to wooe,
As ſhe is ſtubborn-chaſte againſt all ſute.
Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne*'s love,
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we.
Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lies, a pearl;
Between our *Ilium*, and where ſhe reſides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourſelf the merchant; and this ſailing *Pandar*,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

SCENE II.

[*Alarm.*] *Enter Æneas.*

Æne. How now, Prince *Troilus?* wherefore not a field?

Troi. Becauſe not there. This woman's anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence.
What news, *Æneas*, from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is return'd home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Æneas?*

Æne. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn;
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus*' horn. [*Alarm.*

Æne. Hark, what good ſport is out of town to-day?

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*—
But to the ſport abroad—are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwift haſte.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Changes to a publick Street, near the Walls of Troy.

Enter Creſſida, *and* Alexander, *her Servant.*

Cre. WHO were thoſe went by?
Serv. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen.*
Cre. And whither go they?
Serv. Up to th' eaſtern tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the vale,
To ſee the fight. [6] *Hector*, whoſe patience
Is as a Virtue fix'd, to day was mov'd,
He chid *Andromache*, and ſtruck his armorer;
And like as there were huſbandry in war,
[7] Before the Sun roſe, he was harneſs'd light,

And

[6] —Hector, *whoſe patience*
Is, as A VIRTUE, *fix'd*,—] Patience ſure was a virtue, and therefore cannot, in propriety of expreſſion, be ſaid to be *like* one. We ſhould read,
Is as THE VIRTUE *fix'd*,—
i. e. his patience is as fixed as the Goddeſs Patience itſelf. So we find *Troilus* a little before ſaying,
Patience herſelf *what* Goddeſs
ere ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance than I do.
It is remarkable that *Dryden*, when he alter'd this play, and found this falſe reading, alter'd it with judgment to,
——*whoſe patience*
Is fix'd like that of Henv'n.
Which he would not have done had he ſeen the right reading here given, where his thought is ſo much better and nobler expreſſed. WARBURTON.

I think the preſent text may ſtand. *Hector*'s patience was as a virtue not variable and accidental, but fixed and conſtant. If I would alter it, it ſhould be thus,
——Hector, *whoſe patience*
Is all *a virtue fix'd*,——
All, in old *Engliſh*, is the *intenſive* or enforcing particle.

[7] *Before the Sun roſe, he was* harneſt light,] Why harneſt *light*? Does the poet mean, that *Hector* had put on *light armour*? Or that he was *ſprightly* in his arms, even before ſun-riſe? Or is a conundrum aim'd at, in *Sun* roſe, and harneſt *light*? A very ſlight alteration makes all theſe con-

And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foreſaw,
In *Hector*'s wrath.

Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?

Serv. The noiſe goes thus; There is among the *Greeks*
A Lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Serv. They ſay, he is a very man *per ſe*, and ſtands alone.

Cre. So do all men, unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no legs.

Serv. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beaſts of

conſtructions unneceſſary, and gives us the poet's meaning in the propereſt terms imaginable.

Before the Sun roſe, he was
harneſs-dight,

i. e. compleatly dreſt, accoutred, in arms. It is frequent with our poet, from his maſters *Chaucer* and *Spenſer*, to ſay *dight* for *deck'd*; *pight*, for *pitch'd*; &c. and from them too he uſes *harneſs* for armour. THEOBALD.

Before the Sun roſe, he was harneſs dight,] *Does the poet mean* (ſays Mr. *Theobald*) *that* Hector *had put on light armour? mean!* what elſe could he mean? He goes to fight on foot; and was not that the armour for his purpoſe. So *Fairfax* in *Taſſo*'s *Jeruſalem*,

The other Princes put on harneſs light
As footmen uſe——

Yet, as if this had been the higheſt abſurdity, he goes on, *Or does he mean that* Hector *was ſprightly in his arms even before ſun-riſe? or is a conundrum aim'd at, in Sun roſe and harneſs light?* Was any thing like it? but to get out of this perplexity, he tells us that *a very ſlight alteration makes all theſe conſtructions unneceſſary*, and ſo changes it to *harneſs-light*. Yet indeed the very ſlighteſt alteration will at any time let the poet's ſenſe thro' the critic's fingers: And the *Oxford Editor* very contentedly takes up with what is left behind, and reads *harneſs-dight* too, in order, as Mr. *Theobald* well expreſſes it, *To make all conſtruction unneceſſary*. WARBURTON.

How does it appear that *Hector* was to fight on foot rather to-day than on any other day? It is to be remembered, that the ancient heroes never fought on horſeback; nor does their manner of fighting in chariots ſeem to require leſs activity than on foot.

their

their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churliſh as the bear, ſlow as the elephant; a man into whom Nature hath ſo crowded humours, [8] that his valour is cruſht into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion; there is no man hath a virtue, that he has not a glimpſe of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no uſe; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man, that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?

Serv. They ſay, he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battle and ſtruck him down; the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

SCENE IV.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Serv. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

[8] *that his valour is* CRUSHT *into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion:*] *Valour cruſht into folly* is nonſenſe; but it is of the firſt editor's making; who ſeeing *crouded* go before, concluded that *cruſht* (which is oft indeed the conſequence) muſt needs follow. He did not obſerve that the poet here employs a *Kitchen*-metaphor, which would have led him to the true reading, *His valour is* CRUSTED *into folly, his folly* ſauced *with diſcretion*. Thus is *Ajax* diſhed up by the poet. The expreſſion is humourous. His temper is repreſented as ſo hot that his valour becomes overbaked, and ſo is *cruſted* or hardened *into folly* or temerity: yet the hardneſs of his folly is *ſauced* or ſoftened with diſcretion, and ſo made palatable. WARB.

This emendation does not want ingenuity or humour; but I cannot ſee ſo clearly that the preſent reading is nonſenſe. To be *cruſhed into folly*, is to be *confuſed* and mingled with *folly*, ſo as that they make one maſs together.

Cre.

Cre. *Hector*'s a gallant man.

Serv. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. [9] Good morrow, couſin *Creſſid*; what do you talk of? Good morrow, *Alexander*——How do you, couſin? when were you at [1] *Ilium?*

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was *Hector* arm'd and gone, ere you came to *Ilium?* *Helen* was not up? was ſhe?

Cre. *Hector* was gone; but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſays, here.

Pan. True, he was ſo; I know the cauſe too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

[9] *Good morrow, couſin* Creſſid; *What do you talk of?* Good morrow, ALEXANDER;——*How do you, couſin?*] *Good morrow*, Alexander——is added in all the editions, ſays Mr. *Pope*, very abſurdly, *Paris* not being on the ſtage.——Wonderful acuteneſs: But, with ſubmiſſion, this gentleman's note is much more abſurd; for it falls out very unluckily for his remark, that though *Paris* is, for the generality, in *Homer* call'd *Alexander*; yet, in this play, by any one of the characters introduc'd, he is call'd nothing but *Paris*. The truth of the fact is this, *Pandarus* is of a buſy, impertinent, inſinuating character; and 'tis natural for him, ſo ſoon as he has given his couſin the good-morrow, to pay his civilities too to her attendant. This is purely ἐξ ἑξῆς, as the grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable touch of *Pandarus*'s character. And why might not *Alexander* be the name of *Creſſid*'s man? *Paris* had no patent, I ſuppoſe, for engroſſing it to himſelf. But the late *Editor*, perhaps, becauſe we have had *Alexander* the Great, Pope *Alexander*, and *Alexander Pope*, would not have ſo eminent a name proſtituted to a common *valet*. THEOBALD.

[1] Ilium] Was the palace of *Troy*.

Cre. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' th' ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to think how ſhe tickled his chin; indeed, ſhe has a marvellous white hand, I muſt needs confeſs.

Cre. Without the Rack.

Pan. And ſhe takes upon her to ſpy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was ſuch laughing. Queen *Hecuba* laught, that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that *Helen* ſpied on *Troilus'* chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I ſhould have laught too.

Pan. They laught not ſo much at the hair, as at his pretty anſwer.

Cre. What was his anſwer?

Pan. Quoth ſhe, here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pan. That's true, make no queſtion of that. [2] One and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the reſt are his ſons. *Jupiter!* quoth ſhe, which of theſe hairs is *Paris*, my huſband? the forked one, quoth he, pluck it out and give it him. But there was ſuch laughing, and

[2] Two *and fifty hairs,*] I have ventured to ſubſtitute *one* and *fifty*, I think, with ſome certainty. How elſe can the number make out *Priam*, and his fifty ſons? THEOBALD.

Helen ſo bluſh'd, and *Paris* ſo chaf'd, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt.

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, couſin, I told you a thing Yeſterday. Think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be ſworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in *April.* [*Sound a retreat.*

Cre. And I'll ſpring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle againſt *May.*

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field; ſhall we ſtand up here, and ſee them, as they paſs towards *Ilium?* Good niece, do; ſweet neice *Creſſida.*

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may ſee moſt bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names as they paſs by; but mark *Troilus* above the reſt.

Æneas *paſſes over the ſtage.*

Cre. Speak not ſo loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; but mark *Troilus*, you ſhall ſee anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor *paſſes over the ſtage.*

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a ſhrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one o' th' ſoundeſt judgment in *Troy* whoſoever, and a proper man of perſon. When comes *Troilus?* I'll ſhew you *Troilus* anon; if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, [3] the rich ſhall have more.

Hector *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that. There's a fellow! Go thy way, *Hector*; there's a brave man, niece. O brave *Hector!* look, how he looks! there's a countenance! is 't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good. Look you, what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you ſee? look you there! there's no jeſting; there's laying on, take 't off who will, as they ſay, there be hacks.

Cre. Be thoſe with ſwords?

Paris *paſſes over.*

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not. An the devil come to him, it's all one. By godſlid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Pa-*

[3] —*the* RICH *ſhall have more.*] To *give one the nod*, was a phraſe ſignifying to give one a mark of folly. The reply turns upon this ſenſe alluding to the expreſſion *give*, and ſhould be read thus,

The MICH *ſhall have more.*

i. e. *much*. He that has much folly already ſhall then have more. This was a proverbial ſpeech, implying that benefits fall upon the rich. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to,

The reſt ſhall have none.

WARBURTON.

I wonder why the commentator ſhould think any emendation neceſſary, ſince his own ſenſe is fully expreſſed by the preſent reading. *Hanmer* appears not to have underſtood the paſſage. That to *give the nod* ſignifies to *ſet a mark of folly*, I do not know; the alluſion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did, in our authour's time, and long before, ſignify, *a ſilly fellow*, and may, by its etymology, ſignify likewiſe *full of nods*. *Creſſid* means, that *a* Noddy *ſhall have more* nods.

Of ſuch remarks as theſe is a comment to conſiſt?

sis: look ye yonder, niece, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now: who ſaid, he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt; why, this will do *Helen*'s heart good now, ha? 'Would, I could ſee *Troilus* now; you ſhall ſee *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's *Helenus.* I marvel, where *Troilus* is. That's *Helenus*—I think, he went not forth to day—That's *Helenus.*

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus, no—yes, he'll fight indifferent well—I marvel, where *Troilus* is? hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus? Helenus* is a prieſt.

Cre. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus *paſſes over.*

Pan. Where? yonder? that's *Deiphobus.* 'Tis *Troilus!* there's a man, niece—Hem!—Brave *Troilus!* the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for ſhame, peace.

Pan. Mark him, note him. O brave *Troilus!* look well upon him, niece; look you how his ſword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector*'s, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way, *Troilus*, go thy way; had I a ſiſter were a Grace, or a daughter a Goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris?*—*Paris* is dirt to him, and, I warrant, *Helen* to change would give [4] money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

[4] *money to boot.*] So the folio. The old quarto, with more force. *Give* an eye to *boot.*

Pan. 'Aſſes, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran: porridge after meat. I could live and die i' th' eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece*.

Cre. There is among the *Greeks Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus*.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well—why, have you any diſcretion? have you any eyes? Do you know, what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſs, virtue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth, the ſpice and ſalt, that ſeaſons a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man; and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are ſuch another woman, one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; [5] upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my ſecrecy, to defend mine honeſty; my maſk to defend my beauty, and you to defend all theſe. At all theſe wards I lie, and at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it is paſt watching.

Pan. You are ſuch another.

[5] *upon my wit, to defend my wiles*;] So read both the copies; yet perhaps the authour wrote, *Upon my wit, to defend my will.* The terms *wit* and *will* were, in the language of that time, put often in oppoſition.

Enter

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. [6] At your own houſe, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. I doubt, he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle———

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus.*

Cre. By the ſame token, you are a bawd.

[*Exit* Pandarus.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full ſacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize;
But more in *Troilus* thouſand-fold I ſee,
Than in the glaſs of *Pandar*'s praiſe may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done; [7] joy's ſoul lies in the doing:
That ſhe belov'd knows nought, that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
[8] That ſhe was never yet, that ever knew
Love got, ſo ſweet, as when Deſire did ſue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
Atchievement is Command; ungain'd, beſeech.
[9] Then though [1] my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

[6] *At your own houſe, there he unarms him.*] Theſe neceſſary words added from the quarto edition. POPE.

The words added are only, *there he unarms him.*

[7] *—joy's ſoul lies in the doing:*] So read both the old editions, for which the later editions have poorly given, *—the* ſoul's joy *lies in doing.*

[8] *That ſhe—*] Means, that *woman.*

[9] *Then though—*] The quarto reads, *then*; the folio and the modern editions read improperly, *that.*

[1] *—my heart's* content——] *Content,* for capacity. WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Changes to Agamemnon's *Tent in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Trumpets. *Enter* Agamemnon, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, *with others.*

Agam. PRINCES,
What grief hath ſet the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample propoſition, that hope makes
In all deſigns begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeneſs. Checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of actions higheſt rear'd;
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap
Infect the ſound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our Suppoſe ſo far,
That after ſev'n years' ſiege, yet *Troy*-walls ſtand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart; not anſwering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then, you Princes,
Do you with cheeks abaſh'd behold our Works?
And think them ſhame, which are, indeed, nought elſe
But the protractive trials of great *Jove*,
To find perſiſtive conſtancy in men?
The fineneſs of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wiſe and fool, the artiſt and unread,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd, and kin;
But in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction with a [2] broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;

[2] *Broad*, quarto; the folio reads *loud*,

And

And what hath maſs, or matter by itſelf,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.
Neſt. [3] With due obſervance of thy godlike Seat,
Great *Agamemnon*, [4] *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words. In the reproof of Chance
Lies the true proof of men: the Sea being ſmooth,
How

[3] *With due obſervance of thy* goodly *Seat.*] *Goodly* is an epithet carries no very great compliment with it; and *Neſtor* ſeems here to be paying deference to *Agamemnon's* ſtate and pre-eminence. The old books have it,—*to thy* godly *Seat*; *godlike*, as I have reform'd the text, ſeems to me the epithet deſign'd; and is very conformable to what *Æneas* afterwards ſays of *Agamemnon*;

Which is that God *in office, guiding man!*

So *godlike Seat* is here, State ſupreme above other commanders.
THEOBALD.

This emendation *Theobald* might have found in the quarto, which has,

—*the* godlike *ſeat.*

[4] —Neſtor *ſhall* APPLY
Thy lateſt words.——] What were theſe lateſt words? A common-place obſervation, illuſtrated by a particular image, *that oppoſition and adverſity were uſeful to try and diſtinguiſh between the valiant man and the coward, the wiſe man and the fool.* The *application* of this was to the *Greeks*, who had remained long unſucceſsful before *Troy*, but might make a good uſe of their misfortunes by learning patience and perſeverance. Now *Neſtor* promiſes that he will make this application; but we find nothing like it. He only repeats *Agamemnon's* general obſervation, and illuſtrates it by another image; from whence it appears, that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

—Neſtor *ſhall* SUPPLY
Thy lateſt words.——

And it muſt be owned, the poet never wrote any thing more in character. *Neſtor*, a talkative old man, was glad to catch at this common-place, as it would furniſh him with much matter for prate. And, therefore, on pretence that *Agamemnon* had not been full enough upon it, he begs leave to *ſupply* the topic with ſome diverſified flouriſhes of his own. And what could be more natural than for a wordy old man to call the *repetition* of the ſame thought, a *ſupplial*. We may obſerve further, that according to this reading the introductory apology,

With due obſervance of thy goodly Seat,

is very proper: it being a kind of inſinuation, to the prejudice of *Agamemnon's* facundity, that *Neſtor* was forced to *ſupply* his ſpeech. Whereas had the true reading been *apply*, the apology had been impertinent: for in ſuch a caſe we muſt have ſuppoſed, this

How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
Upon her [5] patient breaſt, making their way
With thoſe of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold,
The ſtrong-ribb'd Bark thro' liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
Like *Perſeus'* horſe. Where's then the ſaucy boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatneſs? or to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for *Neptune*. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhew and valour's worth divide
In ſtorms of fortune; for in her ray and brightneſs,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger; but when ſplitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies get under ſhade; why then [6] the thing of courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize;
And, with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,
[7] Returns to chiding fortune.
Ulyſſ. *Agamemnon*,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece*,
Heart of our numbers, ſoul, and only ſpirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up, hear, what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks.
Beſides th' applauſe and approbation
The which, moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,
[*To* Agamemnon.

this was a preconcerted diviſion of the argument between the two orators. WARBURTON.

I ſuppoſe the reader is long ſince contented rather to take either word than read the argument. *Neſtor applies* the words to another inſtance.

[5] ——*patient breaſt*,—] The quarto, not ſo well,
——ancient *breaſt*.

[6] —*the thing of courage*,] It is ſaid of the tiger, that in ſtorms and high winds he rages and roars moſt furiouſly. HANMER.

[7] *Returns to chiding fortune.*] For *returns*, *Hanmer* reads *replies*, unneceſſarily, the ſenſe being the ſame. The folio and quarto have *retires*, corruptly.

And

And thou, moſt rev'rend for thy ſtretcht-out life,
[*To* Neſtor.
I give to both your [8] ſpeeches; which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again,
As venerable *Neſtor*, hatch'd in ſilver,
Should with a bond of air, ſtrong as the axle-tree
On which heav'n rides, knit all the *Grecians'* ears
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both
Thou great, and wiſe, to hear *Ulyſſes* ſpeak.

[9] *Agam.* Speak, Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of leſs expect
That matter needleſs, of importleſs burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank *Therſites* opes his maſtiff jaws,
We ſhall hear muſick, wit and oracle.

Uly. *Troy*, yet upon her baſis, had been down,
And the great *Hector*'s ſword had lack'd a maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.
[1] The ſpeciality of Rule hath been neglected;

[8] —*ſpeeches; which were ſuch,*
As Agamemnon *and the* hand *of* Greece
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again,
As venerable Neſtor, *hatch'd in ſilver,*
Should—knit all Greeks *ears*
To his experienc'd tongue: —] *Ulyſſes* begins his oration with praiſing thoſe who had ſpoken before him, and marks the characteriſtick excellencies of their different eloquence, ſtrength and ſweetneſs, which he expreſſes by the different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the inſtruction of poſterity. The ſpeech of *Agamemnon* is ſuch that it ought to be engraven in braſs, and the tablet held up by him on the one ſide, and *Greece* on the other, to ſhew the union of their opinion. And *Neſtor* ought to be exhibited in ſilver, uniting all his audience in one mind by his ſoft and gentle elocution. Braſs is the common emblem of ſtrength, and ſilver of gentleneſs. We call a ſoft voice a *ſilver* voice, and a perſuaſive tongue a *ſilver* tongue.

I once read for *hand*, the *band* of *Greece*, but I think the text right.

To *hatch*, is a term of art for a particular method of *engraving*. *Hacher*, to cut, *French*.

[9] Agam. *Speak*, &c.] This ſpeech is not in the quarto.

[1] *The ſpeciality of Rule*—] The particular rights of ſupreme authority.

And

And, look, how many *Grecian* Tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this Plain, ſo many hollow factions.
[2] When that the General is not like the hive,
To whom the Foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected? *Degree* being vizarded,
Th' unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the maſk.
[3] The heav'ns themſelves, the planets, and this center,
Obſerve degree, priority and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office and cuſtom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*
In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpher'd
Amidſt the reſt, whoſe med'cinable eye

[2] *When that the General* IS NOT LIKE *the hive,*] The image is taken from the government of bees. But what are we to underſtand by this line? either it has no meaning, or a meaning contrary to the drift of the ſpeaker. For either it ſignifies, that *the General and the hive are not of the ſame degree or ſpecies,* when as the ſpeaker's complaint is, that the hive acts ſo perverſely as to deſtroy all difference of degree between them and the General: or it muſt ſignify, *that the General has private ends and intereſts diſtinct from that of the hive*; which defeats the very end of the ſpeaker; whoſe purpoſe is to juſtify the General, and expoſe the diſobedience of the hive. We ſhould certainly then read,

When that the General NOT LIKES *the hive:*

i. e. when the ſoldiers like not, and refuſe to pay due obedience to their General: This being the very caſe he would deſcribe, and ſhew the miſchiefs of. WARB.

No interpretation was ever more perverſe than thoſe of the commentator. The meaning is, *When the General is not* to the army *like the hive* to the bees, the repoſitory of the ſtock of every individual, that to which each particular reſorts with whatever he had collected for the good of the whole, *what honey is expected?* what hope of advantage? The ſenſe is clear, the expreſſion is confuſed.

[3] *The heav'ns themſelves,*—] This illuſtration was probably derived from a paſſage in *Hooker: If celeſtial ſpheres ſhould forget their wonted motion; if the Prince of the lights of heaven ſhould begin to ſtand; if the moon ſhould wander from her beaten way, and the ſeaſons of the year blend themſelves, what would become of man?*

The heav'ns themſelves, the planets, and this center,] *i. e.* the center of the earth; which, according to the *Ptolemaic* ſyſtem then in vogue, is the center of the Solar Syſtem. WARB.

Corrects

Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil,
And poſts like the commandment of a King,
Sans check, to good and bad. [4] But when the planets
In evil mixture to diſorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea, ſhaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of ſtates
Quite from their fixure? [5] Oh, when *degree* is ſhaken,
Which is the ladder to all high deſigns,
[6] The enterprize is ſick. How could communities,
Degrees in ſchools, and [7] brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable ſhores,
The primogeniture, and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, ſcepters, lawrels,
But by degree, ſtand in authentick place?
Take but degree away, untune that ſtring,
And hark what diſcord follows; each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Should lift their boſoms higher than the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid Globe:
Strength ſhould be Lord of imbecillity,
And the rude ſon ſhould ſtrike his father dead:

[4] —*But when the* Planets
In evil mixture to diſorder wander, &c.] By *Planets Shakeſpear* here means *Comets*, which by ſome were ſuppoſed to be excentrical planets. The evil effects here recapitulated were thoſe which ſuperſtition gave to the appearance of Comets.

WARBURTON.

I believe the poet, according to aſtrological opinions, means, when the planets form malignant configurations, when their aſpects are evil towards one another. This he terms *evil mixture*.

[5] —*Oh, when degree is ſhaken*,] I would read,
—So *when degree is ſhaken*.

[6] *The enterprize*—] Perhaps we ſhould read,
Then *enterprize is ſick*.—

[7] ——*brotherhoods in cities*,] Corporations; companies; *confraternities*.

Force ſhould be Right; or rather, [s] Right and Wrong,
Between whoſe endleſs jar Juſtice reſides,
Should loſe their names, and ſo ſhould Juſtice too;
Then every thing include itſelf in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an univerſal wolf,
So doubly ſeconded with will and power,
Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,

[s] ——*Right and Wrong,*
Between whoſe endleſs jar Juſtice RESIDES,
Would loſe their names,] The editor, Mr. *Theobald*, thinks that *the ſecond line is no bad comment upon what* Horace *has ſaid on this ſubject*;

——*ſunt certi denique fines,*
Quos ultra citraque nequit conſiſtere rectum.

But if it be a comment on the *Latin* poet, it is certainly the worſt that ever was made. *Horace* ſays, with extreme good ſenſe, that there are certain bounds *beyond which*, and *ſhort of which*, Juſtice or Right cannot exiſt. The meaning is, becauſe if it be *ſhort* of thoſe bounds, *Wrong prevails*; if it *goes beyond*, *Juſtice tyranniſes*; according to the common proverb of *Summum jus ſumma injuria*. *Shakeſpear* ſays, that *Juſtice reſides between the endleſs jar of right and wrong*. Here the two extremes, between which Juſtice reſides, are *right and wrong*; in *Horace* the two extremes, between which Juſtice reſides, are *both wrong*. A very pretty comment this truly, which puts the change upon us; and inſtead of explaining a good thought of *Horace*, gives us a nonſenſical one of its own. For to ſay the truth, this is not only no comment on *Horace*, but no true reading of *Shakeſpear*. *Juſtice* is here repreſented as moderating between *Right and Wrong*, and acting the over-complaiſant and ridiculous part of *Don Adriano de Armado* in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, who is called, with inimitable humour,

A man of Compliments, whom Right and Wrong
Have choſe as Umpire of their Mutiny.

This is the exact office of *Juſtice* in the preſent reading: But we are not to think that *Shakeſpear* in a ſerious ſpeech would dreſs her up in the garb of his fantaſtick *Spaniard*. We muſt rather conclude that he wrote,

Between whoſe endleſs jar Juſtice PRESIDES;

i. e. always determines the controverſy in favour of *Right*; and thus Juſtice is properly characteriſed without the author's ever dreaming of commenting *Horace*.
WARBURTON.

Surely all this is needleſs. If Juſtice *preſides between* them, ſhe muſt *reſide* between them; if ſhe *ſits* with authority, ſhe muſt *ſit*.

And

And laſt eat up itſelf. Great *Agamemnon!*
This Chaos, when degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choaking:
And this neglection of degree is it,
[9] That by a pace goes backward, [1] with a purpoſe
It hath to climb. The General's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath; ſo every ſtep,
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his Superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and [2] bloodleſs emulation.
And 'tis this fever that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own ſinews. To end a Tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.

Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Ulyſſes* here diſcover'd
The fever, whereof all our power is ſick.

Agam. The nature of the ſickneſs found, *Ulyſſes*,
What is the remedy?

Ulyſſ. The great *Achilles*, whom opinion crowns
The ſinew and the fore-hand of our Hoſt,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our deſigns. With him, *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks ſcurril jeſts;
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
Which, ſlanderer, he imitation calls,
He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
* Thy topleſs Deputation he puts on;

[9] *That by a pace*—] That goes backward *ſtep by ſtep*.

[1] —*with a purpoſe*
It hath to climb.—] With a deſign in each man to aggrandiſe himſelf, by ſlighting his immediate ſuperiour.

[2] ——*bloodleſs emulation*] An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and ſluggiſh.

* *Thy* TOPLESS *Deputation*—] I don't know what can be meant by *topleſs*, but the contrary to what the ſpeaker would inſinuate, I ſuſpect the poet wrote STOPLESS, *i. e.* unlimited; which was the caſe. WARBURTON.

Topleſs is that has nothing *topping* or *overtopping* it; ſupreme; ſovereign.

And, like a ſtrutting Player, whoſe conceit
Lies in his ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing and the ſcaffoldage
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wreſted Seeming
He acts thy Greatneſs in: and when he ſpeaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unſquar'd:
Which, from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would ſeem hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff
The large *Achilles*, on his preſt-bed lolling,
From this deep cheſt laughs out a loud applauſe:
Cries—*excellent!*—*'tis* Agamemnon *juſt*———
Now play me Neſtor—*hum, and ſtroke thy beard,*
As he, being 'dreſt to ſome oration.
That's done———[3] as near as the extremeſt ends
Of parallels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet god *Achilles* ſtill cries, *excellent!*
'Tis Neſtor *right! now play him me,* Patroclus,
Arming to anſwer in a night alarm.
And, then forſooth, the faint defects of age
Muſt be the ſcene of mirth, to cough and ſpit,
And with a palſy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet——and at this ſport,
Sir Valour dies; cries "*O!—enough,* Patroclus——
"*Or give me ribs of ſteel, I ſhall ſplit all*
"*In pleaſure of my ſpleen.*" And, in this faſhion,
[4] All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,

Atchieve-

[3] ——*as near as the extremeſt ends*, &c.] The parallels to which the alluſion ſeems to be made are the parallels on a map. As like as Eaſt to Weſt.

[4] *All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,*
Severals and generals of GRACE EXACT,
Atchievements, plots, &c.] The meaning is this, All our good qualities, *ſeverals and generals of grace:* i. e. whether they be *ſeveral* and belong to particular men, as prudence to *Ulyſſes*, experience to *Neſtor*, magnanimity to *Agamemnon*, valour to *Ajax*, &c. or whether they be *general* and belonging to the *Greek* nations in general, as valour, poliſhed manners, &c. all theſe good qualities, together with our *atchieve-*

Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſs, or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two [5] to make paradoxes.
Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twain,
Whom, as *Ulyſſes* ſays, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice, many are infect:
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd, and [6] bears his head
In ſuch a rein, in full as proud a place,
As broad *Achilles*; and keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feaſts, rails on our ſtate of war,
Bold as an Oracle; and ſets *Therſites*,
A ſlave, whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint,
To match us in compariſons with dirt;
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
[7] How rank ſoever rounded in with danger.
Ulyſſ. They tax our policy, and call it cowardiſe,
Count wiſdom as no member of the war;
Foreſtall our preſcience, and eſteem no Act

atchievements, plots, orders, &c. are all turned into ridicule by the buffoonery of *Achilles* and *Patroclus*. This is the ſenſe; but what then is the meaning of *grace exact?* no other can be made of it, than that *Achilles* and *Patroclus exactly mimick* all our *qualities* and *actions*. But the ſpeaker thought very differently of their buffoonery: the imitation, he ſays, being as unlike the original as *Vulcan to his wife*. The fault lies here; *exact* ſhould be *exacts*; and belongs to the ſecond diviſion, namely, the enumeration of the *actions*; and ſhould be read thus;

All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes
Severals and generals of grace;
EXACTS,
Atchievements, plots, &c.

i. e. *exactments*, publick taxes, and contributions for carrying on the war. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads, *though* of grace exact. I ſee no great need of emendation; the meaning is plain; of *grace exact*, of *excellence irreprehenſible*.

[5] —*to make paradoxes.*] *Paradoxes* may have a meaning, but it is not clear and diſtinct. I wiſh the copies had given,

——*to make* parodies,

[6] ——*bears his head*
In ſuch a reign,——] That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We ſtill ſay of a girl, *ſhe bridles*.

[7] *How rank ſoever rounded in with danger.*] A rank *weed* is *a* high *weed*. The modern editions ſilently read,

How hard *ſoever*——

But that of hand: The ſtill and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike,
When fitneſs call them on, [8] and know by meaſure
Of their obſervant toil the enemies' weight;
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work, Mapp'ry, cloſet war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or thoſe, that with the fineneſs of their ſouls
By reaſon guide his execution.

Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horſe
Makes many *Thetis'* ſons. [*Tucket ſounds.*

Aga. What trumpet? look, *Menelaus.*

Men. From *Troy.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon's* tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a Herald and a Prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his [9] kingly ears?

Aga. With ſurety ſtronger than [1] *Achilles'* arm,
'Fore all the *Greekiſh* heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* Head and General.

Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I aſk, that I might waken Reverence,

[8] —*and know by meaſure*
Of their obſervant toil the enemies' weight;] I think it were better to read,
———*and know* the *meaſure*,
By *their obſervant toil*, of *th' enemies' weight.*

[9] —*kingly ears?*] The quarto, ——*kingly* eyes.

[1] —Achilles' *arm,*] So the copies. Perhaps the authour wrote, ——Alcides' *arm.*

And

And [a] bid the cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus*:
Which is that God in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon?*

Aga. This *Trojan* ſcorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending Angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would ſeem ſoldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, ſtrong joints, true ſwords; and, *Jove's* Accord,
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*;
Peace, *Trojan*; lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
If he, that's prais'd, himſelf bring the praiſe forth:
But what th' repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blows, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.

Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you yourſelf *Æneas?*

Æne. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for *Agamemnon's* ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from *Troy*.

Æne. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whiſper him;
I bring a trumpet to awake his Ear,
To ſet his ſenſe on the attentive bent,
And then to ſpeak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnon's* ſleeping hour;
That thou ſhalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelf.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy braſs voice thro' all theſe lazy tents;

[a] ——*bid the cheek*——] So the folio. The quarto has,
——on *the cheek*——

And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know
What *Troy* means fairly, ſhall be ſpoke aloud.
[*The trumpets ſound.*
We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A Prince call'd *Hector*, *Priam* is his father,
Who in this dull and [3] long continu'd truce
Is [4] ruſty grown; he bade me take a trumpet
And to this purpoſe ſpeak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongſt the fair'ſt of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his eaſe,
That ſeeks his praiſe more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his miſtreſs [5] more than in confeſſion,
With truant vows [6] to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers; to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it,
He hath a Lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rouze a *Grecian* that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* ſhall honour him:
If none, he'll ſay in *Troy*, when he retires,
The *Grecian* Dames are ſun-burn'd, and not worth
The ſplinter of a lance. Even ſo much.

Aga. This ſhall be told our lovers, Lord *Æneas*.
If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We've left them all at home: but we are ſoldiers;
And may that ſoldier a meer recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!

[3] ——*long continu'd truce*] Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken; in this very act it is ſaid, that *Ajax coped Hector yeſterday in the battle.*

[4] —*ruſty*—] Quarto *reſty*.

[5] —*more than in* confeſſion,] *Confeſſion*, for profeſſion. WARB.

[6] —*to her own lips he loves*,] That is, *confeſſion made with his vows to the lips of her whom he loves.*

If

If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none elſe, I'm he.
Neſt. Tell him of *Neſtor*; one, that was a man
When *Hector*'s Grandſire ſuckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecian* Hoſt
One noble man that hath one ſpark of fire,
To anſwer for his love, tell him from me,
I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver
And in my vantbrace[7] put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heav'ns forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth!
Ulyſſ. Amen.
Aga. Fair Lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand:
To our Pavilion ſhall I lead you firſt:
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent,
So ſhall each Lord of *Greece* from tent to tent:
Yourſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Ulyſſes *and* Neſtor.

Ulyſſ. *Neſtor*,———
Neſt. What ſays *Ulyſſes?*
Ulyſſ. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.
Neſt. What is't?
Ulyſſ. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the ſeeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,

[7] *And in my* vantbrace—] An armour for the arm, *avantbras.* POPE.

Or, ſhedding breed a [8] nurſery of like evils,
To over-bulk us all.
Neſt. Well, and how?
Ulyſſ. This Challenge that the gallant *Hector* ſends,
However it is ſpread in general name,
Relates in purpoſe only to *Achilles.*
Neſt. [9] The purpoſe is perſpicuous ev'n as Subſtance,
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up.
[1] And, in the publication, make no ſtrain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Libya*, tho', *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough, will with great ſpeed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector*'s purpoſe
Pointing on him.
Ulyſſ. And wake him to the anſwer, think you?
Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; whom may you elſe oppoſe,
That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles?* though a ſportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells.
For here the *Trojans* taſte our dear'ſt Repute
With their fin'ſt palate: and truſt to me, *Ulyſſes*,
Our imputation ſhall be odly pois'd
In this wild action. For the ſucceſs,

[8] ——*nurſery*——] Alluding to a plantation, called a nurſery.

[9] *The purpoſe is perſpicuous ev'n as Subſtance,*
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up.] That is, the purpoſe is as plain as *body* or ſubſtance; and tho' I have collected this purpoſe from many minute particulars, as a groſs body is made up of ſmall inſenſible parts, yet the reſult is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and viſible. This is the thought, tho' a little obſcured in the conciſeneſs of the expreſſion. WARBURTON.

[1] *And, in the publication, make no ſtrain.*] *Neſtor* goes on to ſay, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaim'd, but that *Achilles*, dull as he is, will diſcover the drift of it. This is the meaning of the line. So afterwards, in this play, *Ulyſſes* ſays,

I do not ſtrain *at the poſition*,

i. e. I do not heſitate at, I make no difficulty of it. THEOB.

Although

though particular, ſhall give a [2] ſcantling
good or bad unto the general,
nd in ſuch indexes, although [3] ſmall pricks
o their ſubſequent volumes, there is ſeen
ne baby figure of the giant-maſs
things to come, at large. It is ſuppos'd,
e that meets *Hector* iſſues from our Choice;
nd Choice, being mutual act of all our ſouls,
akes merit her election; and doth boil,
s 'twere, from forth us all, a man diſtill'd
ut of our virtues; who miſcarrying,
hat heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part,
o ſteel a ſtrong opinion to themſelves!
Which entertain'd, limbs are his inſtruments,
no leſs working, than are ſwords and bows
rective by the limbs.

Ulyſſ. Give pardon to my Speech;
herefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
et us, like merchants, ſhew our fouleſt wares,
nd think, perchance, they'll ſell; if not,
he luſtre of the better, yet to ſhew,
all ſhew the better. Do not then conſent,
hat ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
or both our honour and our ſhame in this
e dogg'd with two ſtrange followers.

Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyſſ. What Glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*,
ere he not proud, we all ſhould [5] ſhare with him:
t he already is too inſolent;
nd we were better parch in *Africk* Sun,
han in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his eyes,
hould he 'ſcape *Hector* fair. If he were foil'd,

[2] —*ſcantling*] That is a *meaſure*, *proportion*. The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain *ſcantling*.

[3] —*ſmall pricks*] Small *points compared* with the volumes.

[4] *Which entertain'd*—] Theſe two lines are not in the quarto.

[5] —*ſhare*—] So the quarto. The folio, *wear*.

Why,

Why, then we did our main opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a Lott'ry;
And by device let blockiſh *Ajax* draw
The Sort to fight with *Hector:* 'mong our ſelves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will phyſick the great *Myrmidon,*
Who broils in loud applauſe, and make him fall
His creſt, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainleſs *Ajax* come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in voices; if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion ſtill,
That we have better men. But, hit or miſs,
Our project's life this ſhape of ſenſe aſſumes,
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.
Neſt. Ulyſſes, now I reliſh thy advice,
And I will give a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*; go we to him ſtraight;
Two curs ſhall tame each other; pride alone
[6] Muſt tar the maſtiffs on, as 'twere their bone.
[*Exeunt.*

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[7] ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax *and* Therſites.

AJAX.

THERSITES,——

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boiles—full, all over, generally. [*Talking to himſelf.*

Ajax. Therſites.——

[6] *Muſt* tar *the maſtiffs on,*——] *Tarre,* an old *Engliſh* word ſignifying to provoke or urge on. See *King John, Act* 4. *Scene* 1.

——*like a Dog*
Snatch at his Maſter that doth tar *him on.* POPE.

[7] *Act* II.] This play is not divided into Acts in any of the original editions.

Ther.

Ther. And thoſe boiles did run——ſay ſo——did ot the General run? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!——

Ther. Then there would come ſome matter from im; I ſee none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's ſon, canſt thou not hear? eel then. [*Strikes him.*

[8] *Ther.* The plague of *Greece* upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted Lord!

Ajax. [9] Speak then, thou unſalted leaven, ſpeak; I will beat thee into handſomeneſs.

Ther. I ſhall ſooner rail thee into wit and holineſs; but, I think, thy horſe will ſooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-ſtool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Doeſt thou think, I have no ſenſe, thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation——

[8] *The plague of* Greece] Alluding perhaps to the plague ſent by *Apollo* on the *Grecian* army.

[9] *Speak then, thou unſalted leaven, ſpeak*;] The reading obtruded upon us by Mr. *Pope*, was *unſalted leaven*, that has no authority or countenance from any of the copies; nor that approaches in any degree to the traces of the old reading, you *whinid'ſt* leaven. This, 'tis true, is corrupted and unintelligible; but the emendation, which I have coin'd out of it, gives us a ſenſe apt and conſonant to what *Ajax* would ſay, *unwinnow'dſt leaven.* —"Thou lump of ſour dough, "kneaded up out of a flower, "unpurg'd and unſifted, with all "the droſs and bran in it."—

THEOBALD.

Speak then, thou WHINID'ST *leaven,*] This is the reading of the old copies; It ſhould be WINDYEST, *i. e.* moſt windy; leaven being made by a great fermentation. This epithet agrees well with *Therſites*'s character. WARBURTON.

Hanmer preſerves *whinid'ſt*, the reading of the folio; but does not explain it, nor do I underſtand it. If the folio be followed, I read, *vinew'd*, that is *mouldy leven.* Thou compoſition of *muſtineſs* and *ſourneſs.*

Theobald's aſſertion, however confident, is falſe. *Unſalted* leven is in the old quarto. It means, *ſour* without *ſalt*, malignity without wit. *Shakeſpeare* wrote firſt *unſalted*, but recollecting that want of *ſalt* was no fault in leven, changed it to *vinew'd.*

Ther.

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not. My fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee; I would make thee the loathſom'ſt ſcab [1] in *Greece.*

Ajax. I ſay, the proclamation———

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and raileſt every hour on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his Greatneſs, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina*'s Beauty: ay, [2] that thou bark'ſt at him.

Ajax. Miſtreſs *Therſites!*———

Ther. Thou ſhouldſt ſtrike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into ſhivers with his fiſt, as a failor breaks a biſket.

Ajax. You whoreſon cur!——— [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou ſtool for a witch!———

Ther. Ay, do, do, thou ſodden-witted Lord; thou haſt no more brain than I have in my elbows; an *Aſſinego* may tutor thee. Thou ſcurvy valiant aſs! thou art here but to thraſh *Trojans*, and thou art bought and fold among thoſe of any wit, like a *Barbarian* ſlave. If thou uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You ſcurvy Lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. *Mars* his ideot! do, rudeneſs; do, camel, do, do.

[1] *in* Greece] The quarto adds theſe words, *when thou art forth in the incurſions, thou ſtrikeſt as ſlow as another.*

[2] *that thou bark'ſt at him.*] I read, O that thou *bark'dſt* at him.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, *Ajax?* wherefore do you this?
How now, *Therſites?* what's the matter, man?

Ther. You ſee him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for whoſoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax.*

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himſelf.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evaſions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones. I will buy nine ſparrows for a penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow. This Lord *(Achilles) Ajax*, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What?

[Ajax *offers to ſtrike him,* Achilles *interpoſes.*

Ther. I ſay, this *Ajax*——

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax.*

Ther. Has not ſo much wit——

Achil. Nay, I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Helen's* needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool will not; he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I ſhall———

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will ſhame it.

Patr. Good words, *Therſites.*

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I ſerve here voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impreſs.

Ther. Ev'n ſo——a great deal of your wit too lies in your ſinews, or elſe there be liars. *Hector* ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Therſites?*

Ther. There's *Ulyſſes* and old [3] *Neſtor*, (whoſe wit was mouldy ere your Grandfires had nails on their toes,) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes, good ſooth; to, *Achilles!* to *Ajax!* to———

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, *Therſites.* Peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace, [4] when *Achilles'* brach bids me, ſhall I?

[3] Neſtor, *whoſe wit was mouldy ere* their *Grandfires had nails*] This is one of theſe editors wiſe riddles. What! Was *Neſtor*'s wit mouldy, before his Grandfire's toes had any nails? Prepoſterous nonſenſe! and yet ſo eaſy a change, as one poor pronoun for another, ſets all right and clear. THEOBALD.

[4] *when* Achilles' *brach bids me,*] The folio and quarto read, *Achilles'* BROOCH, *Brooch* is an appendant ornament. The meaning may be, equivalent to one of *Achilles's hangers on.*

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus.*

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your Tents. I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our Hoſt,
That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the Sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and *Troy*,
To morrow morning call ſome Knight to arms,
That hath a ſtomach, ſuch a one that dare
Maintain I know not what. 'Tis traſh, farewel.

Ajax. Farewel! who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry, otherwiſe
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you. I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Priam's *Palace in* Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris *and* Helenus.

Pri. AFTER ſo many hours, lives, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once again ſays *Neſtor* from the *Greeks:*
Deliver *Helen*, and all damage elſe,
As honour, loſs of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what elſe dear that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this cormorant war,
Shall be ſtruck off. *Hector*, what ſay you to't?

Hect. Though no man leſſer fears the *Greeks* than I,
As far as touches my particular, yet, dread Priam,
There

There is no lady of more ſofter bowels,
More ſpungy to ſuck in the Senſe of fear,
More ready to cry out, *who knows what follows?*
Than *Hector* is. The Wound of Peace is Surety,
Surety ſecure; but modeſt Doubt is call'd
Thy beacon of the wiſe; the tent that ſearches
To th' bottom of the worſt. Let *Helen* go.
Since the firſt ſword was drawn about this queſtion,
Ev'ry tithe ſoul 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes
Hath been as dear as *Helen*. I mean, of ours.
If we have loſt ſo many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reaſon which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fy, fy, my brother:
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
So great as our dread father in a ſcale
Of common ounces? will you with counters ſum
[5] The paſt-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waiſt moſt fathomleſs,
With ſpans and inches ſo diminutive
As fears and reaſons? Fy, for godly ſhame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons,
You are ſo empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great ſway of his affairs with reaſons;
Becauſe your ſpeech hath none, that tells him ſo?

Troi. You are for dreams and ſlumbers, brother Prieſt,
You fur your gloves with reaſons. Here are your reaſons.
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a ſword imploy'd is perilous;

[5] *The paſt-proportion of his infinite?*] Thus read both the copies. The meaning is, *that great meaſure to which no meaſure bears any proportion.* The modern editors ſilently give, *The* vaſt *proportion*——

And

l reaſon flies the object of all harm.
o marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds
'recian and his ſword, if he do ſet
very wings of reaſon to his heels,
ıd fly like-chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
ike a ſtar diſorb'd!——Nay, if we talk of reaſon,
s ſhut our gates, and ſleep: manhood and honour
ıld have hare-hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts
ı this cramm'd reaſon; reaſon and reſpect
:e livers pale, and luſtyhood deject.
ect. Brother, ſhe is not worth what ſhe doth coſt
holding.
o. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?
ect. But value dwells not in particular will;
ılds its eſtimate and dignity
'ell wherein 'tis precious of itſelf,
ı the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
nake the ſervice greater than the God;
d the Will dotes; that is inclinable
vhat infectiouſly itſelf affects,
thout ſome image of th' affected merit.
ıt. I take to-day a wife, and my election
l on in the conduct of my will;
vill enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores

ıd fly like chidden Mercury
Jove,
ike a ſtar diſorb'd!——] two lines are miſplaced in folio editions. POPE.
ıd the Will dotes, that is clinable] Old edition, not has it, *attributive*. POPE.
he old edition Mr. *Pope* the old quarto. The folio it ſtands, *inclinable*.
ık the firſt reading better; *ll dotes that attributes* or *e qualities which it affects*;

that firſt cauſes excellence, and then admires it.

[8] *Without ſome image of th'* AFFECTED *merit*.] We ſhould read,

——*th'* AFFECTED's *merit*,

i. e. without ſome mark of merit in the thing affected. WARB.

The preſent reading is right. The will *affects* an object for ſome ſuppoſed *merit*, which *Hector* ſays, is uncenſurable, unleſs the *merit* ſo *affected* be really there.

Of Will and Judgment; how may I avoid,
Although my Will diſtaſte what is elected,
The wife I chuſe? there can be no evaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firm by honour.
We turn not back the ſilks upon the merchant,
When we have [9] ſoil'd them; nor th' remainder viands
We do not throw in [1] unreſpective ſieve,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the *Greeks?*
Your breath of full conſent bellied his ſails,
The ſeas and winds old wranglers took a truce,
And did him ſervice; he touch'd the Ports deſir'd,
And, for an old aunt, whom the *Greeks* held captive,
He brought a *Grecian* Queen, whoſe youth and freſhneſs
Wrinkles *Apollo*'s, and makes [2] pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our aunt.
Is ſhe worth keeping? why, ſhe is a pearl,
Whoſe price hath launch'd above a thouſand ſhips,
And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wiſdom *Paris* went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cry'd, *go, go*)
If you'll confeſs, he brought home noble prize,
(As you muſt needs, for you all clap'd your hands,
And cry'd, *ineſtimable!*) why do you now
The iſſue of your proper wiſdoms rate,
[3] And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar that eſtimation which you priz'd

[9] ——*ſoil'd them*;——] So reads the quarto. The folio,
——ſpoil'd *them*:

[1] —*unreſpective ſieve*,] That is, into a *common voider*. *Sieve* is in the quarto. The folio reads,
——*unreſpective* fame,
for which the modern editions have ſilently printed,
——*unreſpective* place.

[2] —*pale the morning*.] So the quarto. The folio and modern editors,
——ſtale *the morning*.

[3] *And do a deed that fortune never did*,] If I underſtand this paſſage, the meaning is, *Why do you by cenſuring the determination of your own wiſdoms, degrade* Helen, *whom fortune has not yet deprived of her value, or againſt whom, as the wife of Paris, fortune has not in this war ſo declared, as to make us value her leſs.* This is very harſh, and much ſtrained.

Richer

:her than ſea and land? O theft moſt baſe!
at we have ſtoll'n what we do fear to keep!
lut thieves, unworthy of a thing ſo ſtoll'n,
ho in their country did them that diſgrace,
e fear to warrant in our native place!
Caſ. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*, cry!
Pri. What noiſe? what ſhriek is this?
Troi. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I do know her voice.
Caſ. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans!*
Hect. It is *Caſſandra.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Caſſandra, *with her hair about her ears.*

Caſ. Cry, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thouſand eyes,
d I will fill them with prophetick tears.
Hect. Peace, ſiſter, peace.
Caſ. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled Elders,
t infancy, that nothing can but cry,
d to my clamour! let us pay betimes
noiety of that maſs of moan to come:
; *Trojans*, cry; practiſe your eyes with tears.
y muſt not be, nor goodly *Ilion* ſtand:
fire-brand brother, *Paris*, burns us all.
, *Trojans*, cry! a *Helen* and a woe;
, cry, *Troy* burns, or elſe let *Helen* go. [*Exit.*
Hect. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not theſe high ſtrains
Divination in our ſiſter work
ie touches of remorſe? Or is your blood
nadly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cauſe,
qualify the ſame?
Troi. Why, brother *Hector*,
may not think the juſtneſs of each act

lut thieves,——] *Hanmer* reads, Baſe *thieves*,——

Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Becauſe *Caſſandra*'s mad; her brain-ſick raptures
Cannot [5] diſtaſte the goodneſs of a quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam*'s ſons;
And, *Jove* forbid! there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things, as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen
To fight for and maintain.

Par. Elſe might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counſels:
But I atteſt the Gods, your full conſent
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what, alas, can theſe my ſingle arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrel would excite? yet I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample Power, as I have Will,
Paris ſhould ne'er retract what he had done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights;
You have the honey ſtill, but theſe the gall;
So, to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not merely to myſelf
The pleaſures ſuch a Beauty brings with it:
But I would have the ſoil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What reaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queen,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up,
On terms of baſe compulſion? can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain, as this,
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſoms?

[5] ——*diſtaſte*——] Corrupt; change to a worſe taſte.

There's

ere's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
thout a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
ien *Helen* is defended: none ſo noble,
ioſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death unfam'd,
ien *Helen* is the ſubject. Then, I ſay,
ll may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
e world's large ſpaces cannot parallel.
Hect. *Paris* and *Troilus*, you have both ſaid well;
d on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand
ve gloz'd; but ſuperficially, not much
like young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
fit to hear moral philoſophy.
e reaſons, you allege, do more conduce
the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood
an to make up a free determination
vixt right and wrong, for pleaſure and revenge
ve ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
any true deciſion. Nature craves,
dues be render'd to their owners; now
iat nearer debt in all humanity,
in wife is to the huſband? If this law
nature be corrupted through affection,
l that great minds, of partial indulgence
their [6] benummed wills, reſiſt the ſame;
here is a law in each well-ordered nation,
curb thoſe raging appetites that are
ſt diſobedient and refractory.
Helen then be wife to *Sparta*'s King,
it is known ſhe is, theſe moral laws
Nature, and of Nations, ſpeak aloud
have their back return'd. Thus to perſiſt
loing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
makes it much more heavy. *Hector*'s opinion

[6] *—benummed wills,—*] That nflexible, immoveable, no er obedient to ſuperiour di- m.

[7] *There is a law—*] What the law does in every nation between individuals, juſtice ought to do between nations.

[8] Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheleſs,
My ſprightly brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and ſeveral dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our deſign:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than [9] the performance of our having ſpleens,
I would not wiſh a drop of *Trojan* blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
She is a theam of honour and renown;
A ſpur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whoſe preſent courage may beat down our foes,
And Fame, in time to come, canonize us.
For, I preſume, brave *Hector* would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As ſmiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-ſpring of great *Priamus*.——
I have a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious nobles of the *Greeks*,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſy ſpirits.
I was advertis'd, their great General ſlept,
Whilſt [1] emulation in the army crept;
This, I preſume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *Is this in way of truth*;—] Though conſidering *truth* and *juſtice* in this queſtion, this is my opinion; yet as a queſtion of honour, I think on it as you.

[9] ——*the performance of our having ſpleens*,] The execution of ſpite and reſentment.

[1] ——*emulation*—] That is, envy, factious contention.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Before Achilles's *Tent, in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

HOW now, *Therſites?* what, loſt in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thro? he beats me, and I rail at him. O worthy ſatiſfaction! 'would, it were otherwiſe; that I could beat him, whilſt he rail'd at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raiſe devils, but I'll ſee ſome iſſue of my deteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken 'till theſe two undermine it, the walls will ſtand 'till they fall of themſelves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods, and, *Mercury*, loſe all the ſerpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not that little, little, leſs than little wit from them that they have; which ſhort-arm'd ignorance itſelf knows is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a ſpider, [2] without drawing the maſſy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the [3] bon-each, for that, methinks, is the curſe dependant on thoſe that war for a placket. I have ſaid my prayers, and devil Envy ſay *Amen*. What ho! my Lord *Achilles!*

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therſites?* Good *Therſites*, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou couldſt not have ſlipp'd out of my contempla-

[2] *without drawing the maſſy iron*s] That is, *without drawing their ſwords to cut the web.* Why uſe no means but thoſe of violence.

[3] *the bon-each,*] In the quarto, *the* Neapolitan *bon-each.*

tion; but it is no matter, thyſelf upon thyſelf! The common curſe of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bleſs thee from a tutor, and diſcipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death, then if ſhe, that lays thee out, ſays thou art a fair coarſe, I'll be ſworn and ſworn upon't, ſhe never ſhrowded any but *Lazars*; Amen. Where's *Achilles?*

Patr. What, art thou devout? waſt thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therſites, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come? Why, my cheeſe, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerved thyſelf up to my table, ſo many meals? Come, what's *Agamemnon!*

Ther. Thy commander, *Achilles.* Then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles?*

Patr. Thy Lord, *Therſites.* Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyſelf?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus.* Then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou muſt tell, that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell,——

Ther. I'll [4] decline the whole queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and [5] *Patroclus* is a fool.

Patr. You raſcal———

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, *Therſites.*

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Therſites* is a fool, and, as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

[4] *decline the whole queſtion.*] Deduce the queſtion from the firſt caſe to the laſt.

[5] Patroclus *is a fool.*] The four next ſpeeches are not in the quarto.

Achil.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Therſites* is a fool to ſerve ſuch a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool poſitive.

Patr. Why am I fool?

Ther. Make that demand [6] of the prover.—It ſuffices me, thou art.

SCENE VI.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Ajax, *and* Calchas.

Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll ſpeak with no body. Come in with me, *Therſites*. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patchery, ſuch juggling, and ſuch knavery. All the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. [7] Now the dry *Serpigo* on the ſubject, and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Aga. Where is *Achilles?*

Patr. Within his tent, but ill diſpos'd, my Lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.
[8] He ſhent our meſſengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him;
Let him be told ſo, leſt, perchance, he think
We dare not move the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I ſhall ſo ſay to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyſ. We ſaw him at the op'ning of his tent,
He is not ſick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-ſick, ſick of a proud heart. You may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man;

[6] *of the prover.*] So the quarto.

[7] *Now the dry*, &c.] This is added in the folio.

[8] *He* SENT *our meſſengers*,—] This nonſenſe ſhould be read,
He SHENT *our meſſengers*,—
i. e. rebuked, rated. WARB.

but,

but, by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why?——let him ſhew us the cauſe. A word, my Lord.

[*To* Agamemnon.

Neſt. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulyſ. *Achilles* hath inveigled his fool from him.

Neſt. Who, *Therſites?*

Ulyſ. He.

Neſt. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have loſt his argument.

Ulyſ. No, you ſee, he is his argument, that has his argument, *Achilles.*

Neſt. All the better; their fraction is more our wiſh than their faction; but it was a ſtrong [9] compoſure, that a fool could diſunite.

Ulyſ. The amity, that wiſdom knits not, folly may eaſily untye.

SCENE VII.

Enter Patroclus.

Here comes *Patroclus.*

Neſt. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulyſ. The elephant hath joints, but none for courteſy;
His legs are for neceſſity, not flexure.

Patr. *Achilles* bids me ſay, he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure
Did move your greatneſs, and this [1] noble State,
To call on him; he hopes, it is no other,
But for your health and your digeſtion-ſake;
An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus;*
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers;
But his evaſion, wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,

[9] *compoſure,*] So reads the quarto very properly, but the folio, which the moderns have followed, has, *it was a ſtrong* COUNSEL.

[1] *noble State,*] Perſon of high dignity; ſpoken of *Agamemnon.*

Cannot

nnot outfly our apprehenſions.
uch attribute he hath, and much the reaſon
hy we aſcribe it to him; yet all his virtues,
ot virtuouſly on his own part beheld,
) in our eyes begin to loſe their gloſs;
:a like fair fruit in an unwholſome diſh,
'e like to rot untaſted. Go and tell him,
e come to ſpeak with him; and you ſhall not ſin
you do ſay, we think him over-proud,
ad under honeſt, in ſelf-aſſumption greater
han in the note of judgment; and worthier than himſelf
ere tend the ſavage ſtrangeneſs he puts on,
iſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command,
nd [a] under-write in an obſerving kind
is humourous predominance; yea, watch
His pettiſh lunes, his ebbs and flows; as if
he paſſage and whole carriage of this action
ode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
hat if he over-hold his price ſo much,
'e'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
ot portable, lie under this report,
Bring action hither, this can't go to war:
A ſtirring dwarf we do allowance give,
Before a ſleeping giant;" tell him ſo.
Patr. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently. [*Exit.*
Aga. In ſecond voice we'll not be ſatisfied,
'e come to ſpeak with him. *Ulyſſes*, enter.
[*Exit* Ulyſſes.
Ajax. What is he more than another?
Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.
Ajax. Is he ſo much? Do you not think, he thinks
mſelf a better man than I am?

[a] —*under-write*—] To *ſubſcribe*, in *Shakeſpeare*, is *to obey*.

[b] *His pettiſh lunes*,—] This is Warner's emendation of his pettiſh *lines*. The old quarto reads, *His* courſe and time. This ſpeech is unfaithfully printed in modern editions,

Aga.

Aga. No queſtion.

Ajax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay, *he is?*

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſs noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why ſhould a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is the clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues the fairer. He, that is proud, eats up himſelf. Pride is his own glaſs, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praiſes itſelf but in the deed, devours the deed in the praiſe.

SCENE VIII.

Re-enter Ulyſſes.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendring of toads.

Neſt. [*Aſide.*] Yet he loves himſelf: is't not ſtrange?

Ulyſ. *Achilles* will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuſe?

Ulyſ. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar, and in ſelf-admiſſion.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair requeſt,
Un-tent his perſon, and ſhare the air with us?

Ulyſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſt's ſake only,
He makes important; poſſeſt he is with greatneſs,
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters down himſelf. What ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, *no recovery.*

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him,

Dear

Dear Lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'Tis ſaid, he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeſt a little from himſelf.
Ulyſ. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*. Shall the proud Lord,
That baſtes his arrogance with his own ſeam,
And never ſuffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, (ſave ſuch as do revolve
And ruminate himſelf,) ſhall he be worſhipp'd
Of that, we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant Lord
Muſt not ſo ſtale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, aſſubjugate his merit,
As amply titled, as *Achilles* is,
By going to *Achilles:*
That were t' inlard his fat already pride,
And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This Lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And ſay in thunder, *Achilles, go to him!*
Neſt. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.
[*Aſide.*
Dio. And how his ſilence drinks up this applauſe!
[*Aſide.*
Ajax. If I go to him——with my armed fiſt
I'll paſh him o'er the face.
Aga. O no, you ſhall not go.
Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll [4] pheeſe his pride; let me go to him.
Ulyſ. [5] Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.
Ajax. A paltry inſolent fellow——
Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf!
Ajax. Can he not be ſociable?
Ulyſ. The raven chides blackneſs.

[4] *pheeſe his pride;*] To *pheeſe* is to *comb* or *curry*.

[5] *Not for the worth*—] Not for the value of all for which we are fighting.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the phyſician, that ſhould be the patient.

Ajax. And all men were o' my mind——

Ulyſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.

Ajax. He ſhould not bear it ſo, he ſhould eat ſwords firſt: ſhall pride carry it?

Neſt. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyſ. He would have ten ſhares.

[6] *Ajax.* I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple,—

Neſt. He's not yet through warm: force him with praiſes; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyſ. My Lord, you feed too much on this diſlike.

Neſt. Our noble General, do not do ſo.

Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles.*

Ulyſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm. Here is a man——but 'tis before his face—— I will be ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo? He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulyſ. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreſon dog! that palters thus with us—— 'Would he were a *Trojan!*

Neſt. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now——

Ulyſ. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praiſe.

Ulyſ. Ay, or ſurly borne.

Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf affected.

[6] Ajax. *I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple,* he is not yet through warm.

Neſt. *Force him with praiſes*; &c.] The latter part of *Ajax*'s ſpeech is certainly got out of place, and ought to be aſſign'd to *Neſtor*, as I have ventur'd to tranſpoſe it. *Ajax* is feeding on his vanity, and boaſting what he'll do to *Achilles*; he'll puſh him o'er the face, he'll make him eat ſwords; he'll knead him, he'll ſupple him, &c. *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes* ſilly labour to keep him up in this vein; and to this end *Neſtor* craftily hints, that *Ajax* is not warm yet, but muſt be cram'd with more flattery. THEOBALD.

Ulyſ. Thank the heav'ns, Lord, thou art of ſweet
compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, her that gave thee ſuck:
Fam'd be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,
And give him half; and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his Addition yields
To ſinewy *Ajax*; I'll not praiſe thy wiſdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a ſhore, confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts. Here's *Neſtor*,
Inſtructed by the Antiquary times;
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe:
But pardon, father *Neſtor*, were your days
As green as *Ajax*, and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax*.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

[7] *Neſt.* Ay, my good ſon.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord *Ajax*.

Ulyſ. There is no tarrying here; the Hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket; pleaſe it our great General
To call together all his State of war;
Freſh Kings are come to *Troy*; to-morrow,
We muſt with all our main of pow'r ſtand faſt;
And here's a Lord. Come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt,
And cull their flow'r, *Ajax* ſhall cope the beſt.

Aga. Go we to council, let *Achilles* ſleep;
Light boats ſail ſwift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*

[7] Neſt. *Ay, my good ſon.*] In the folio and in the modern editions *Ajax* deſires to give the title of *father* to *Ulyſſes*; in the quarto, more naturally, to *Neſtor*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Paris's *Apartments in the Palace, in* Troy.

Enter Pandarus, *and a Servant.* [*Muſick within.*

PANDARUS.

FRIEND! you! Pray you, a word. Do not you follow the young Lord *Paris?*

Serv. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman. I muſt needs praiſe him.

Serv. The Lord be praiſed!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, Sir, ſuperficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better. I am the Lord *Pandarus.*

Serv. I hope, I ſhall know your honour better.

Pan. I do deſire it.

Serv. You are in the ſtate of grace.

Pan. Grace? not ſo, friend. Honour, and Lordſhip, are my titles.
What muſick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, Sir; it is muſick in parts.

Pan. You know the muſicians?

Serv. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whoſe pleaſure, friend?

Serv. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love muſick.

Pan.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who ſhall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we underſtand not one another. I am ſo courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt do theſe men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, Sir. Marry, Sir, at the requeſt of *Paris* my Lord, who's there in perſon; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, love's viſible ſoul.

Pan. Who, my couſin *Creſſida?*

Serv. No, Sir, *Helen.* Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It ſhould ſeem, fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the Lady *Creſſida.* I come to ſpeak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus*; I will make a complimental aſſault upon him, for my buſineſs ſeethes.

Serv. Sodden buſineſs! there's a ſtew'd phraſe, indeed.

SCENE II.

Enter Paris *and* Helen, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my Lord, and to all this fair ompany! fair Deſires in all fair meaſure fairly guide hem; eſpecially to you, fair queen, fair thoughts be our fair pillow!

Helen. Dear Lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You ſpeak your fair pleaſure, ſweet Queen. air Prince, here is good broken muſick.

Par. You have broken it, couſin, and, by my life, ou ſhall make it whole again; you ſhall piece it out vith a piece of your performance. *Nell*, he is full of armony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir——

Pan. Rude, in ſooth; in good ſooth, very rude.

[2] *love's viſible ſoul.*] So *Hanmer.* The other edit ons have *inviſible*, which perhaps may be right, and may mean the *ſoul of love* inviſible every where elſe.

Par. Well ſaid, my Lord; well, you ſay ſo in fits

Pan. I have buſineſs to my Lord, dear Queen. My Lord, will you vouchſafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out; we'll hear you ſing, certainly.

Pan. Well, ſweet Queen, you are pleaſant with me; but, marry thus, my Lord.——My dear Lord, and moſt eſteemed friend, your brother *Troilus*——

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*, honey-ſweet Lord,——

Pan. Go to, ſweet Queen, go to——

Commends himſelf moſt affectionately to you.

Helen. You ſhall not bob us out of our melody, If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet Queen, ſweet Queen, that's a ſweet Queen, I'faith——

Helen. And to make a ſweet Lady ſad, is a ſour offence.

Pan. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, that ſhall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no. * And, my Lord, he deſires you, that if the King call for him at ſupper, you will make his excuſe.

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*,——

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen, my very very ſweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where ſups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my Lord,——

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen? My couſin will fall out with you.

Helen. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. I'll lay my life, [9] with my diſpoſer *Creſſida*.

* *And, my Lord, he deſires you,*] Here I think the ſpeech of *Pandarus* ſhould begin, and the reſt of it ſhould be added to that of *Helen*, but I have followed the copies.

[9] — *with my* DISPOSER Creſſida.] I think *diſpoſer* ſhould, in theſe places, be read DISPOUSER; ſhe that would ſeparate *Helen* from him. WARBURTON.

I do not underſtand the word *diſpoſer*, nor know what to ſubſtitute in its place. There is no variation in the copies.

Pan.

Pan. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide; come your diſpoſer is ſick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuſe.

Pan. Ah, good my Lord, why ſhould you ſay, *Creſſida?* No, your poor diſpoſer's ſick.

Par. I ſpy——

Pan. You ſpy, what do you ſpy? Come, give me an inſtrument. Now, ſweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, ſweet Queen.

Helen. She ſhall have it, my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris*.

Pan. He? no, ſhe'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll ſing you a ſong now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, [a] ſweet Lord, thou haſt a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may——

Helen. Let thy ſong be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid*, *Cupid*, *Cupid!*

Pan. Love!——ay, that it ſhall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now. Love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins ſo. Love, love, nothing but love; ſtill love, ſtill more.

For O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe;
The ſhaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore.
Theſe lovers cry,
Oh! Oh! they die,

[a] *ſweet Lord;*] In the quarto, ſweet *lad.*

[a] *Yet that, which ſeems the wound to kill,*
Doth turn, oh! oh! to ha, ha, he:
So dying love lives ſtill.
O ho, a while; but ha, ha, ha;
O ho groans out for ha, ha, ha——hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the noſe!

Par. He eats nothing but doves, Love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers?——Sweet Lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of *Troy.* I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my *Nell* would not have it ſo. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at ſomething. You know all, Lord *Pandarus.*

Pan. Not I, honey-ſweet Queen. I long to hear how they ſped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuſe.

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, ſweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, ſwet Queen. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*

Par. They're come from field. Let us to *Priam's* Hall,

[a] *Yet that, which ſeems the wound to kill,*] *To kill the wound,* is no very intelligible expreſſion, nor is the meaſure preſerved. We might read,

Theſe lovers cry,
Oh! oh! they die:
But *that which ſeems to kill,*
Doth turn, &c.
So dying love lives ſtill.

Yet as *the wound to kill* may mean *the wound that ſeems mortal,* I alter nothing.

To

To greet the warriors. Sweet *Helen*, I muſt woo you
To help unarm our *Hector*; his ſtubborn buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of ſteel,
Or force of *Greekiſh* ſinews; you ſhall do more
Than all the iſland Kings, diſarm great *Hector*.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his ſervant, *Paris*:
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, over-ſhines ourſelf.

Paris. Sweet. Above thought I love her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Orchard to Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Pandarus, *and* Troilus's *Man.*

Pan. NOW, where's thy maſter? at my couſin *Creſſida*'s?

Serv. No, Sir, he ſtays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes. How now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you ſeen my couſin?

Troi. No, *Pandarus*, I ſtalk about her door,
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the *Stygian* banks
Staying for waſtage. O, be thou my *Charon*,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid*'s ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Creſſid*.

Pan. Walk here i' th' orchard. I will bring her ſtraight. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Troi. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round;
Th' imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it enchants my ſenſe; what will it be,
When that the watry palate taſtes, indeed,
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning deſtruction, or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtle-potent, [3] tun'd too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, ſhe'll come ſtraight, You muſt be witty now. She does ſo bluſh, and fetches her wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fraid with a ſprite. I'll bring her. It is the prettieſt villain. She fetches her breath as ſhort as a new-ta'en ſparrow. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Troi. Ev'n ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſom:
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulſe;
And all my pow'rs do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encountring
The eye of Majeſty.

SCENE IV.

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. Come, come; what need you bluſh? Shame's a baby. Here ſhe is now. Swear the oaths now to her,

[3] —*and too ſharp in ſweetneſs.*] So the folio and all modern editions; but the quarto more accurately,
—tun'd *too ſharp in ſweetneſs.*

her, that you have ſworn to me. What, are you gone again? you muſt be watch'd ere you be made tame, muſt you? Come your ways, come your ways; if you draw backward, [4] we'll put you i' th' files.—Why do you not ſpeak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's ſee your picture. [*Snatching her maſk.*] Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light? an' 'twere dark, you'd cloſe ſooner. So, ſo, rub on, and kiſs the Miſtreſs. How now, a kiſs in fee-farm? Build there, carpenter, the air is ſweet. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. [5] The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' th' river. Go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but ſhe'll bereave you of deeds too, if ſhe call your activity in queſtion. What, billing again? here's, in witneſs whereof the parties interchangeably——Come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Troi. O *Creſſida*, how often have I wiſht me thus?

Cre. Wiſht, my Lord! the Gods grant——O my Lord.

Troi. What ſhould they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious dreg eſpies my ſweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubins, they never ſee truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which ſeeing reaſon leads, find ſafer

[4] *we'll, put you i' th' files.*] Alluding to the cuſtom of putting men ſuſpected of cowardice in the middle places. HANMER.

[5] *The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks, i' th' river:*] *Pandarus* means, that he'll match his niece againſt her lover for any bett. The *tercel* is the *male* hawk; by the *faulcon* we generally underſtand the *female*. THEOBALD.

footing than blind reaſon ſtumbling without fear. To fear the worſt, oft cures the worſe.

Troi. O let my lady apprehend no fear; in all *Cupid*'s Pageant there is preſented no monſter.

Cre. Nor nothing monſtrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our Undertakings; when we vow to weep ſeas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our miſtreſs to deviſe impoſition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty impoſed. This is the monſtroſity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the deſire is boundleſs, and the act a ſlave to limit.

Cre. They ſay, all lovers ſwear more performance than they are able; and yet reſerve an ability, that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten, and diſcharging leſs than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monſters?

Troi. Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we. Praiſe us as we are taſted, allow us as we prove: [6] our head ſhall go bare, 'till merit crown it; no perfection in reverſion ſhall have a praiſe in preſent; we will not name deſert before his birth, and, being born, [7] his addition ſhall be humble; few words to fair faith. *Troilus* ſhall be ſuch to *Creſſida*, as what envy can ſay worſt, ſhall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can ſpeak trueſt, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

[6] *our head ſhall go bare, till merit crown it*;] I cannot forbear to obſerve, that the quarto reads thus: *Our head ſhall go bare, till merit* lower part no affection, *in reverſion*, &c. Had there been no other copy, how could this have been corrected? The true reading is in the folio.

[7] *his addition ſhall be humble*] We will give him no high or pompous titles.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, bluſhing ſtill? Have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my Lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my Lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hoſtages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are conſtant, being won. They are burrs, I can tell you, they'll ſtick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldneſs comes to me now, and brings me heart.
Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my *Creſſid* then ſo hard to win?

Cre. Hard to ſeem won; but I was won, my Lord,
With the firſt glance that ever——Pardon me——
If I confeſs much; you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not till now, ſo much
But I might maſter it——in faith, I lye——
My thoughts were, like unbridled children, grown
Too headſtrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who ſhall be true to us,
When we are ſo unſecret to ourſelves?
But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wiſht myſelf a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege,
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeak
The thing I ſhall repent. See, ſee, your ſilence

Cunning in dumbneſs, from my weakneſs draws
My very ſoul of counſel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And ſhall, albeit ſweet muſick iſſues thence.
[*Kiſſing.*

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My Lord, I do beſeech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſs.
I am aſham'd;—O heavens, what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my Lord.

Troi. Your leave, ſweet *Creſſid?*

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot ſhun yourſelf.

Cre. Let me go and try.
I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you:
But an unkind ſelf, that itſelf will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone. I ſpeak, I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wiſely.

Cre. Perchance, my Lord, I ſhew more craft than love,
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To angle for your thoughts: [8] but you are wiſe,
Or elſe you love not; to be wiſe and love,
Exceeds man's might, that dwells with Gods above.

[8] —*but you are wiſe,*
Or elſe you love not: To be wiſe and love,
Exceeds man's might, &c.] I read,
—*but* we're not *wiſe,*
Or elſe we *love not; to be wiſe and love,*
Exceeds man's might,——
Creſſida, in return to the phraſe given by *Troilus* to her wiſdom, replies, That *lovers are never wiſe; that it is beyond the power of man to bring love and wiſdom to a union.*

Troi.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
As, if it can, I will preſume in you,
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her conſtancy in plight and youth
Out-living Beauties outward; with a mind
That doth renew ſwifter than blood decays!
Or, that perſuaſion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
[9] Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of ſuch a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
I am as true as Truth's ſimplicity,
[1] And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.
Cre. In that I'll war with you.
Troi. O virtuous fight!
When Right with Right wars who ſhall be moſt right.
True ſwains in love ſhall in the world to come
Approve their truths by *Troilus*; when their rhymes,
Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimilies: truth, tir'd with iteration,
As true as ſteel, as [2] Plantage to the Moon,

[9] *Might be affronted with the match*—] I wiſh *my integrity might be met and matched with ſuch equality and force of pure unmingled love.*

[1] *And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.*] This is fine: and means, *Ere truth, to defend itſelf againſt deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of neceſſity, learn'd worldly policy.*
WARBURTON.

[2] —Plantage *to* the Moon.] I formerly made a ſilly conjecture, that the true reading was,
—*Planets* to *their Moons.*
But I did not reflect that it was wrote before *Galileo* had diſcovered the Satellites of *Jupiter.* So that *Plantage to the Moon* is right, and alludes to the common opinion of the influence the Moon has over what is planted or ſown, which was therefore done in the increaſe.
Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,
Rite creſcentum face noctilucam,
Proſperam frugum———
Hor. L. 4. Od. 6.
WARBURTON.

Plantage is not, I believe, a general term, but the herb which we now call *plaintain*, in *Latin*, *plantago*, which was, I ſuppoſe, imagined to be under the peculiar influence of the Moon.

As Sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center,
Yet after all compariſons of truth,
[3] As truth's authentick author to be cited
As true as Troilus, ſhall crown up the verſe,
And ſanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itſelf,
When water-drops have worn the ſtones of *Troy*,
And blind Oblivion ſwallow'd Cities up,
And mighty States characterleſs are grated
To duſty Nothing; yet let Memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
Upbraid my falſhood! when they've ſaid, as falſe
As air, as water, as wind, as ſandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſhood,
As falſe as *Creſſid.*——

Pan. Go to, a bargain made. Seal it, ſeal it, I'll be the witneſs.——Here I hold your hand; here my couſin's. If ever you prove falſe to one another, ſince I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together, let all pitiful Goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name; call them all *Pandars*. Let all [4] inconſtant men be *Troilus's*, all falſe women *Creſſida's*, and all brokers between *Pandars*. Say, Amen.

[3] *As* TRUTH'S AUTHENTICK AUTHOR *to be cited.*] This line is abſolute nonſenſe. We ſhould read,

As TRUTH AUTHENTICK, EVER *to be cited*,

i. e. when all compariſons of truth are exhauſted, they ſhall be then all ſummed up in this great one, this *authentick truth ever* to be cited, *as true as* Troilus.
WARBURTON.

Here again the commentator finds nonſenſe, where I cannot find it. *Troilus*, ſays he, ſhall *crown the verſe*, as a man *to be cited as the authentick author of truth*; as one whoſe proteſtations were true to a proverb.

[4] *inconſtant men*] So *Hanmer*. In the copies it is *conſtant*.

Troi.

Troi. Amen!

Cre. Amen!

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will ſhew you a bed-chamber; which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeak of your pretty encounters, preſs it to death. Away. And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, and *Pandar* to provide this Geer!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Ajax, Menelaus, *and* Calchas.

Cal. NOW, Princes, for the ſervice I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. [5] Appear it to your mind
That,

[5] ——*appear it to you,*
That, through the ſight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd Troy.——] This reaſoning perplexes Mr. *Theobald, He foreſaw his country was undone; he ran over to the* Greeks; *and this he makes a merit of,* ſays the Editor. *I own* (continues he) *the motives of his oratory ſeem to me ſomewhat perverſe and unnatural. Nor do I know how to reconcile it, unleſs our poet purpoſely intended to make* Chalcas *act the part of a* TRUE PRIEST, *and ſo from motives of ſelf-intereſt inſinuate the merit of ſervice.* The Editor did not know how to reconcile this. Nor I neither. For I don't know what he means by *the motives of his oratory,* or, *from motives of ſelf-intereſt to inſinuate merit.* But if he would inſinuate, that it was the poet's deſign to make his prieſt ſelf-intereſted, and to repreſent to the *Greeks* that what he did for his own preſervation was done for their ſervice, he is miſtaken. *Shakeſpeare* thought of nothing ſo filly, as it would be to draw his prieſt a *knave,* in order to make him talk like a *fool.* Tho' that be the fate which generally attends their abuſers. But *Shakeſpear* was no ſuch; and conſe-

That, [6] through the ſight I bear in things, to *Jove*
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd

conſequently wanted not this cover for dulneſs. The *perverſeneſs* is all the Editor's own, who interprets,

——*through the ſight I have in things to come*
I have abandoned Troy—

To ſignify, *by my power of preſcience finding my country muſt be ruined, I have therefore abandoned it to ſeek refuge with you*; whereas the true ſenſe is, *Be it known unto you, that on account of a gift or faculty I have of ſeeing things to come, which faculty I ſuppoſe would be eſteemed by you as acceptable and uſeful, I have abandoned* Troy *my native Country.* That he could not mean what the Editor ſuppoſes, appears from theſe conſiderations, Firſt, If he had repreſented himſelf as running from a falling city, he could never have ſaid,

I have——expos'd myſelf,
From certain *and poſſeſs'd conveniencies,*
To doubtful *fortunes*——

Secondly, The abſolute knowledge of the fall of *Troy* was a ſecret hid from the inferior Gods themſelves; as appears from the poetical hiſtory of that war. It depended on many contingences whoſe exiſtence *they* did not foreſee. All that they knew was, that if ſuch and ſuch things happened *Troy* would fall. And this ſecret they communicated to *Caſſandra* only, but along with it, the fate not to be believed. Several others knew each a ſeveral part of the ſecret; *one*, that *Troy*, could not be taken unleſs *Achilles* went to the war; another, that it could not fall while it had the *Palladium*; and ſo on. But the ſecret, that it was abſolutely to fall, was known to none.

The ſenſe here given will admit of no diſpute amongſt thoſe who know how acceptable a *Seer* was amongſt the *Greeks*. So that this *Calchas, like a true prieſt*, if it muſt needs be ſo, went where he could exerciſe his profeſſion with moſt advantage. For it being much leſs common amongſt the *Greeks* than the *Aſiaticks*, there would be there a greater demand for it. WARBURTON.

I am afraid, that after all the learned commentator's efforts to clear the argument of *Calchas*, it will ſtill appear liable to objection; nor do I diſcover more to be urged in his defence, than that though his ſkill in divination determined him to leave *Troy*, yet that he joined himſelf to *Agamemnon* and his army by unconſtrain'd good-will; and though he came as a fugitive eſcaping from deſtruction, yet his ſervices after his reception being voluntary and important, deſerved reward. This argument is not regularly and diſtinctly deduced, but this is, I think, the beſt explication that it will yet admit.

[6] *—through the ſight I bear in things, to* Jove] This paſſage

Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniencies,
To doubtful fortunes; ſequeſtring from me all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom, and condition,
Made tame and moſt familiar to my nature,
And here, to do you ſervice, am become
As new into the world, ſtrange, unacquainted.
I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which, you ſay, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldſt thou of us, *Trojan?* make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* priſoner, call'd *Antenor*,
Yeſterday took. *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you, often have you thanks therefore,
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right-great exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath ſtill deny'd; but this *Antenor*,
I know, is ſuch a wreſt in their affairs,
That their negotiations all muſt ſlack,
Wanting his manage, and they will almoſt
Give us a Prince o' th' blood, a ſon of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be ſent, great Princes,
And he ſhall buy my daughter, and her preſence
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſervice I have done,
[7] In moſt accepted pain.

ſage in all the modern editions is ſilently depraved, and printed thus:

——*through the ſight I bear in things to come,*

The word is ſo printed that nothing but the ſenſe can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*. I believe that the editors read it as *love*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain ſome meaning.

[7] *In moſt accepted pain.*] Sir *T. Hanmer*, and Dr. *Warburton*, after him, read,

In moſt accepted pay.

They do not ſeem to underſtand the conſtruction of the paſſage. *Her preſence*, ſays *Calchas*, *ſhall ſtrike off*, or recompence *the ſervice I have done*, even in theſe *labours* which were *moſt accepted*.

Aga.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us *Creſſid* hither; *Calchas* ſhall have
What he requeſts of us. Good *Diomede*,
Furniſh you fairly for this enterchange;
Withal, bring word, if *Hector* will to-morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.
Dio. This ſhall I undertake, and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

SCENE VII.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus, *before their Tent.*

Ulyſ. *Achilles* ſtands i' th' entrance of his Tent,
Pleaſe it our General to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, Princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard upon him.
I will come laſt; 'tis like, he'll queſtion me,
Why ſuch unplauſive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him;
If ſo, I have [8] derifion medicinable
To uſe between your ſtrangeneſs and his pride,
Which his own will ſhall have deſire to drink;
It may do good; Pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhew itſelf, but pride; for ſupple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
Aga. We'll execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along;
So do each Lord; and either greet him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall make him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.
Achil. What, comes the General to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'againſt *Troy*.
Aga. What ſays *Achilles?* Would he aught with us?

[8] —*derifion medicinable*] All the modern editions have *deciſion*. The old copies are apparently right. The folio in this place agrees with the quarto, ſo that the corruption was at firſt merely accidental.

Neſt.

Neſt. Would you, my Lord, aught give the General?

Achil. No.

Neſt. Nothing, my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, does the cuckold ſcorn me?

Ajax. How now, *Patroclus?*

Achil. Good-morrow, *Ajax.*

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good-morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*

Achil. What mean theſe fellows? Know they not *Achilles?*

Patr. They paſs by ſtrangely. They were us'd to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles,*
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs, once fall'n out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too; what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own Fall; for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the ſummer,
And not a man, for being ſimply man,
Hath any honour, but honour by thoſe honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit,
Which, when they fall, (as being ſlipp'ry ſtanders)
The love that lean'd on them, as ſlipp'ry too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the Fall. But 'tis not ſo with me;
Fortune and I are friends, I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſs,
Save theſe men's looks! who do, methink, find out

Something in me not worth that rich beholding,
As they have often giv'n. Here is *Ulyſſes*.
I'll interrupt his reading.—— How now, *Ulyſſes?*
Ulyſ. Now, great *Thetis'* ſon!
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, that man, [9] how dearly ever parted,
How much in Having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues ſhining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the firſt giver.
Achil. This is not ſtrange, *Ulyſſes*.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itſelf
[1] To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itſelf,
That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe, behold itſelf
Not going from itſelf; but eyes oppos'd
Salute each other with each other's form.
For ſpeculation turns not to itſelf,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may ſee its ſelf. This is not ſtrange at all.
Ulyſ. I do not ſtrain at the poſition,
It is familiar, but the author's drift;
Who, [2] in his circumſtance, expreſly proves
That no man is the Lord of any thing,
Tho' in, and of, him there be much conſiſting,

9 —*how dearly ever parted,*] *i. e.* how exquiſitely ſoever his virtues be divided and balanced in him. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Stuft, as they ſay with honourable* parts, proportioned *as one's thoughts would wiſh a man.*
WARBURTON.

I do not think, that in the word *parted* is included any idea of *diviſion*; it means, *however excellently endowed*, with however *dear* or precious *parts* enriched or adorned.

1 *To others' eyes*, &c.
That moſt pure ſpirit, &c.] Theſe two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the firſt quarto. POPE.

2 —*in his circumſtance,*—] In the detail or circumduction of his argument.

'Till

: communicate his parts to others;
)th he of himſelf know them for aught
behold them form'd in their applauſe
they're extended, who, like an arch, reverb'rate
ice again; or, like a gate of ſteel
g the Sun, receives and renders back
ure and his heat. I was much rapt in this,
prehended here immediately
nknown *Ajax*;
s! what a man is there? a very horſe,
as he knows not what. Nature! what things
there are,
)je&t in regard, and dear in uſe?
ings again moſt dear in the eſteem,
or in worth? Now ſhall we ſee to-morrow
that very Chance doth throw upon him.
own'd! Oh heav'ns, what ſome men do,
ome men leave to do!
ome men creep in ſkittiſh Fortune's Hall,
thers play the ideots in her eyes!
e man eats into another's pride,
ride is [5] feaſting in his wantonneſs!
ieſe *Grecian* Lords! why ev'n already

nknown Ajax—] *Ajax*, bilities which were ne- it into view or uſe.

ome men CREEP *in ſkit- Fortune's hall*,] This th deſign that *Achilles* ply it to himſelf and it as *creep* is to be ap- *Achilles*, it conveys a , as repreſenting one norous and afraid to reat acts: whereas it reſent one entirely ne- atchieving them. For en *Achilles*'s caſe. So ould read,

e men SLEEP *in ſkittiſh Fortune's hall.*

For he was the firſt favourite of fortune; yet when he got into her preſence inſtead of puſhing his way, he became entirely negligent and unconcerned for her favours. WARBURTON.

To *creep* is to *keep out of ſight* from whatever motive. Some men *keep out of notice in the hall of Fortune, while others*, though they but *play the ideot*, are always *in her eye*, in the way of diſtinction.

[5] —*feaſting*—] Folio. The quarto has *faſting*. Either word may bear a good ſenſe.

They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the ſhoulder,
As if his foot were on brave *Hector*'s breaſt,
And great *Troy* ſhrinking.
Achil. I do believe it;
For they paſs'd by me, as miſers do by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look.
What! are my deeds forgot!
Ulyſ. [6] Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion.
A great ſiz'd monſter, of ingratitudes,
Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt, which are devour'd
As faſt as they are made, forgot as ſoon
As done: [7] Perſeverance keeps Honour bright:
To have done, is to hang quite out of faſhion,
Like ruſty nail in monumental mockery.
For honour travels in a ſtreight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes abreaſt? keep then the path;
For Emulation hath a thouſand ſons,
That one by one purſue; if you give way,
Or hedge aſide from the direct forth-right,
Like to an entred tide, they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindermoſt; [8] and there you lie,
Like to a gallant horſe fall'n in firſt rank,
For pavement [9] to the abject rear, [1] o'er-run
And trampled on: Then what they do in preſent,
Tho' leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'er-top yours.

[6] *Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,*] This ſpeech is printed in all the modern editions with ſuch deviations from the old copy, as exceed the lawful power of an editor.

[7] In the old copy,

—*Perſeverance*, dear my Lord,
Keeps Honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of faſhion, like a ruſty nail
In monumental mockery. Take the inſtant way,
For honour, &c.

[8] —*and there you lie,*] Theſe words are not in the folio.

[9] —*to the abject* rear,—] So *Hanmer*. All the editors before him read,

——*to the abject*, near,

[1] *o'er-run*, &c.] The quarto wholly omits the ſimile of the horſe, and reads thus:

And leave you hindmoſt, thus what they do in preſent.

The folio ſeems to have ſome omiſſion, for the ſimile begins,

Or *like a gallant horſe*——

For

For Time is like a faſhionable hoſt,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by th' hand;
But with his arms out-ſtretch'd, as he would fly,
Graſps in the comer. For Welcome ever ſmiles,
And Farewel goes out ſighing. O, let not virtue ſeek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
[2] For beauty, wit, high birth, deſert in ſervice,
Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all, with one conſent, praiſe new-born Gawds,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things paſt;
[3] And ſhew to duſt, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-duſted.
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent object;
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the *Greeks* begin to worſhip *Ajax*;
Since things in motion ſooner catch the eye,
Than what not ſtirs. The Cry went once on thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldſt not entomb thyſelf alive,
And caſe thy reputation in thy tent;
Whoſe glorious deeds, but in theſe fields of late,

[2] *For beauty, wit, &c*] The folio and quarto,

——*For beauty, wit,*
High birth, vigour of bone, *deſert in ſervice,*
Love, charity——

I do not deny but the changes produce a more eaſy lapſe of numbers, but they do not exhibit the work of *Shakeſpeare*.

[3] *And go to duſt, that is a little gilt,*
More laud than gilt *o'er-duſted.*] In this mingled condition do we find this truly fine obſervation tranſmitted in the old *folio's*. Mr. *Pope* ſaw it was corrupt, and therefore, as I preſume, threw it out of the text; becauſe he would not *indulge his private ſenſe* in attempting to make ſenſe of it. I owe the foundation of the amendment, which I have given to the text, to the ſagacity of the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*. I read,

And give *to duſt, that is a little gilt,*
More laud than they will give to gold *o'er duſted.*

THEOBALD.

This emendation has been received by the ſucceeding editors, but recedes too far from the copy.

[4] Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the Gods themſelves,
And drave great *Mars* to faction.
Achil. Of this my privacy
I have ſtrong reaſons.
Ulyſ. 'Gainſt your privacy
The reaſons are more potent and heroical.
'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
With one of *Priam*'s daughters.
Achil. Ha! known!
Ulyſ. Is that a wonder?
The providence, that's in a watchful ſtate,
[5] Knows almoſt every grain of *Pluto*'s Gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehenſive deep;
[6] Keeps place with thought; and almoſt, like the Gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a myſtery, [7] with which relation
Durſt never meddle, in the Soul of State;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expreſſure to.
All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord;
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*,
But it muſt grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
When Fame ſhall in our iſlands ſound her trump;
And all the *Greekiſh* girls ſhall tripping ſing,
Great Hector's *ſiſter did* Achilles *win*;

[4] *Made emulous* miſſions——] *Miſſions*, for diviſions, *i. e.* goings out, on one ſide and the other. WARBURTON.

The meaning of *miſſion* ſeems to be *diſpatches* of the gods *from heaven*, about mortal buſineſs, ſuch as often happened at the ſiege of *Troy*.

[5] *Knows almoſt*, &c.] For this elegant line the quarto has only, *Knows almoſt every* thing.

[6] *Keeps* place *with thought*;——] *i. e.* there is in the providence of a ſtate, as in the providence of the univerſe, a kind of *ubiquity*. The expreſſion is exquiſitely fine. Yet the *Oxford Editor* alters it to *keeps pace*, and ſo deſtroys all its beauty. WARBURTON.

[7] ——*with which relation*
Durſt never meddle,——] There is a ſecret adminiſtration of affairs, which no *hiſtory* was ever able to diſcover.

But our great Ajax *bravely beat down him.*
Farewel, my Lord. I, as your lover, ſpeak;
The fool ſlides o'er the ice, that you ſhould break.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Patr. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you;
A woman, impudent and manniſh grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of act.——I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little ſtomach to the war,
And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus.
Sweet, rouſe yourſelf; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your neck unloſe his am'rous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be ſhook [8] to air.
Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*?
Patr. Ay, and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.
Achil. I ſee, my reputation is at ſtake;
My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.
Patr. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heal ill, that men do give themſelves.
[9] Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary
Seals a Commiſſion to a Blank of Danger,
And danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
Even then, when we ſit idly in the Sun.
Achil. Go call *Therſites* hither, ſweet *Patroclus*;
I'll ſend the fool to *Ajax*, and deſire him
T'invite the *Trojan* Lords, after the Combat,
To ſee us here unarm'd. I have a woman's Longing,
An appetite that I am ſick withal,

[8] ——*to air.*] So the quarto. The folio. ——*to* airy *air.*

[9] *Omiſſion to do*, &c.] By *neglecting* our duty we *commiſſion* or enable that *danger* of diſhonour, which could not reach us before, to lay hold upon us.

To ſee great *Hector* in the Weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his viſage,

SCENE IX.

Enter Therſites.

Ev'n to my full of view.——A labour ſav'd!

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, aſking for himſelf.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. He muſt fight ſingly to-morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand; ruminates like an hoſteſs, that hath no arithmetick but her brain, to ſet down her reckoning; bites his lip [1] with a politick regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in this head, if 'twou'd out; and ſo there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if *Hector* break not his neck i' th' combat, he'll break't himſelf in vain-glory. He knows not me. I ſaid, Good-morrow, *Ajax*; and he replies, Thanks, *Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? He's grown a very land-fiſh, language-leſs, a monſter. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both ſides, like a leather Jerkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my ambaſſador to him, *Therſites*.

Ther. Who, I?—why, he'll anſwer no body; he

[1] *with a politick regard*] With a *ſly look*.

pro-

profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggars. He wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his preſence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the Pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him, *Patroclus*. Tell him, I humbly deſire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the moſt valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure ſafe Conduct for his Perſon of the magnanimous and moſt illuſtrious, ſix or ſeven times honour'd, captain-general, of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon*, *&c.* Do this.

Patr. *Jove* bleſs great *Ajax!*

Ther. Hum———

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum———

Patr. And to procure ſafe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon!*———

Patr. Ay, my Lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What ſay you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What muſick will be in him, when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not; but, I am ſure, none; unleſs the fidler *Apollo* get his ſinews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt bear a letter to him ſtraight.

Ther.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain ſtirr'd,
And I myſelf ſee not the bottom of it. [*Exit.*

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an aſs at it! I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in TROY.

Enter at one door Æneas, *with a torch; at another,* Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomedes, *the* Grecian, *with Torches,*

PARIS.

SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord *Æneas.*

Æne. Is the Prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lie long,
As you, Prince *Paris*, nought but heav'nly buſineſs
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord *Æneas.*

Par. A valiant *Greek*, *Æneas*; take his hand.
Witneſs the proceſs of your ſpeech, wherein
You told, how *Diomede* a whole week, by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,

During

[2] During all queſtion of the gentle Truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.
Dio. The one and th' other *Diomede* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and, ſo long, Health;
But when contention and occaſion meet,
By *Jove*, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuit and policy.
Æne. [3] And thou ſhalt hunt a lion that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleneſs,
Welcome to *Troy*. Now, by *Anchiſes'* life,
Welcome, indeed! [4] by *Venus'* hand I ſwear,
No man alive can love, in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We ſympathize.——*Jove*, let *Æneas* live

[2] *During all* queſtion *of the gentle Truce:*] *Queſtion*, for force, virtue. WARBURTON.

How *queſtion* ſhould mean *force* or *virtue*, I cannot find. If ſuch latitude of expoſition be allowed, what can be difficult? I once thought to read,

During all quiet *of the gentle Truce:*

But I think *queſtion* means intercourſe, interchange of converſation.

[3] *And thou ſhalt hunt a lion that will fly*
With his face back in humane gentleneſs.] Thus Mr. *Pope* in his great ſagacity pointed this paſſage in his firſt edition, not deviating from the error of the old copies. What conception he had to himſelf of a lion *flying in humane gentleneſs*, I wont pretend to affirm: I ſuppoſe, he had the idea of *as gently as a lamb*, or as what our vulgar call an *Eſſex* lion, a calf. If any other lion fly with his face turn'd backward, it is, fighting all the way as he retreats: and in this manner it is, *Æneas* profeſſes that he ſhall fly when he's hunted. But where then are the ſymptoms of *humane gentleneſs?* My correction of the pointing reſtores good ſenſe, and a proper behaviour in *Æneas*. As ſoon as ever he has return'd *Diomedes's* Brave, he ſtops ſhort and corrects himſelf for expreſſing ſo much fury in a time of truce; from the fierce ſoldier becomes the courtier at once; and, remembring his enemy to be a gueſt and an ambaſſador, welcomes him as ſuch to the *Trojan* camp.—

THEOBALD.

[4] —*by* Venus' *hand I ſwear,*] This oath was uſed to inſinuate his reſentment for *Diomedes* wounding his mother in the hand. WARBURTON.

If

If to my ſword his Fate be not the Glory,
A thouſand complete courſes of the Sun:
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worſe.
Par. This is the moſt deſpightful, gentle greeting,
The nobleſt hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What buſineſs, Lord, ſo early?
Æne. I was ſent for to the king; but why, I know not.
Par. [5] His purpoſe meets you; 'twas to bring this *Greek*
To *Calchas'* houſe, and there to render him
For the enfreed *Antenor*, the fair *Creſſid*.
Let's have your company; or, if you pleaſe,
Haſte there before. I conſtantly do think,
Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge,
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to night.
Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof; I fear,
We ſhall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That I aſſure you.
Troilus had rather *Troy* were borne to *Greece*,
Than *Creſſid* borne from *Troy*.
Par. There is no help;
The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Will have it ſo. On, Lord, we'll follow you.
Æne. Good-morrow all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble *Diomede*, tell me true,
Ev'n in the ſoul of good ſound fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* moſt?
Myſelf, or *Menelaus*?
Dio. Both alike.

[5] *His purpoſe meets you;*——] I bring you his meaning and his orders.

He

He merits well to have her, that doth ſeek her,
Not making any ſcruple of her ſoilure,
With ſuch a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taſte of her diſhonour,
With ſuch a coſtly loſs of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of [6] a flat tamed piece;
You, like a letcher, out of whoriſh loins
Are pleas'd to breed our your inheritors.
[7] Both merits pois'd, each weighs no leſs nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your Country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her Country. Hear me, *Paris*,
For ev'ry falſe drop in her baudy veins
A *Grecian*'s life hath ſunk; for every ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A *Trojan* hath been ſlain. Since ſhe could ſpeak,
She hath not giv'n ſo many good words breath,
As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* ſuffer'd death.

Par. Fair *Diomede*, you do as chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this virtue well;
[8] We'll not commend what we intend to ſell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[6] —*a flat* tamed *piece*;] *i. e.* a piece of wine out of which the ſpirit is all flown. WARB.

[7] *Both merits pois'd, each weighs no leſs nor more,*
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.] I read,
But he as he, each *heavier for a whore.*
Heavy is taken both for *weighty*, and for *ſad* or *miſerable*. The quarto reads,
But he as he, the *heavier for a whore.*
I know not whether the thought is not that of a wager. It muſt then be read thus,
But he as he. Which heavier for a whore?
That is, *for a whore* ſtaked down, *which is the heavier?*

[8] *We'll not commend what we intend* TO *ſell.*] But this is not talking like a chapman: for if it be the cuſtom for the buyer to diſpraiſe, it is the cuſtom too for the ſeller to commend. Therefore, if *Paris* had an intention to ſell *Helen*, he ſhould, by this rule, have commended her. But the

SCENE II.

Changes to Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Troilus *and* Creſſida.

Troi. DEAR, trouble not yourſelf; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, ſweet my Lord, I'll call my uncle down; He ſhall unbolt the gates.

Troi. Trouble him not.
To bed, to bed. [9] Sleep kill thoſe pretty eyes,
And give as ſoft attachment to thy ſenſes,
As infants empty of all thought!

Cre. Good-morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you a weary of me?

Troi. O *Creſſida!* but that the buſy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Beſhrew the witch! with venomous wights ſhe ſtays,
† As tediouſly as hell; but flies the graſps of love,
With wings more momentary-ſwift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curſe me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry—you men will never tarry.

the truth was, he had no ſuch intention, and therefore did prudently not to commend her: which ſhews *Shakeſpear* wrote,

We'll not commend what we intend NOT *ſell.*

i. e. what we intend not to ſell. The *Oxford Editor* has thought fit to honour this paraphraſe by making it the text. WARB.

I believe the meaning is only this: though you practiſe the buyer's art, we will not practiſe the ſeller's. We intend to ſell *Helen* dear, yet will not commend her.

[9] —*Sleep kill*—] So the old copies. The moderns have,

——*ſleep* ſeal——

† *As tediouſly*——] The folio has,

As hideouſly *as hell.*

O fooliſh

O fooliſh *Creſſida!* I might have ſtill held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.

Pan. [*within.*] What's all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A peſtilence on him! now will he be mocking. I ſhall have ſuch a life———

Pan. How now, now now? How go maiden-heads? Hear you! Maid! Where's my couſin *Creſſida?*

Cre. Go hang yourſelf, you naughty mocking uncle: You bring me to do——and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? Let her ſay, what. What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come, beſhrew your heart; you'll never be good; nor ſuffer others.

Pan. Ha! ha! alas, poor wretch; [1] a poor *Capocchia,*——haſt not ſlept to-night? Would he not a naughty man let it ſleep? a bugbear take him!

[*One knocks.*

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would, he were knock'd o' th' head!—Who's that at the door?—Good uncle, go and ſee!—My Lord, come you again into my chamber.—You ſmile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha———

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no ſuch thing.

[1] *A poor* Chipochia,] This word, I am afraid, has ſuffer'd under the ignorance of the editors; for it is a word in no living language that I can find. *Pandarus* ſays it to his niece, in a jeering ſort of tenderneſs. He would ſay, I think, in *Engliſh*—*Poor* innocent! *Poor* fool! *ha'ſt not ſlept to night?* Theſe appellations are very well anſwer'd by the *Italian* word *capocchio:* for *capocchio* ſignifies the thick head of a club; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a ſot, dullard, heavy gull. THEOBALD.

How

How earneſtly they knock——Pray you, come in,
[*Knock.*
I would not for half *Troy* have you ſeen here. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

SCENE III.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good-morrow, Lord, good-morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord *Æneas?* By my troth, I knew you not; what news with you ſo early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my Lord, do not deny him. It doth import him much to ſpeak with me.

Pan. Is he here, ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn. For my own part, I came in late. What ſhould he do here?

Æne. Whoo!—nay, then.—Come, come, you'll do him wrong, ere y'are aware; you'll be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither. Go.
[*As* Pandarus *is going out.*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you,
My [2] matter is ſo raſh. There is at hand
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The *Grecian Diomede*, and our *Antenor*
[3] Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this hour,

[2] *Matter is ſo raſh.*—] My buſineſs is ſo *haſty* and ſo abrupt.

[3] *Deliver'd to us*, &c.] So the folio. The quarto thus, *Deliver'd to him, and forthwith.*

We muſt give up to *Diomedes'* hand
The lady *Creſſida*.
Troi. Is it concluded ſo?
Æne. By *Priam*, and the general State of *Troy*.
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.
Troi. How my atchievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and (my Lord *Æneas*)
We met by chance, you did not find me here.
Æne. Good, good, my Lord; [4] the ſecrets of neighbour *Pandar*
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Creſſida *to* Pandarus.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got, but loſt? The Devil take *Antenor!* the young Prince will go mad. A plague upon *Antenor!* I would, they had broke's neck.
Cre. How now? What's the matter? Who was here?
Pan. Ah, ah!
Cre. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my Lord? gone? Tell me, ſweet uncle, what's the matter?
Pan. 'Would, I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

[4] ——*the* ſecrets of nature *Have not more gift in taciturnity.*] This is the reading of both the elder *folio*'s: but the firſt verſe manifeſtly halts, and betrays its being defective. Mr. *Pope* ſubſtitutes

The ſecrets of neighbour *Pandar.*

If this be a reading *ex fide codicum* (as he profeſſes all his various readings to be) it is founded on the credit of ſuch copies, as it has not been my fortune to meet with. I have ventur'd to make out the verſe thus;

The ſecret'ſt things *of nature*, &c.

i. e. the *arcana naturæ*, the myſteries of nature, of occult philoſophy, or of religious ceremonies. Our poet has alluſions of this ſort in ſeveral other paſſages. THEOBALD.

Mr. *Pope*'s reading is in the old quarto. So great is the neceſſity of collation.

Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'would, thou hadſt ne'er been born. I knew, thou wouldſt be his death. O poor gentleman! a plague upon *Antenor!*——

Cre. Good uncle, I beſeech you, on my knees, I beſeech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone, wench, thou muſt be gone, thou art chang'd for *Antenor*; thou muſt go to thy father, and be gone from *Troilus*. 'Twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Cre. I will not, uncle. I've forgot my father,
I know no touch of Conſanguinity:
No kin, no love, no blood, no ſoul ſo near me,
As the ſweet *Troilus*. O you Gods divine!,
Make *Creſſid*'s name the very Crown of falſhood,
If ever ſhe leave *Troilus*. Time, Force, and Death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the ſtrong Baſe and Building of my Love
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go and weep,——

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and ſcratch my praiſed cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding *Troilus*. I'll not go from *Troy*.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Before Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomedes.

Par. IT is great morning, and the hour prefixt
Of her Delivery to this valiant *Greek*
Comes faſt upon us; good my brother *Troilus*,
Tell you the Lady what ſhe is to do,
And haſte her to the purpoſe.
Troi. Walk into her houſe.
I'll bring her to the *Grecian* preſently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A prieſt, there offering to it his own heart.
Par. I know, what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I ſhall pity, I could help.
—Pleaſe you, walk in, my Lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. BE moderate, be moderate.
Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
[5] The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taſte,
And in its ſenſe is no leſs ſtrong, than that

[5] *the grief*, &c.] The folio reads,

The grief is fine, full perfect, that I taſte,
And no leſs in a ſenſe as ſtrong
As that which cauſeth it.—

The quarto otherwiſe,

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taſte,
And violenteth *in a ſenſe as ſtrong*
As that which cauſeth it.—

Violenteth is a word with which I am not acquainted, yet perhaps it may be right. The reading of the text is without authority.

Which cauſeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying droſs.

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in ſuch a precious loſs.
Pan. Here, here, here he comes,—ah ſweet duck!—
Cre. O *Troilus*, *Troilus!*
Pan. What a pair of ſpectacles is here! let me embrace too:
Oh heart, (as the goodly ſaying is!)
O heart, O heavy heart,
Why ſigh'ſt thou without breaking?
where he anſwers again;
Becauſe thou can'ſt not eaſe thy ſmart,
By friendſhip nor by ſpeaking.
There was never a truer rhyme. Let us caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe. We ſee it, we ſee it. How now, lambs?
Troi. Creſſid, I love thee in ſo [6] ſtrain'd a purity,
That the bleſt Gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion, which
Cold lips blow to their Deities, take thee from me.
Cre. Have the Gods envy?
Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a caſe.
Cre. And is it true, that I muſt go from *Troy?*
Troi. A hateful truth!
Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too?
Troi. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.
Cre. Is it poſſible?
Troi. And ſuddenly: where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by

[6] —*ſtrain'd*—] So the quarto. The folio and all the moderns have *range*.

All

All time of pauſe, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, ſtrangles our dear vows,
Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Did buy each other, muſt poorly ſell ourſelves
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one.
Injurious Time now, with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up all in one looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears.

Æneas within.] My Lord, is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark! you are call'd. Some ſay the Genius ſo Cries, *come!* to him that inſtantly muſt die.
——Bid them have patience; ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit* Pan.

Cre. I muſt then to the *Grecians?*

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful *Creſſid* 'mongſt the merry *Greeks!* When ſhall we ſee again?

Troi. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart——

Cre. I true! how now? what wicked Deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly, For it is parting from us:——
ſpeak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Glove to Death himſelf,[7]
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But, be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation. Be thou true,

[7] *For I will throw my glove to Death*—] That is, I will *challenge* Death himſelf in defence of thy fidelity.

And I will ſee thee.

Cre. O, you ſhall be expos'd, my Lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent. But, I'll be true:

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this ſleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When ſhall I ſee you?

Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian* Centinels
To give thee nightly viſitation.
But yet be true.

Cre. O heav'ns! be true, again?

Troi. Hear, why I ſpeak it, love.
The *Grecian* youths are full of ſubtle quality,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
Flowing, and ſwelling o'er with arts and exerciſe;
How novelties may move, and parts with perſon,
Alas, a kind of godly jealouſy,
Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous ſin,
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heaven's, you love me not!

Troi. Die I a villain then!
In this, I do not call your faith in queſtion
So mainly as my merit. I cannot ſing,
Nor heel the high la Volt; nor ſweeten talk;
Nor play at ſubtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are moſt prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of theſe
There lurks a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſive Devil,
That tempts moſt cunningly. But be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Troi. No.
But ſomething may be done, that we will not;
And ſometimes we are devils to ourſelves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changeful potency.

Æneas within.] Nay, good my lord,———

Troi. Come, kiſs, and let us part.

Paris within.] Brother *Troilus*,———

Troi.

Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.
Cre. My Lord, will you be true?
Troi. Who I? alas, it is my Vice, my fault.
While others fish, with craft, for great opinion;
I with great truth, [8] catch meer simplicity.
While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; [9] the moral of my wit
Is *plain and true*, there's all the reach of it.

SCENE VII.

Enter Æneas, Paris, *and* Diomede.

Welcome, Sir *Diomede*; here is the lady,
Whom for *Antenor* we deliver you.
At the Port (Lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way [1] possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and by my soul, fair *Greek*,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe
As *Priam* is in *Ilion*.
Dio. Fair Lady *Cressid*,
So please you, save the thanks this Prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to *Diomede*
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.
Troi. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,

[8] —*catch meer simplicity.*] The meaning, I think, is, *while others*, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain simple approbation.

[9] —*the moral of my wit*
Is plain and true,—] That is, the *governing principle of my understanding*; but I rather think we should read,
—*the* motto *of my wit*
Is plain and true.—

[1] *possess thee what she is.*] I will *make thee fully understand*. This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our authour.

[a] To ſhame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praiſing her. I tell thee, Lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-ſoaring o'er thy praiſes,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her ſervant.
I charge thee, uſe her well, even for my Charge:
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou doſt not,
Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. Oh, be not mov'd, prince *Troilus*.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a Speaker free, when I am hence,
I'll anſwer to [b] my liſt; and know, my Lord,
I'll nothing do on Charge; to her own worth
She ſhall be priz'd; but that you ſay, be't ſo;
I'll ſpeak it in my ſpirit and honour—no.

Troi. Come—To the Port—I'll tell thee, *Diomede*,
This brave ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head,
Lady, give me your hand——and, as we walk,
To our own ſelves we bend our needful talk.
[*Sound trumpet.*

Par. Hark, *Hector*'s trumpet!

Æne. How have we ſpent this morning?
The Prince muſt think me tardy and remiſs,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus*' fault. Come, come, to field with him.

Dio. Let us make ready ſtrait.

[a] *To ſhame the* SEAL *of my petition tow'rds thee.*
By praiſing her.—] To *ſhame* the *ſeal* of a petition is nonſenſe. *Shakeſpear* wrote,
To ſhame the ZEAL——
and the ſenſe is this: *Grecian*, you uſe me diſcourteouſly; you ſee, I am a *paſſionate* lover, by my petition to you; and therefore you ſhould not ſhame the *zeal* of it, by promiſing to do what I require of you, for the ſake of her *beauty*: when, if you had good manners, or a ſenſe of a *lover*'s delicacy, you would have promiſed to do it, in compaſſion to his *pangs* and *ſufferings*.
WARBURTON.

[b] *—my liſt;*—] This I think is right, though both the old copies read *luſt*.

Let

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's freſh alacrity
t us addreſs to tend on *Hector*'s heels:
ıe glory of our *Troy* doth this day lie
ı his fair worth, and ſingle chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Grecian *Camp.*

ter Ajax *armed*, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, *&c.*

g. HERE art thou in appointment freſh and fair,
Anticipating time with ſtarting courage.
ve with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
ıou dreadful *Ajax*, that th' appalled air
ay pierce the head of the great Combatant,
ıd hale him hither.
Ajax. Thou Trumpet, there's my purſe;
ow crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe:
ow, villain, till thy ſphered [5] bias cheek
ıt-ſwell the cholick of puft *Aquilon:*
ome, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blood:
ıou blow'ſt for *Hector.*
Ulyſ. No trumpet anſwers.
Achil. 'Tis but early day.
Aga. Is not yond' *Diomede* with *Calchas'* daughter?
Ulyſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
e riſes on his toe; that ſpirit of his
aſpiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes, *with* Creſſida.

Aga. Is this the lady *Creſſida?*
Dio. Ev'n ſhe.
Aga. Moſt dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, ſweet lady.
Neſt. Our General doth ſalute you with a kiſs.

[4] *Æneas.*] Theſe four lines are : in the quarto, being proba- added at the reviſion.

[5] ——*bias cheek*] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl.

Ulyſ. Yet is the kindneſs but particular;
'Twere better, ſhe were kiſs'd in general.
Neſt. And very courtly counſel. I'll begin.
So much for *Neſtor.*
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady.
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:
For thus popp'd *Paris* in his hardiment,
[*Stepping between* Men. *and* Creſſ.
And parted, thus, you and your argument.
Ulyſ. O deadly gall, and theme of all our ſcorns,
For which we loſe our heads to gild his horns!
Patr. The firſt was *Menalaus'* kiſs—this mine—
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Men. O, this is trim.
Patr. *Paris* and I kiſs evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiſs, Sir. Lady, by your leave,—
Cre. In kiſſing do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cre. [6] I'll make my match to live.
The kiſs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiſs.———
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cre. You are an odd man, give ev'n, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
Cre. No, *Paris* is not; for you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is ev'n with you.
Men. You fillip me o' th' head.
Cre. No, I'll be ſworn.
Ulyſ. It were no match, your nail againſt his horn.
May I, ſweet lady, beg a kiſs of you?
Cre. You may.
Ulyſ. I do deſire it.

[6] *I'll make my match to live.*] I will make ſuch *bargains* as I may live by, *ſuch as may bring me profit*, therefore will not take a worſe kiſs than I give.

Cre.

Cre. [7] Why, beg then.

Uly∫. Why then, for *Venus'* ſake, give me a kiſs,
When *Helen* is a maid again, and his——

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Uly∫. [8] Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you.

Dio. Lady, a word—I'll bring you to your Father.
[Diomedes *leads out* Creſſida.

Neſt. A woman of quick ſenſe!

Uly∫. Fy, fy, upon her!
There's language in her eyes, her cheek, her lip:
Nay, her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirits look out
At every joint, and [9] motive of her body.
Oh, theſe Encounterers! So glib of tongue,
They give [1] a coaſting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickliſh reader; ſet them down
For [2] ſluttiſh Spoils of Opportunity,
And Daughters of the Game. [*Trumpet within.*

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, *and Attendants.*

All. The *Trojans'* trumpet!

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

[7] *Why, beg then.*] For the ſake of rhime, we ſhould read,
Why, beg two.
If you think kiſſes worth begging, beg more than one.

[8] Uly∫. *Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you.*] I once gave both theſe lines to *Creſſida.* She bids *Ulyſſes* beg a kiſs; he aſks that he may have it.
When Helen *is a maid again,*—
She tells him that then he ſhall have it.
When Helen *is a maid again,*—
Cre. *I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.*
Never's my day, and then a kiſs for you.
But I rather think that *Ulyſſes* means to ſlight her, and that the preſent reading is right.

[9] *—motive of her body:*] *Motive,* for *part that contributes to motion.*

[1] *——a Coaſting——*] An amorous addreſs; courtſhip.

[2] *——ſluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity,*] Corrupt wenches, of whoſe chaſtity every opportunity may make a prey.

Æne.

Æne. Hail, all the State of *Greece!* what ſhall be done
To him that Victory commands? Or do you purpoſe,
A Victor ſhall be known? will you, the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other, or ſhall be divided
By any voice, or order of the field?
Hector bade aſk.

Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Aga. [3] 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deal miſprizing
The Knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Æne. Therefore, *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little
[4] Valour and pride excel themſelves in *Hector*;

The

[3] *'Tis done like* Hector, *but ſecurely done,*] In the ſenſe of the *Latin*, *ſecurus*—*ſecurus admodum de bello, animi ſecuri homo.* A negligent ſecurity ariſing from a contempt of the object oppoſed. WARBURTON.

Agam. *'Tis done like* Hector, *but ſecurely done*;] It ſeems abſurd to me, that *Agamemnon* ſhould make a remark to the diſparagement of *Hector* for pride, and that *Æneas* ſhould immediately ſay, *If not* Achilles, *Sir what is your name?* To *Achilles* I have ventur'd to place it; and conſulting Mr. *Dryden*'s alteration of this play, I was not a little pleas'd to find, that I had but ſeconded the opinion of that Great Man in this point. THEO.

As the old copies agree, I have made no change.

[4] *Valour and pride* EXCELL. *themſelves in* Hector;] It is an high abſurdity to ſay, that any thing can *excell* in the extremity of little; which little too, is as *blank as nothing*. Without doubt *Shakeſpear* wrote.

Valour and pride PARCELL *themſelves in* Hector;

i. e. divide themſelves in *Hector* in ſuch a manner, that the one is almoſt infinite; the other almoſt nothing. For the uſe of this word we may ſee *Richard* III.

—*their wars are* PARCELLED.

WARBURTON.

I would not petulantly object, that

The one almoſt as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;
And that, which looks like pride, is courteſy.
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s blood,
In love whereof, half *Hector* ſtays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, come to ſeek
This blended Knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.

Achil. A maiden-battle then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomedes.

Aga. Here is Sir *Diomede*. Go, gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and Lord *Æneas*
Conſent upon the order of the fight,
So be it; either to the uttermoſt,
Or elſe a breath. The Combatants being kin
Half ſtints their ſtrife before their ſtrokes begin.

Ulyſ. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What *Trojan* is that ſame, that looks ſo heavy?

Ulyſ. The youngeſt ſon of *Priam*, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, ſoon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he ſhews;
Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty;
Nor dignifies [5] an impair thought with breath:

that *excellence* may as well be *little* as *abſurdity* be *high*, but to direct the reader's attention rather to ſenſe than words. *Shakeſpeare*'s thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expreſſion is not his character. The meaning is plain, *Valour*, ſays *Æneas*, *is in* Hector *greater, than valour in other men, and pride in* Hector *is leſs than pride in other men. So that* Hector *is diſtinguiſhed by the excellence of having pride leſs than other pride, and valour more than other valour.*

[5] *—an impair thought—*] A thought unſuitable to the dignity of his character. This word I ſhould have changed to *impure*, were I not over-powered by the unanimity of the editors, and concurrence of the old copies.

Manly

Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous,
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath [6] ſubſcribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
A ſecond hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus ſays *Æneas*, one that knows the youth
Ev'n to his inches; and with private ſoul,
Did in great *Ilion* [7] thus tranſlate him to me.
[*Alarm.* Hector *and* Ajax *fight.*

SCENE IX.

Aga. They are in action.
Neſt. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.
Troi. Hector, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.
Aga. His blows are well diſpos'd.—There, *Ajax.*
[*Trumpets ceaſe.*
Dio. You muſt no more.
Æne. Princes, enough, ſo pleaſe you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As *Hector* pleaſes.
Hect. Why then, will I no more.
Thou art, great Lord, my father's ſiſter's ſon;
A couſin-german to great *Priam*'s ſeed:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were thy commixtion *Greek* and *Trojan* ſo,
That thou could ſay, this hand is *Grecian* all,
And this is *Trojan*; the ſinews of this leg
All *Greek*, and this all *Troy*; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this ſiniſter
Bounds in my father's: by *Jove* multipotent,

[6] —Hector—*ſubſcribes*
To tender objects; —] That is; *yields, gives* way.

[7] —*thus tranſlate him to me.*] Thus *explain his character.*

Thou

Thou ſhouldſt not bear from me a *Greekiſh* member
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our rank feud: But the juſt Gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrow'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred aunt, ſhould by my mortal ſword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax:*
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus.——
Couſin, all honour to thee!——

Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector!*
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man.
I came to kill thee, couſin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. [8] Not *Neoptolemus* ſo mirable,
On whoſe bright creſt, Fame, with her loud'ſt O yes,
Cries,

[8] *Not* Neoptolemus ſo MIRABLE,
(On whoſe bright creſt, Fame, with her loud'ſt O yes,
Cries, this is he;) could promiſe to himſelf, &c.] That is to ſay, *You, an old veteran warrior, threaten to kill me, when not the young ſon of* Achilles *(who is yet to ſerve his apprentiſage in war, under the* Grecian *generals, and on that account called* Νεοπτόλεμος.) *dare himſelf entertain ſuch a thought.* But *Shakeſpear* meant another ſort of man, as is evident from,

On whoſe bright creſt, &c.

Which characteriſes one who goes foremoſt and alone: and can therefore ſuit only *one*, which *one* was *Achilles*; as *Shakeſpear* himſelf has drawn him,

The great Achilles, *whom opinion crowns*
The ſinew *and the* forehand *of our Hoſt.*

And again,

Whoſe glorious deeds but in theſe fields of late
Made em'lous miſſions 'mongſt the Gods themſelves,
And drove great Mars *to faction.*

And indeed the ſenſe and ſpirit of *Hector*'s ſpeech requires that the moſt celebrated of his adverſaries ſhould be picked out to be defied; and this was *Achilles*, with whom *Hector* had his final affair. We muſt conclude then that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Not Neoptolemus's SIRE IRASCIBLE
On whoſe bright creſt——

Iraſcible is an old ſchool term, and is an epithet ſuiting his character, and the circumſtances he was then in.

Impiger, iracundus, *inexorabilis, acer.*

But our editor Mr. *Theobald*, by his *obſcure diligence*, had found out

Cries, *this is he*; could promiſe to himſelf
A thought of added honour torn from *Hector!*

Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will do.

Hect. [9] We'll anſwer it.
The iſſue is embracement. *Ajax*, farewel.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find ſucceſs,
As ſeld I have the chance, I would deſire
My famous couſin to our *Grecian* tents.

Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon*'s wiſh; and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant *Hector.*

Hect. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me,

out that *Wynken de Werde*, in the old chronicle of *The three deſtructions of* Troy, introduces one *Neoptolemus* into the ten years quarrel, a perſon diſtinct from the ſon of *Achilles*, and therefore will have it, that *Shakeſpear* here means no other than the *Neoptolemus* of this worthy chronicler. He was told, to no purpoſe, that this fancy was abſurd. For firſt, *Wynken*'s *Neoptolemus* is a common-rate warrior, and ſo deſcribed as not to fit the character here given. Secondly, It is not to be imagined that the poet ſhould on this occaſion make *Hector* refer to a character not in the play, and never ſo much as mentioned on any other occaſion. Thirdly, *Wynken*'s *Neoptolemus* is a warrior on the *Trojan* ſide, and ſlain by *Achilles*. But *Hector* muſt needs mean by one *who could promiſe a thought of added honour torn from him*, a warrior amongſt his enemies on the *Grecian* ſide.

WARBURTON.

After all this contention it is difficult to imagine that the critick believes *mirable* to have been changed to *iraſcible*. I ſhould ſooner read,

Not Neoptolemus *th' admirable*;

as I know not whether *mirable* can be found in any other place.

The correction which the learned commentator gave to *Hanmer*,

Not Neoptolemus' ſire *ſo mirable*,

as it was modeſter than this, was preferable to it. But nothing is more remote from juſtneſs of ſentiment, than for *Hector* to characteriſe *Achilles* as the father of *Neoptolemus*, a youth that had not yet appeared in arms, and whoſe name was therefore much leſs known than his father's. My opinion is, that by *Neoptolemus* the authour meant *Achilles* himſelf, and remembring that the ſon was *Pyrrhus Neoptolemus*, conſidered *Neoptolemus* as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewiſe *Achilles Neoptolemus*.

9 *We'll anſwer it.*] That is, anſwer the *expectance*.

And

nd ſignify this loving interview
'o the expectors of our *Trojan* part;
eſire them home. Give me thy hand, my Couſin,
will go eat with thee, and ſee your Knights.

gamemnon *and the reſt of the* Greeks *come forward.*

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthieſt of them tell me, name by name;
ut for *Achilles*, mine own ſearching eyes
ıall find him by his large and portly ſize.
Aga. [1] Worthy of arms! as welcome, as to one
'hat would be rid of ſuch an enemy;
ut that's no welcome: Underſtand more clear
/hat's paſt and what's to come is ſtrew'd with huſks
nd formleſs ruin of Oblivion,
ut in this extant moment, faith and troth,
:rain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
ids thee with moſt divine integrity,
rom heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, moſt imperious *Agamemnon.*
Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no leſs to you.
[*To* Troilus.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's Greeting.
ou brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom muſt we anſwer?
Æne. The noble *Menelaus.*
Hect. O—you, my Lord—by *Mars* his gauntlet, thanks.
Mock not that I affect th' untraded oath;
our *quondam* wife ſwears ſtill by *Venus'* glove;
ıe's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, Sir, ſhe's a deadly theme.

[1] *Worthy of arms!*—] Folio. *Worthy* all *arms!*—— ıarto. The quarto has only the o firſt and the laſt line of this ıtation; the intermediate verſes ſeem added on a reviſion.

[2] *Mock not*, &c.] The quarto has here a ſtrange corruption, *Mock not* thy affect, *the untraded earth.*

Hect. O, pardon——I offend.

Neſt. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, ſeen thee oft,
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekiſh* youth; and I have ſeen thee,
As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpur thy *Phrygian* ſteed,
[3] And ſeen thee ſcorning forfeits and ſubduments,
When thou haſt hung thy advanc'd ſword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd:
That I have ſaid unto my ſtanders-by,
Lo, *Jupiter* is yonder, dealing life!
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a Ring of *Greeks* have hemm'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wreſtling. This I've ſeen:
But this thy countenance, ſtill lock'd in ſteel,
I never ſaw 'till now. I knew thy Grandſire,
And once fought with him; he was a ſoldier good;
But by great *Mars*, the Captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor*.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Moſt reverend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſp thee.

Neſt. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
[4] As they contend with thee in courteſy.

Hect. I would, they could.

Neſt. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee tomorrow.
Well, welcome, welcome; I have ſeen the time——

Ulyſ. I wonder now how yonder city ſtands,
When we have here the baſe and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord *Ulyſſes*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since firſt I ſaw yourſelf and *Diomede*

[3] *And ſeen thee ſcorning forfeits*—], Folio. The quarto has, —deſpiſing many *forfeits*——

[4] This line is not in the quarto.

In

In *Ilion*, on your *Greekiſh* embaſſy.
Ulyſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue;
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds,
Muſt kiſs their own feet.
Hect. I muſt not believe you;
There they ſtand yet; and, modeſtly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* ſtone will coſt
A drop of *Grecian* blood; the end crowns all;
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
Ulyſ. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the General, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my Tent.
Achil. I ſhall foreſtal thee, Lord *Ulyſſes*;—thou!
Now, *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this *Achilles?*
Achil. I am *Achilles.*
Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee. Let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of ſport thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me, than thou underſtandſt.
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make diſtinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great ſpirit flew. Anſwer me, heav'ns!
Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſt Gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion. Stand again.

Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me ſo,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that ſtithied *Mars* his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wiſeſt *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I never———

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, couſin;
And you, *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone,
'Till accident or purpoſe bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of *Hector*,
If you have ſtomach. The general State, I fear,
Can ſcarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the fields:
We have had pelting wars ſince you refus'd
The *Grecians'* cauſe.

Achil. Doſt thou intreat me, *Hector?*
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. Firſt, all you Peers of *Greece*, go to my Tent,
There in the full convive we; afterwards,
As *Hector's* leiſure and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him.
[5] Beat loud the tabourins; let the trumpets blow;
That this great ſoldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt.*

[5] *Beat loud the tabourins.*—] For this the quarto and the latter editions have,

To taſte your bounties.———

The reading which I have given from the folio ſeems choſen at the reviſion, to avoid the repetition of the word *bounties*.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Manent Troilus *and* Ulyſſes.

Troi. My Lord *Ulyſſes*, tell me, I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?
Ulyſ. At *Menelaus'* Tent, moſt princely *Troilus*;
There *Diomede* doth feaſt with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair *Creſſid.*
Troi. Shall I, ſweet Lord, be bound to thee ſo much,
After you part from *Agamemnon*'s Tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyſ. You ſhall command me, Sir.
As gently tell me, of what honour was
This *Creſſida* in *Troy*; had ſhe no lover there,
That wails her abſence?
Troi. O Sir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my Lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and doth;
But, ſtill, ſweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Achilles's *Tent, in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

ACHILLES.

I'LL heat his blood with *Greekiſh* wine to-night,
Which with my ſcimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feaſt him to the height.
Patr. Here comes *Therſites.*

Enter Therſites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
[6] Thou cruſty batch of Nature, what's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, and idol of idiot-worſhippers, here's a letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, fragment?
Ther. Why, thou full diſh of fool, from *Troy.*
Pat. Who keeps the tent now?
Ther. [7] The ſurgeon's box, or the patient's wound.
Patr. Well ſaid, adverſity; and what needs theſe tricks?
Ther. Pr'ythee, be ſilent, boy, I profit not by thy talk. Thou art thought to be *Achilles*'s male-varlet.
Patr. [8] Male-varlet, you rogue? what's that?

[6] *Thou cruſty batch of Nature,*—] *Batch* is changed by *Theobald* to *botch*, and the change is juſtified by a pompous note, which diſcovers that he did not know the word *batch*. What is more ſtrange, *Hanmer* has followed him. *Batch* is any thing *baked.*

[7] *The ſurgeon's box,*] In this anſwer *Therſites* only quibbles upon the word *tent.* HANMER.

[8] *Male-varlet,*] *Hanmer* reads *male-harlot*, plauſibly enough, except that it ſeems too plain to require the explanation which *Patroclus* demands.

Ther.

Ther. Why, his maſculine whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the ſouth, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i'th' back, letharges, [9] cold palſies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impoſthume, ſciatica's, lime-kilns i' th' palme, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-ſimple of the tetter, take and take again ſuch prepoſterous diſcoveries.

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meaneſt thou to curſe thus?

Ther. Do I curſe thee?

Patr. Why, no, [1] you ruinous butt, you whoreſon indiſtinguiſhable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exaſperate, [2] thou idle immaterial ſkein of ſley'd ſilk, thou green ſarcenet flap for a ſore eye, thou taffel of a prodigal's purſe, thou. Ah, how the poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water flies, diminutives of Nature.

Patr. [3] Out, gall!

Ther. [4] Finch egg!

Achil. My ſweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to-morrow's battle.

[9] *cold palſies,*] This catalogue of loathſome maladies ends in the folio at *cold palſies*. This paſſage, as it ſtands, is in the quarto; the retrenchment was in my opinion judicious.

It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by *Milton* in the ſecond edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargement of the enumeration of diſeaſes.

[1] *you ruinous,* &c.] *Patroclus* reproaches *Therſites* with deformity, with having one part crowded into another.

[2] *thou idle immaterial ſkein of ſley'd ſilk,*] All the terms uſed by *Therſites* of *Patroclus*, are emblematically expreſſive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiouſneſs.

[3] *Out, gall!*] *Hanmer* reads *Nut-gall*, which anſwers well enough to *finch-egg*; it has already appeared, that our Authour thought the *nut-gall* the bitter gall. He is called *nut*, from the conglobation of his form; but both the copies read, *Out, gall!*

[4] *Finch-egg!*] Of this reproach I do not know the exact meaning. I ſuppoſe he means to call him *finging bird*, as implying an uſeleſs favourite, and yet more, ſomething more worthleſs, a ſinging bird in the egg, or generally, a ſlight thing eaſily cruſhed.

Here is a letter from Queen *Hecuba*,
[5] A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it;
Fall *Greeks*, fail fame, honour, or go, or ſtay,
My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.
Come, come, *Therſites*, help to trim my tent,
This night in banquetting muſt all be ſpent.
Away, *Patroclus*. [*Exeunt.*

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he hath not ſo much brain as ear-wax; [6] and the goodly transformation of *Jupiter* there, his brother, the bull, the primitive ſtatue,

[5] *A token from her daughter, &c.*] This is a circumſtance taken from the ſtory book of the three deſtructions of *Troy*.

OXFORD EDITOR.

[6] *And the goodly transformation of* Jupiter *there, his brother, the bull, the primitive ſtatue, and* OBLIQUE *memorial of cuckolds*;] He calls *Menelaus the transformation of* Jupiter, that is, as himſelf explains it, the *bull*, on account of his *horns*, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the *primitive ſtatue of cuckolds*; *i. e.* his ſtory had made him ſo famous, that he ſtood as the great archetype of this character. But how was he an *oblique memorial of cuckolds*? can any thing be a more *direct* memorial of cuckolds, than a cuckold? and ſo the foregoing character of his being the *primitive ſtatue* of them plainly implies. To reconcile theſe two contradictory epithets therefore we ſhould read,

——*and* OBELISQUE *memorial of cuckolds.*

He is repreſented as one who would remain an eternal monument of his wife's infidelity. And how could this be better done than by calling him an *obeliſque memorial*? of all human edifices the moſt durable. And the ſentence riſes gradually, and properly from a *ſtatue* to an *obeliſque*. To this the editor Mr. *Theobald* replies, that *the bull is called the primitive ſtatue:* by which he only giveth us to underſtand, that he knoweth not the difference between the *Engliſh* articles *a* and *the*. But by the *bull* is meant *Menelaus*; which title *Therſites* gives him again afterwards——*The cuckold and the cuckold-*

tue, and obeliſque memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty ſhooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to what form, but that he is, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice [7] forced with wit, turn him? To an aſs were nothing, he is both aſs and ox. To an ox were nothing, he is both ox and aſs. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizzard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be a *Menelaus*——I would conſpire againſt Deſtiny. Aſk me not what I would be, if I were not *Therſites*; for I care not, to be the louſe of a lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*.

Hey-day, [8] ſpirits and fires!

SCENE II.

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, *and* Diomedes, *with lights.*

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; there, where we ſee the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyſ. Here comes himſelf to guide you.

Achil. Welcome, brave *Hector*. Welcome, Princes all.

Aga. So, now fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid good night. *Ajax* commands the Guard to tend on you.

cuckold-maker are at it——THE BULL *has the game*——But the *Oxford Editor* makes quicker work with the term *obique*, and alters it to *antique*, and ſo all the difficulty's evaded. WARB.

[7] *forced with wit,*] Stuffed with wit. A term of cookery.

In this ſpeech I do not well underſtand what is meant by *loving quails.*

[8] ——*ſpirits and fires!*] This *Therſites* ſpeaks upon the firſt ſight of the diſtant lights.

Hect.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the *Greeks'* General.

Men. Good night, my Lord.

Hect. Good night, ſweet Lord *Menelaus.*

Ther. Sweet drought. Sweet, quoth a. Sweet ſink. Sweet ſewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to thoſe
That go or tarry.

Aga. Good night.

Achil. Old *Neſtor* tarries, and you too, *Diomedes,*
Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, Lord, I have important buſineſs,
The tide whereof is now. Good night, great *Hector.*

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyſ. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas'* tent.
I'll keep you company. [*To* Troilus.

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And ſo, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [*Exeunt.*

Ther. That ſame *Diomede's* a falſe-hearted rogue, a moſt unjuſt knave. I will no more truſt him when he leers, than I will a ſerpent when he hiſſes. He will ſpend his mouth and promiſe, like *Brabler* the hound; but when he performs, aſtronomers foretel it; it is prodigious, there will come ſome change; the Sun borrows of the Moon, when *Diomede* keeps his word. I will rather leave to ſee *Hector,* than not dog him; they ſay, he keeps a *Trojan* drab, and uſes the traitor *Calchas* his tent. I'll after—Nothing but letchery; all incontinent varlets. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Changes to Calchas's *Tent.*

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. WHAT are you up here? ho? ſpeak.
Cal. Who calls?
Dio. Diomed.——*Calchas* I think. Where is your daughter?
Cal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus *and* Ulyſſes, [*undiſcovered by* Diomede,] *after them* Therſites, [*unſeen by* Troilus *and* Ulyſſes.]

Ulyſ. Stand where the torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſida.

Troi. Creſſid come forth to him?
Dio. How now, my charge?
Cre. Now, my ſweet guardian? Hark, a word with you. [*Whiſpers.*
Troi. Yea, ſo familiar?
Ulyſ. She will ſing any man at firſt ſight.
Ther. And any man may ſing her, if he can take her cliff.[9] She's noted.
Dio. Will you remember?
Cre. Remember? yes.
Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.
Troi. What ſhould ſhe remember?
Ulyſ. Liſt.——
Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery——
Dio. Nay, then,——
Cre. I'll tell you what.

9 *her cliff.*] That is, her *key*. *Clef*, French.

Dio.

Dio. Pho! pho! Come. Tell a pin. You are forſworn——

Cre. In faith, I can't. What would you have me do?

Ther. A jugling trick, to be ſecretly open.

Dio. What did you ſwear you would beſtow on me?

Cre. I pry'thee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet *Greek.*

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience.

Ulyſ. How now, *Trojan?*

Cre. Diomede.——

Dio. No, no, good night. I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better muſt.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague, and madneſs!

Ulyſ. You are mov'd, Prince. Let us depart, I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge itſelf
To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;
The time right deadly. I beſeech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you——

Ulyſ. Good my Lord, go off.
You flew to great diſtraction. Come, my Lord.

Troi. I pry'thee, ſtay.

Ulyſ. You have not patience. Come.

Troi. I pray you, ſtay. By hell, and by hell's torments,
I will not ſpeak a word.

Dio. And ſo, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger?

Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

Ulyſ. Why, how now, Lord?

[1] *You flew to great diſtraction.*—] So the moderns. The folio has, *You* flow *to great* diſtruction— The quarto, *You* flow *to great* deſtruction.— I read, *You* ſhow too *great diſtraction.*

Troi.

Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.
Cre. Guardian. Why, *Greek.*
Dio. Pho, pho, adieu! You palter.
Cre. In faith, I do not. Come hither once again.
Ulyſ. You ſhake, my Lord, at ſomething. Will you go?
You will break out.
Troi. She ſtrokes his cheek.
Ulyſ. Come, come.
Troi. Nay, ſtay. By *Jove*, I will not ſpeak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience. Stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potatoe finger tickles theſe together! Fry, letchery, fry!
Dio. But will you then?
Cre. In faith, I will, lo; never truſt me elſe.
Dio. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Cre. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyſ. You have ſworn patience.
Troi. Fear me not, ſweet Lord.
I will not be myſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel. I am all patience.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Creſſida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.
Cre. Here, *Diomede*, keep this ſleeve.
Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?
Ulyſ. My Lord,——
Troi. I will be patient. Outwardly, I will.
Cre. You look upon that ſleeve. Behold it well.—
He lov'd me.—O falſe wench!—Giv't me again.
Dio. Whoſe was't?
Cre. It is no matter, now I hav't again.

I will

I will not meet with you to-morrow night.
I pry'thee, *Diomede*, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens. Well said, whetstone.
Dio. I shall have it.
Cre. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cre. O, all ye gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge;
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it:
[a] As I kiss thee.—— [Diomede *snatches the sleeve.*
Nay, do not snatch it from me:
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Troi. I did swear patience.
Cre. You shall not have it, *Diomede*; faith, you shall not,
I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this. Whose was it?
Cre. 'Tis no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was?
Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cre. [b] By all *Diana*'s waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.
Troi. Wert thou the Devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

[a] In old editions.
As I kiss thee.
Dio. *Nay, do not snatch it from me:*
Cre. *He that takes that, must take my heart withal.*
Dr. *Thirlby* thinks this should be all plac'd to *Cressida*. She had the sleeve, and was kissing it rapturously: and *Diomede* snatches it back from her.
THEOBALD.

[b] *By all* Diana's *waiting women yonder,*] *i. e.* the stars which she points to.
WARBURTON.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt; and yet it is not.
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewel.
Thou never ſhalt mock *Diomede* again.
Cre. You ſhall not go.—One cannot ſpeak a word,
But it ſtraight ſtarts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by *Pluto.* But that that likes not you,
pleaſes me beſt.
Dio. What, ſhall I come? The hour?
Cre. Ay, come:——O *Jove!*——Do. Come.—
I ſhall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewel 'till then. [*Exit.*
Cre. Good night. I pry'thee, come.
Troilus, farewel; one eye yet looks on thee,
[4] But with my heart the other eye doth ſee.——
Ah, poor our ſex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, muſt err; O then conclude,
Minds ſway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Ther. [5] A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more;
Unleſs ſhe ſay, my mind is now turn'd whore.
Ulyſ. All's done, my Lord.
Troi. It is.
Ulyſ. Why ſtay we then?
Troi. To make a recordation to my ſoul,
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke.
But if I tell how theſe two did co-act,
Shall I not lye in publiſhing a truth?

[4] *But with my heart*, &c.] I think it ſhould be read thus,
But my heart with *the other eye doth ſee.*

[5] *A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more*;] She could not publiſh a ſtronger proof.

Sith

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
[6] That doth invert th' atteſt of eyes and ears;
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was *Creſſid* here?

Ulyſ. [7] I cannot conjure, *Trojan.*

Troi. She was not, ſure.

Ulyſ. Moſt ſure, ſhe was.

Troi. Why my negation hath no taſte of madneſs.

Ulyſ. Nor mine, my Lord. *Creſſid* was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd, for woman-hood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To ſtubborn critics, apt, without a theme
For depravation, to ſquare the general ſex
By *Creſſid*'s rule. Rather think this not *Creſſid.*

Ulyſ. What hath ſhe done, Prince, that can ſoil our mothers?

Troi. Nothing at all, unleſs that this was ſhe.

Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelf out of his own eyes?

Troi. This ſhe? no, this is *Diomedes*'s *Creſſida.*
If beauty have a ſoul, this is not ſhe:
If ſouls guide vows; if vows be ſanctimony,
If ſanctimony be the God's delight,
[8] If there be rule in unity itſelf,
This is not ſhe. O madneſs of diſcourſe!

That

[6] *That doth invert that* teſt *of eyes and ears.*] *What* teſt? *Troilus* had been particularizing none in his foregoing words, to govern or require the *relative* here. I rather think, the words are to be thus ſplit;

That doth invert th' atteſt *of eyes and ears.*

i. e. That turns the very teſtimony of ſeeing and hearing againſt themſelves. THEOBALD.

This is the reading of the quarto.

[7] *I cannot conjure* Trojan.] That is, I cannot raiſe ſpirits in the form of *Creſſida.*

[8] *If there be rule in unity itſelf.*] I do not well underſtand what is meant by *rule in unity.* By *rule* our authour, in this place as in others, intends

virtuous

That cauſe ſet'ſt up with and againſt thyſelf!
[2] Bi-fold authority! [3] where reaſon can revolt
Without perdition, and loſs aſſume all reaſon
Without revolt. This is, and is not, *Creſſid.*
Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate
Divides far wider than the ſky and earth;
And yet the ſpacious breadth of this diviſion
Admits no orifice for a point, as ſubtle
As ſlight *Arachne*'s broken woof to enter.
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as *Pluto*'s gates!
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'ns;
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as heav'n itſelf!
The bonds of heav'n are ſlip'd, diſſolv'd and loos'd:
And with another [4] knot five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

virtuous reſtraint, regularity of manners, command of paſſions and appetites. In *Macbeth*,

He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe,
Within the belt of rule.

But I know not how to apply the word in this ſenſe to *unity*. I read,

If there be rule in purity *itſelf,*
Or,
If there be rule in verity *itſelf.*

Such alterations would not offend the reader, who ſaw the ſtate of the old editions, in which, for inſtance, a few lines lower, *the Almighty Sun* is called *the Almighty Fenne.*

Yet the words may at laſt mean, *If there be* certainty *in* unity, *if it be a* rule *that* one is one.

[2] *Bi-fold authority!*——] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio gives us,

By foul *authority!*——

There is *modeſt* in that *diſquiſition* in which a man reaſons at once *for* and *againſt himſelf upon authority* which he knows *not to be valid.* The quarto is right.

[3] —*where reaſon can revolt*
Without perdition, and loſs aſſume all reaſon
Without revolt.——] A miſerable expreſſion of a quaint thought, *That to be unreaſonable in love is reaſonable; and to be reaſonable, unreaſonable. Perdition* and *loſs* are both uſed in the very ſame ſenſe, and that an odd one, to ſignify *unreaſonableneſs.*

WARBURTON.

The words *loſs* and *perdition* are uſed in their common ſenſe, but they mean the *loſs* or *perdition* of *reaſon.*

[4] —*knot five-finger-tied,*] A knot tied by giving her hand to *Diomede.*

The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſy reliques,
Of her [5] o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomede*.
Ulyſ. [6] May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſs?
Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that ſhall be divulged well
In characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*. Ne'er did young man fancy
With ſo eternal, and ſo fix'd a ſoul.
Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Creſſid* love,
So much by weight hate I her *Diomede*.
That ſleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm;
Were it a caſk compos'd by *Vulcan*'s ſkill,
My ſword ſhould bite it; not the dreadful ſpout,
Which ſhip-men do the hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſs by the almighty Sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune*'s ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted ſword
Falling on *Diomede*.
Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.
Troi. O *Creſſid!* O falſe *Creſſid!* falſe, falſe, falſe!
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'll ſeem glorious.
Ulyſ. O, contain yourſelf;
Your paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my Lord,
Hector, by this, is arming him in *Troy*.
Ajax, your guard, ſtays to conduct you home.
Troi. Have with you, Prince. My courteous Lord, adieu.
Farewel, revolted Fair. And, *Diomede*,

[5] *O'er eaten faith*,—] Vows which ſhe has already ſwallowed *once over*. We ſtill ſay of a faithleſs man, that he has *eaten his words*.

[6] *May worthy* Troilus—] Can *Troilus* really feel on this occaſion half of what he utters? A queſtion ſuitable to the calm *Ulyſſes*.

Stand

Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle on thy head!

Ulyſ. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept diſtracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* Troilus, Æneas, *and* Ulyſſes.

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue *Diomede*, I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore; the parrot will do no more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Letchery, letchery, ſtill wars and letchery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Palace of Troy.

Enter Hector *and* Andromache.

And. WHEN was my Lord ſo much ungently temper'd
To ſtop his ears againſt admoniſhment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to day.

Hect. You train me to offend you. Get you gone.
By all the everlaſting Gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, ſure, prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I ſay.

Enter Caſſandra.

Caſ. Where is my brother *Hector?*

And. Here, ſiſter; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Conſort with me in loud and dear petition;
Purſue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence and this whole night
Hath nothing been but ſhapes and forms of ſlaughter.

Caſ. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet ſound.

Caſ. No notes of ſally for the heav'ns, ſweet brother.

Hect. Be gone, I ſay: the Gods have heard me ſwear.

Caſ. The Gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted livers in the ſacrifice.

And. O! be perſuaded, do not count it holy
To hurt by being juſt; it were as lawful
[7] For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Caſ. [8] It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vow;
But vows to every purpoſe muſt not hold.
Unarm, ſweet *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you ſtill, I ſay.
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the [9] dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man; mean'ſt thou to fight today?

And. *Caſſandra*, call my father to perſuade.
[*Exit* Caſſandra.

Hect. No, 'faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harneſs, youth;

[7] *For us to count*—] This is ſo oddly confuſed in the folio, that I tranſcribe it as a ſpecimen of incorrectneſs,

——*Do not count it holy,*
To hurt by being juſt; it were
as lawful
For we would count give much
to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

[8] *It is the purpoſe*——] The mad Propheteſs ſpeaks here with all the coolneſs and judgment of a ſkilful caſuiſt. *The eſſence of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpoſe, and the vow of which the end is wrong muſt not be regarded as cogent.*

[9] —*dear man*] *Valuable* man. The modern editions read,

——brave *man.*

The repetition of the word is in our authour's manner.

I am

I am to-day i' th' vein of chivalry.
Let grow thy ſinews till their knots be ſtrong,
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the war.
Unarm thee; go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll ſtand, to-day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
[1] Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect. What vice is that? good *Troilus*, chide me for it.

Troi. [2] When many times the captive *Grecians* fall,
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fool's play, by Heaven, *Hector*.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armour buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fy, ſavage, fy!

Troi. *Hector*, thus 'tis in wars.

Hect. *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who ſhould with-hold me?
No fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;

[1] *Which better fits a lion,*—] The traditions and ſtories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generoſity. Upon the ſuppoſition that theſe acts of clemency were true, *Troilus* reaſons not improperly, that to ſpare againſt reaſon, by mere inſtinct of pity, became rather a generous beaſt than a wiſe man.

[2] *When many times the* CAPTIVE Grecians *fall,*] This reading ſuppoſes *Hector* inſulting over his *captives*, which is not *Troilus*'s meaning: who is here ſpeaking of *Hector*'s actions in the field. Without doubt *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

When many times the caitiff Grecians *fall,*

i. e. daſtardly *Grecians*; a character natural for the ſpeaker to give them, and juſtified by his account of them. WARBURTON.

I ſee no hint of inſult in the preſent reading.

Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled [1] with recourſe of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true ſword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,
But by my ruin.

SCENE VII.

Enter Priam *and* Caſſandra.

Caſ. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him faſt,
He is thy crutch; now if thou loſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.
Priam. Come, *Hector*, come, go back;
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I myſelf
Am, like a prophet, ſuddenly enrapt
To tell thee, that this day is ominous.
Therefore come back.
Hect. *Æneas* is a-field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Priam. But thou ſhalt not go.
Hect. I muſt not break my faith.
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam*.
Caſ. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. *Andromache*, I am offended with you.

[1] ——*with* recourſe *of tears*;] *i. e.* tears that continue to courſe one another down the face. WARBURTON.

Upon

Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit* Andromache.

Troi. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girl
Makes all theſe bodements.

Caſ. O farewel, dear *Hector*,
Look, how thou dy'ſt; look, how thy eyes turn pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poor *Andromache* ſhrills her dolour forth!
Behold, diſtraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witleſs anticks, one another meet,
And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector*'s dead! O *Hector!*

Troi. Away!——Away!——

Caſ. Farewel. Yes. Soft. *Hector*, I take my leave;
Thou do'ſt thyſelf and all our *Troy* deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim.
Go in and cheer the town; we'll forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praiſe, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel. The Gods with ſafety ſtand about thee. [*Alarm.*

Troi. They're at it; hark. Proud *Diomede*, believe——
I come to loſe my arm, or win my ſleeve.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my Lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreſon ptiſick, a whoreſon raſcally ptiſick ſo troubles me; and the fooliſh fortune of this girl, and what one thing and what another, that I ſhall leave you one o' theſe days; and I have a rheum in mine

eyes too, and ſuch an ach in my bones that unleſs a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to think on't. What ſays ſhe, there?

Troi. Words, words, mere words; no matter from the heart.
Th' effect doth operate another way.
[*Tearing the letter.*
Go, wind to wind; there turn and change together.
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you———

Troi. [4] Hence, broker lacquey! ignominy and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to the Field between Troy *and the Camp.*

[*Alarm.*] *Enter* Therſites.

Ther. NOW they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on. That diſſembling abominable varlet, *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcurvy, doating, fooliſh young knave's ſleeve of *Troy*, there, in his helm; I would fain ſee them meet; that, that

[4] *Hence, brothel, lacquey!*—] In this, and the repetition of it, towards the cloſe of the play, *Troilus* is made abſurdly to call *Pandarus*——*bawdy-houſe*; for *brothel* ſignifies nothing elſe that I know of; but he meant to call him an attendant on a bawdy-houſe, a meſſenger of obſcene errands: a ſenſe which I have retriev'd only by clapping an *hyphen* betwixt the two words.

THEOBALD.

I have retained the note, but believe the emendation wholly unneceſſary. For *brothel*, the folio reads *brother*, erroneouſly for *broker*, as it ſtands at the end of the play where the lines are repeated. Of *brother* the following editors made *brothel*.

ſame

ſame young *Trojan* aſs, that loves the whore there, might ſend that *Greekiſh* whore-maſterly villain with the ſleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious drab, on a ſleeveleſs errand. [5] O th' other ſide, the policy of thoſe crafty ſwearing raſcals, that ſtale old mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe *Neſtor*, and that ſame dog-fox *Ulyſſes*, is not prov'd worth a black-berry.——They ſet me up in policy that mungril cur *Ajax*, againſt that dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the *Grecians* begin [6] to proclaim barbariſm, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomedes *and* Troilus.

Soft——here comes ſleeve, and t'other.

Troi. Fly not; for ſhouldſt thou take the river *Styx*,
I would ſwim after.

Dio. Thou doſt miſcall Retire.
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
Have at thee! [*They go off, fighting.*

Ther. Hold thy whore, *Grecian*. Now for thy whore, *Trojan*. Now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve!

[5] *O' th' other ſide, the policy of thoſe crafty* ſwearing *raſcals*, &c.] But in what ſenſe are *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes* accus'd of being *ſwearing* raſcals? What, or to whom, did they ſwear? I am poſitive, that *ſneering* is the true reading. They had collogued with *Ajax*, and trim'd him up with inſincere praiſes, only in order to have ſtir'd *Achilles*'s emulation. In this, they were the true ſneerers; betraying the firſt, to gain their ends on the latter by that artifice. THEOBALD.

[6] *to proclaim barbariſm.*] To ſet up the authority of ignorance to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek!* art thou for *Hector's* match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no. I am a raſcal; a ſcurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee. Live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God a' mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightning me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have ſwallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a ſort, letchery eats itſelf. I'll ſeek them. [*Exit.*

Enter Diomedes *and Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my ſervant, take thou *Troilus'* horſe,
Preſent the fair Steed to my lady *Creſſid:*
Fellow, commend my ſervice to her beauty:
Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amorous *Trojan,*
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my Lord.

SCENE XI.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew. The fierce *Polydamas*
Hath beat down *Menon*; [7] baſtard *Margarelon*

[7] ——*baſtard* Margarelon] The introducing a baſtard ſon of *Priam*, under the name of *Margarelon*, is one of the circumſtances taken from the ſtory book of *The three deſtructions of* Troy. THEOBALD.

Hath

Hath *Doreus* priſoner,
And ſtands *Coloſſus* wiſe, waving his beam
Upon the paſhed coarſes of the Kings,
Epiſtropus and *Odius*. *Polyxenus* is ſlain;
Amphimachus and *Thoas* deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or ſlain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruis'd; [8] the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers. Haſte we, *Diomede*,
To reinforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Go, bear *Patroclus'* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the ſnail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for ſhame,
There are a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now, here he fights [9] on *Galathe* his horſe,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or die, like ſcaled ſhoals
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there [1] the ſtrawy *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath;
Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite
That what he will, he does; and does ſo much,
That proof is call'd impoſſibility.

[8] ——*the dreadful* Sagittary
Appals our numbers:—] "Be-
"yonde the Royalme of Ama-
"ſonne came an auncyent
"Kynge, wyſe and dyſcreete,
"named *Epyſtrophus*, and brought
"a M. Knyghtes, and a mer-
"vaylouſe Beſte that was cal-
"led SAGITTARYE, that be-
"hynde the myddes was an
"horſe, and to fore, a Man:
"This Beſte was heery lyke an
"horſe, and had his Eyen rede
"as a Cole, and ſhotte well with
"a bowe: *This Beſte made the*
"*Grekes ſore aferde, and ſlewe*
"*many of them with his Bowe.*"
The three Deſtructions of Troy, printed by *Caxton*.
Mr. THEOBALD.

[9] ——*on* Galathe *his horſe*,] From the ſame book is taken this name given to *Hector*'s horſe.
Mr. THEOBALD.

[1] —*the ſtrawy* Greeks,—] In the folio it is,
—*the* ſtraying Greeks.

Enter Ulyſſes.

Ulyſ. Oh, courage, courage, Princes; great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drouſy blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hackt and chipt, come to him,
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* has loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth; and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring from *Troilus*, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantaſtick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck in very ſpite of cunning
Bad him win all.

SCENE XII.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus?* [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector?*
Come, come, thou boy-queller, ſhew me thy face:
Know, what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.
Hector! Where's *Hector?* I will none but *Hector.*
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, ſhew thy head!

Re-enter

Re-enter Diomedes.

Dio. *Troilus*, I ſay, where's *Troilus*?
Ajax. What wouldſt thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the General, thou ſhouldſt have my Office,
Ere that correction. *Troilus*, I ſay, what! *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh, traitor *Diomede!* turn thy falſe face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life, thou oweſt me for my horſe.
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: ſtand, *Diomede.*
Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.
Troi. Come both, [2] you cogging *Greeks*, have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus*? O well fought! my youngeſt brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I ſee thee; have at thee, *Hector.*
Hect. Pauſe, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*
Achil. I do diſdain thy courteſy, proud *Trojan.*
Be happy that my arms are out of uſe,
My reſt and Negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again:
Till when, go ſeek thy fortune.
Hect. Fare thee well;
I would have been much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

[2] —*you cogging* Greeks,—] This epithem has no particular propriety in this place, but the author had heard of *Græcia Mendax.*

Enter

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Ajax* hath ta'en *Æneas*. Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,
He ſhall not carry him. I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I ſay;
I reck not, though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter One in armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou *Greek*, thou art a goodly mark:
Now? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
[3] I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be maſter of it. Wilt thou not, beaſt, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*.
Mark what I ſay. Attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a ſtroke, but keep yourſelves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my Proceeding eye:
It is decreed, *Hector* the great muſt die. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *I'll frush it,*—] The word not underſtand is *Hanmer* explains it, to *break* or *bruiſe*. *frush* I never found elſewhere,

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

Enter Therſites, Menelaus *and* Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now bull, now dog. 'Loo, *Paris*, 'loo. My double-hen'd ſparrow. 'Loo, *Paris*, 'loo. The bull has the game; 'ware horns, ho.

[*Exeunt* Paris *and* Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turn, ſlave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Baſt. A baſtard ſon of *Priam*'s.

Ther. I am a baſtard too, I love baſtards. I am a baſtard begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in mind, baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One Bear will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? Take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us: If the ſon of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewel, baſtard.

Baſt. The devil take thee, coward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified core, ſo fair without!——
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath:
Reſt, ſword, thou haſt thy fill of blood and death.

[*He puts up his ſword.*

Enter

Enter Achilles *and his* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, how the ſun begins to ſet,
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels;
[4] Ev'n with the vail and darkning of the Sun,
To cloſe the day up, *Hector*'s life is done.
Hect. I am unarm'd. Forego this vantage, *Greek.*
Achil. [5] Strike, fellows, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeek.
[*They fall upon* Hector, *and kill him.*
So, *Ilion*, fall thou next. Now, *Troy*, ſink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy ſinews and thy bone.
On, *Myrmidons*, and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlain.
Hark, a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.
Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets ſound the like, my Lord.
Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erſpreads the earth;
And, ſtickler-like, the armies ſeparates.
My half-ſupt ſword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tie his body to my horſe's tail:
Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail. [*Exeunt.*
[*Sound retreat. Shout.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomedes, *and the reſt marching.*

Aga. Hark, hark, what ſhout is that?
Neſt. Peace, drums.
Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's ſlain! *Achilles!*

[4] *Ev'n with the vail*—] The *vail* is, I think, the *ſinking* of the ſun; not *veil* or *cover.*

[5] *Strike fellows, ſtrike,*——] This particular of *Achilles* overpowering *Hector* by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old ſtory-book. OXFORD EDITOR.

Dio. The bruit is, *Hector*'s ſlain, and by *Achilles.*
Ajax. If it is ſo, yet bragleſs let it be:
Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.
Aga. March haſtily along; let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee us at our Tent.
If in his death the Gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our ſharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XV.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor *and* Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we maſters of the field;
Never go home, here ſtarve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Hector is ſlain.
All. Hector!——the Gods forbid!
Troi. He's dead, and at the murderer's horſe's tail
In beaſtly ſort dragg'd through the ſhameful field.
Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with ſpeed;
Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and ſmile at *Troy!*
I ſay, at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.
Æne. My Lord, you do diſcomfort all the Hoſt.
Troi. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and men
Addreſs their dangers in. *Hector* is gone!
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo? or *Hecuba?*
Let him that will a ſcrietch owl ay be call'd,
Go into *Troy*, and ſay there, *Hector*'s dead:
There is a word will *Priam* turn to ſtone;
Make wells and *Niobes* of the maids and wives;
Cold ſtatues of the youth; and, in a word,

[a] This line is in the quarto given to *Troilus.*

Scare *Troy* out of itſelf. But march away,
Hector is dead; there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet.——You vile abominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains,
Let *Titan* riſe as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you. And thou, great-ſiz'd coward!
No ſpace of earth ſhall ſunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth Goblins ſwift as Frenzy's thoughts.
—Strike a free March to *Troy!* With comfort go;
Hope of revenge ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you?
Troi. Hence, [3] broker lacquey; ignominy, ſhame [*Strikes him.*
Purſue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*
Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aking bones! Oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent deſpis'd: Oh, traitors and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet a work, and how ill requited? why ſhould our endeavour be ſo [4] lov'd, and the performance ſo loath'd? what verſe for it? what inſtance for it?—let me ſee—
Full merrily the humble-bee doth ſing,
'Till he hath loſt his honey and his ſting;
But being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and ſweet notes together fail.
Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloths——
As many as be here of *Pandar*'s Hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at *Pandar*'s Fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.

[3] So the quarto. The folio has *Brother.*
[4] *Loved,* quarto; *deſired,* folio.

Brethren

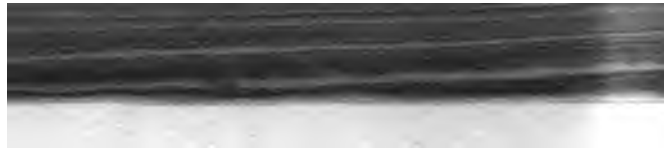
ren and ſifters of the hold-door trade,
two months hence my will ſhall here be made:
uld be now; but that my fear is this,
e galled gooſe of *Winchester* would hiſs:
then, I'll [6] ſweat, and ſeek about for eaſes;
ıt that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. [*Exit.*

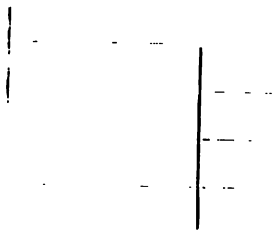
me galled gooſe of Win-
ıeſter——] The public
vere anciently under the
tion of the biſhop of *Win-*
POPE.
lues venerea was called a
ſter gooſe. Dr. GRAY.
ſweat,] Quarto; *ſwear,*

IS play is more correctly
ı than moſt of *Shakeſpeare's*
ſitions, but it is not one of
n which either the extent
views or elevation of his
is fully diſplayed. As the
abounded with materials,
ı exerted little invention;
: has diverſified his charac-
ith great variety, and pre-
. them with great exact-
neſs. His vicious characters ſometimes diſguſt, but cannot corrupt, for both *Creſſida* and *Pandarus* are deteſted and contemned. The comick characters ſeem to have been the favourites of the writer, they are of the ſuperficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature, but they are copiouſly filled and powerfully impreſſed.

Shakeſpeare has in his ſtory followed for the greater part the old book of *Caxton*, which was then very popular; but the character of *Therſites*, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after *Chapman* had publiſhed his verſion of *Homer*.

The END of the SEVENTH VOLUME.





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